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"A Woman Always Pays!" Joan Declares, Only to Realize That—

Sometimes He Pays

By Maravene Thompson

Illustrations by A. L. Bairnsfather

THAT anything as gay and insouciant as a humming bird should be forever linked in her mind with human sorrow, Joan Warren did not dream — not on this glamorous May morning; nor that her own life and that of an unknown man were inevitably drawing together; nor that she, who had always thought that marriage would be a culmination of beauty and glory and roses and paradise dreams, was so soon to learn about the ugly side of wedded life — learn it with the travail of her heart.

She stood in an open French window, a breeze ruffling her soft hair, and smilingly watched a humming bird sip sweetness from the lips of a honeysuckle.

"Greedy little bird!" she caroled. "That's the tenth since I've stood here!"

"And you came to check up that invitation list for me," said her mother, in faint remonstrance.

They were in the morning room, French grays and soft blues, with windows that opened upon a charming garden — a high stone wall at the back, covered with pink ramblers, giving the place an old-world seclusion and witchery. Joan, slender, lovely, a little imperious, carrying herself with the youthful *sang-froid* that in her mother had become dignity, turned lingeringly from the window, sent a tender look back at the sunlit beauty, picked up the list from the little Louis Seize desk, glanced down at the names, then stopped.

"Mother! Aren't you going to invite Mrs. Anboy?"

Mrs. Warren, a picture of beautiful middle age with her silvery hair done high, a mauve gown bringing out the soft tints of her delicately lined face, did not look up from her writing.

"She's divorced," she said casually.

"Oh, but he was a brute, mother! She had to divorce him. There was no reflection on her."

"I object to divorce for any reason," returned Mrs. Warren, fingering the engraved card. "Sit down, Joan, you're in my light."

Joan moved away from the window; came to the desk, her young face touchingly entreating.

"Please don't make it any harder for Mrs. Anboy, mother. He spent all her fortune on other women."

"Joan!"

"Well, he did! And he brought that woman into her house and ——"

"I must ask you not to speak of such things, Joan." In her mother's voice was a note of grave displeasure.

Joan's lovely arms, with dimpled elbows, lifted above her head in serio-comic tragedy.

"Oh, mumsey, don't act as if I'm an infant in arms! I'm twenty-two. I've read novels, seen plays, been to boarding school, where we discussed everything under the sun. I know a lot about such things."

"Helen Anboy chose her husband," said Mrs. Warren coldly.

"But how could she know he was that kind?"

"A woman should know." Her mother waved a hand vaguely toward the library. "The portraits of your ancestors in there — none of those women made a mistake in marriage. I didn't. You won't."

The girl's red lips grew suddenly rebellious.

"How do you know I won't?"

"You've been brought up to know values. Any thinking girl would have known that Frank Anboy was weak and vacillating."

A faint unhappiness came to Joan's dusky eyes — eyes like limpid pools in disturbing shadows.

"OH, mother dear, don't be so — unjust! Mrs. Anboy is so unhappy. She's lost her money through that brute of a husband; she's lost her health worrying — and if you cut her now, she'll lose her place in our crowd. And it's not fair! She was my Sunday School teacher for years. I do know values. She's——"

"Not to be received in my home," enunciated Mrs. Warren. "It's time you went for your father. Take the big car. Andrew has the little one. He's gone on some errands."

Joan left the room, and a few minutes later was skilfully backing the big car out of the garage.

"It's not fair," she kept muttering as she drove the car through the crowded streets on the way to her father's office. As he came out to the curb at sight of her, she sang out gayly, "Hello, daddydud!" But her young voice was vibrant with resentment as she told him all about it during the homeward drive.

Mr. Warren, president of the Hillsboro National Bank, rather proud of his straight, lean figure, carefully groomed, bowed graciously to one of his townswomen, his lifted hat revealing beautiful, graying hair. Her

mother had this dear, handsome, wonderful man, thought Joan, and yet she could be merciless to a woman who had no one!

"I never interfere with your mother's social affairs," said Mr. Warren. "If Mrs. Anboy isn't received by your mother, she'll probably go to her sister in Syracuse. Just as well for every one. The Anboy divorce was a scandal. It's not nice for you to keep hearing about it."

Joan's charming face rippled with amusement.

"Oh, father — please! I know life — I *do!* And you know I know it! Why act all the while as if I'm still in pigtails?"

"WHEN you're my age you'll realize how little you knew of life this sunny afternoon," laughed her father. "And, besides, a good woman never does quite know it."

"What's that?" Joan leaned toward him eagerly. "You say a *good* woman never quite knows life. Why doesn't she? Does a good man know it?" she continued at his silence.

"No one knows life," he answered sharply, annoyed with himself for thinking aloud.

Joan laughed joyously.

"How you all do try to keep me wrapped in cotton wool!"

The car was held up by traffic on a bisecting street.

"There's Mrs. Anboy now, on the corner," said Joan in a low voice, her eyes resting sympathetically on the tall figure of a woman — lean, sallow-faced, eyes deeply sunk, prematurely white hair, lines of suffering about the mouth. Not a pretty woman ever, but a striking one always. Passersby looked a second time at this quietly gowned woman, without realizing exactly why they did it.

Joan leaned forward.

"Mrs. Anboy!" she called. The woman turned. "May I give you a lift home?"

"No, thank you, I have some shopping to do," came the answer in a tired voice. Mrs. Anboy's eyes seemed hardly to recognize who was speaking, and she did not smile.

Joan apologized to her father for this apparent coldness.

"She's steeped in her own misery," she explained compassionately.

"Thank goodness, she didn't accept!" returned Mr. Warren. "It was thoughtless of you to invite her, knowing that your mother——"

"That's why I did it!" cried Joan. "I wanted her to know I'm her friend, without speaking against mother." She pressed her shoulder against her father's, in a little nudge of comradeship. "Oh, daddydud, *please* ask mother to include Mrs. Anboy."

Mr. Warren studied his daughter closely: her eyes, between the thick, short fringe of lashes, were round, like a questioning, precocious baby's; her lips slightly open in quivering intensity — such soft young red lips

Joan watched King as he talked. A boy, a brilliant man of the world, a fighter, she mused. What else was he? She caught her breath before the word that flashed into her mind—a lover! He would be that completely——

to be busy with this kind of affair. But it was impossible always to know just what one's offspring was thinking, he reflected.

"Why do you take this so much to heart, my dear?" he asked finally.

"Because a woman's lot is harder than a man's," returned Joan. "And another woman ought not to make it harder."

"What do you know about a woman's lot?" quizzed her father, smiling.

"Well, it *is* harder, isn't it?" Joan's compassionate, eager face turned squarely to his. "A woman always pays!" she added triumphantly.

"Child, you're funny — with your specious generalization! Mrs. Frank Anboy has had a hard time about her husband; but she's vindictive and she has a nasty temper — once it gets going. She made an enemy of your mother when she had a chance to make a friend for life."

'OH, I know!" The girl nodded sagely. "But that was on impulse. She was sorry afterward."

"It doesn't always alter things to be sorry afterward," said Mr. Warren dryly. "A little right thinking *beforehand* would have made a might of difference in Mrs. Anboy's life." He smiled lovingly at his daughter. "Because she looks like a tragic muse, you romanticize her."

"I *like* her," Joan amended stubbornly.

It was this liking for Mrs. Anboy that Hillsboro used later as a basis for its gossip. No one wanted to criticize Mrs. Warren openly for not inviting Mrs. Anboy to her reception. Only among members of one's own family and to close friends did one say just what one thought. In society, the most that was said was veiled under some such remark as: "*Joan* thinks Mrs. Anboy the most charming woman in Hillsboro," or, "*Joan* says Mrs. Anboy is wonderful, and ——" Here the speaker usually added something nice that she thought Joan would have said. Joan was a universal favorite, but her liking for Mrs. Anboy, and her unembarrassed way of saying so *after* her mother's reception as well as before, heightened people's regard for her.

AS Mr. Warren had predicted, Mrs. Anboy went to live with her sister in Syracuse, telling her friends, "Please don't mention the name Warren in your letters — if you want an answer." So she knew nothing of Joan's championship.

Mrs. Warren, in one of those generous glows which made those who loved her love her so very much, gave up her annual shopping trip to New York with Cousin Lucy Aldrich, and let Joan go instead. And just as if the cards had been swiftly dealt and stacked — though of course they had been dealt long ago, and were not stacked at all — it was on this trip that Joan met Newell King.

Joan had had masculine admirers since she was a tot: little boys who brought her candy to school, larger boys who carried her skates — and for the past five years men who proposed marriage. An adorer was as necessary to Joan as air, but she had never been in love.

Interested, expectant, wondering if each new admirer were *he*, her heart quickened the natural extra beat when she was introduced to young King. Or it may have quickened more than a beat, for he looked just as she had

always dreamed her lover would look — tall, young, dark, a little stern. Except that King's sternness changed to blushing shyness, at a personal compliment. He then fidgeted awkwardly, like a small boy, and looked about with such a very small-boy desire to crawl under the table, or sofa, or whatever get-underable thing was near, that Joan smiled — yet yearned to protect him.

IT was during the first evening of Joan's New York visit that they met — at a dinner given by the Andersons, friends of Cousin Lucy. King took Joan in to dinner, and, though the lady at his right tried to monopolize him, he yet found time to give a deal of attention to Joan. When they returned to the drawing-room Joan felt that she had known him for a long while.

While she was talking to a group of dinner guests, all standing, she saw King getting redder and redder, too courteous to leave the gushing lady showering him with compliments, yet piteously miserable. Their eyes met; he sent her a pleading look, like a child's or a small puppy's, Joan thought commiseratingly. Swiftly she included him in her group, inclining her saucy head toward him, with a bewitching little nod of understanding,

"Will you help me find my cousin?" Joan asked quickly. "She's playing bridge somewhere."

As they left the cooing lady, Joan expected him to tell her how he hated compliments. But, instead, it was of her he spoke.

"You told me you were in New York to shop. How long do you expect to be here?" he asked anxiously.

"Two weeks."

"Is that all?" he cried, in such evident alarm that Joan blushed. "That means you'll have to shop *all* day, and be opening things and trying 'em on evenings. Or will you?" he pleaded.

"What makes you think I'll have to shop *all* day?" challenged Joan, with a flash of dimples.

He waited until the dimples disappeared, gazing at her as if she simply could not be true — so adorably lovely and with such sparkle and tenderness!

"Then you won't shop all day!" he cried happily. "What do you like to do best of anything?"

Joan puckered up her brows bewitchingly; then, with an air of great secrecy, she confided:

"I like to live."

They were in the wide hall, passing the library, now deserted. He led her in, stopped by the table on which stood a lamp that sent a mellow glow over the room.

"Do you know I like to live, too," he said solemnly. "It's a habit that grows." They both laughed, as if theirs was the wit of the world. "Two weeks," he mused, then went on eagerly, "How many engagements have you made?"

"I came only to-day," twinkled Joan. "And I didn't send a herald ahead."

"Then you've fourteen luncheon, fourteen dinner, and fourteen evening engagements," he answered promptly. "Will you put them down?" His eyes were again the pleading eyes of a small boy.

"I'll put down — one."

"*One?*" he echoed dejectedly.

JOAN allowed him to be dejected while she swayed a moment on her little gilt-slippered heels, the dull gold of her gown bringing out the beauty of her ivory throat and dusky eyes, and her mop of smoke-colored hair.

"One?" he repeated, devouring her with his eyes.

"One — to start with," laughed Joan.

"I'll try awfully hard to please," he returned, so earnestly that Joan blushed again. "What does your cousin like?" he hurried on. "Theatre? Opera? And do you think she would go where you and I could dance?"

"She's a dear," averred Joan. "And I'm her favorite cousin — out of a dozen."

"A dozen cousins!" he ejaculated, almost in awe. "What riches! I haven't a relative living! That is," he amended, with faint confusion, "no one to give me advice, or worry if I have a cold. Aren't you sorry for me?" he went on banteringly.

Joan *was* sorry for him. With all his bigness and masculinity, he had a certain wistful aloofness, as if he were a little outside of things.

"May I telephone you to-morrow about plans for to-morrow night? Or should I call up your cousin?" he queried anxiously.

Before she could reply men's voices sounded from the hall. Their host was saying, "We'll ask King. King knows about those things."

Joan glanced toward the hall, but King did not.

"Which?" he urged.

"You may phone me," she answered hurriedly.

"When?" asked King, his eyes holding hers.

"About — ten."

"Thank you," he murmured, with so much feeling that Joan again grew rosy. Then he went toward the door. "Looking for me, Anderson?" he called.

"Oh, so there you are!" cried Anderson, and came in, followed by several other men. "King, you're an importer ——"

An importer! Joan was a little disappointed. His looks had made her expect something more romantic — a sculptor, an explorer, a civil engineer, battling to span mountains or incorrigible rivers ——

Anderson's voice flowed on.

"You know about conditions in Austria just now, don't you, King?"

KING did. They all sat down. The mellow glow of the lamp left eerie shadows in the corners, books showed dimly against the walls, a statue in a niche was faintly revealed, the rich rugs under them were felt rather than seen. And King talked — to Joan. It was the others who asked questions — but it was to Joan he spoke, giving her the curious feeling that only he and she were in the room. His eyes were deep-set, with the heaviest lashes she had ever seen on a man, giving a slightly bizarre touch to his face; and he had an Oriental way of narrowing them when he was interested — as he was now.

His subject carried him to Persia, to India, the jungles of Africa. Joan was held breathless by the marvelous word pictures he drew. It seemed incomprehensible that this perfectly poised man, with a dazzling command of words and a staggering knowledge of affairs, could be that blushing, small-boy person who had looked as if he wanted to crawl under the sofa such a short while before.

Then — one of the men made a scathing remark about a Southerner who had been in the limelight of national and international affairs.

King's jaw shot forward, and his eyes flashed in an alarmingly ugly way.

"Let him alone!" he commanded harshly.

"Yes," agreed their host quickly. "Let's keep off personalities. About that last expedition, King?"

King answered — but Joan didn't hear. A boy, a brilliant man of the world, a fighter — an *ugly* fighter, she mused. What else was he? Suddenly, his eyes turned to hers again. She caught her breath before the word that flashed into her mind — a *lover!* He would be that as completely as he was the rest. Color mantled her cheeks, deeper even than the other blushes he had

summoned. He smiled at her tenderly — and his hand lifted from his knee with a little forward movement, then closed upon itself, gently. She felt that he had clasped her hand — in his thoughts. Her eyes dropped; she could not look at him again.

Chapter II

NEXT morning, earlier than was her custom, Mrs. Aldrich raised her head from her pillow — a head covered with an enormous tangle of iron-gray hair, which, in its disheveled state, with her keen black eyes peering through, gave her much the appearance of a happy Scotch terrier. Joan, slimly beautiful, in a dull-blue robe, her hair in two long braids, was standing in the doorway of the adjoining room. Mrs. Aldrich's eyes rested questioningly on the girl's face. It had the look of a rose just burst into full bloom — a completion so new that there was still a startled, hesitant wonder; a vibrating loveliness, as of youth perilously waiting.

"Joan, what's happened to you?"

Joan averted her face. What *had* happened to her, she wondered. Why had she been counting the minutes, waiting for ten o'clock?

Just then the telephone bell rang.

Joan did not answer the call — not right away. She was afraid her voice would betray the beating of her heart. And it was so silly for her heart to beat that way! She had only seen him *once* —— Finally, she took down the receiver and — it wasn't *he* at all! Only a package on its way up. Again the telephone — *another* package. She *hated* packages. Two minutes past ten — three — four ——

And then once more the jingle of the bell! Joan felt a curious faintness. If it were another package, she would *scream!* And what *would* Cousin Lucy think?

"Yes?" She could hardly say the word — for it *was* he this time. "I'll ask Cousin Lucy," she went on a moment later, not knowing how her voice sang as she spoke or how eager were her eyes when she turned to the elder woman. "It's Mr. King. He wants us to go with him to the opera to-night. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are going."

"King? King?" repeated Cousin Lucy. "Who is he? I don't remember him."

"Don't remember *him!*" cried Joan. And then Cousin Lucy knew what had happened to the girl.

"Who is he?" she returned sharply.

"Who?" murmured Joan. "Why I — I don't know. Only that — that he took me in to dinner — and — and afterward we talked ——"

"To good purpose, evidently," thought her cousin.

"TELL him to call up at four," she commanded, "and I'll let him know if we're free."

"But we *are* free!" protested Joan.

"I want to see Liddy Anderson and find out for myself who he is," Cousin Lucy explained firmly. "The fact that he was at the Andersons' doesn't mean as much as it might — Liddy isn't the most careful woman in the world about her guests, not if they're interesting — as this man seems to be," she added dryly.

Joan went slowly to the telephone, and delivered her cousin's message.

"At four then," he answered. "And if you can't go, will you tell me *why?* And let me see you — *soon?*"

Joan knew that she ought not to see him unless Cousin Lucy learned from Mrs. Anderson that he was socially eligible for a Warren of Hillsboro. But she said "Yes" unhesitatingly — for she felt that *she* knew him.

That afternoon, while Joan was at the dressmaker's, Cousin Lucy went to the Andersons'. They were to meet in their rooms at four o'clock. Fifteen minutes before the hour Joan was there — waiting —— As the clock struck four, Cousin Lucy came bouncing in — she always bounced — hair flying, looking more like a merry little terrier than ever. Joan waited with flushed face and fluttering, lowered lids — that wouldn't stay lowered, but flew open as Cousin Lucy said casually:

"I think I'll take a nap."

"*Now?*" cried Joan.

Cousin Lucy was a great tease; she had meant to plague Joan a little. But somehow she could not — the girlish face was so exquisitely eager.

"Yes," she said, smiling tenderly, "after I've told you about Mr. King. He's the son of a famous globe-trotter — traveled all over the world with his father, for years. On the strength of the friends he made while globe-trotting, his father went into the importing business, and amassed a fortune. He died a few years ago and young King has carried on the business — very successfully. Along with the business, he inherited a marvelous collection of paintings and prints — he's considered a connoisseur. His family came originally from the South."

"OH!" cried Joan happily. Now she knew why he had been so hotly resentful. She hadn't *quite* liked that sudden flare-up of his. But if he were a Southerner — and the matter were personal ——

"Mr. Anderson — he came just as I was leaving — says he's a man's man," continued Cousin Lucy, "popular in his clubs, in great demand at men's dinners, talks brilliantly when only men are around, but is shy with women — avoids 'em whenever he can."

Joan's heart laughed. He had not avoided *her!*

"So I guess we can accept that opera invitation," Cousin Lucy ended contentedly.

A week followed, filled with dinners, luncheons, theatre, music. At their second meeting, King took possession of Joan. She felt that she should not have accepted his invitations so readily, but she found it impossible to resist him. She was in love — and was loved! And everything he said was so magical. He had spoken no words of affection — scarcely a compliment, even — there had been only the worship of his eyes.

Joan had never been made love to in this way. It was as if he were trying to make her know him, not by talking of himself or of his regard for her, but by being with her every possible moment, letting her find out for herself what manner of man he was. And, oh — he was —— Joan couldn't find words or thoughts for it — only a feeling of bliss that kept her on wings. She did not want him different in any way — not one! Even her magnificent mother would be proud to introduce *him* in Hillsboro, and how clubby he and dear daddydud would be! Oh, mumsey had been right! The women of their family knew how to choose a mate!

At the end of two weeks King took Joan, Cousin Lucy, and a half-dozen friends to dine at a famous, near-by lodge. He took the party in his machines — a big touring car and a limousine. He himself drove the car, with Joan beside him. As they started she was giggling and he chuckling, like small girl and boy. After dinner he again skilfully separated Joan from the others and they went up to the roof of the hotel — ostensibly to see the view.

A few other guests of the hotel were there — but it was a spacious roof. For a little while they stood practically alone, gazing at the panorama of loveliness, though

neither really saw it — each was too acutely aware of the presence of the other. Joan's eyes filled with a mist of tears. She was too happy — just too happy! Oh, wasn't it a glorious world? Involuntarily she smiled up at him, her love flooding her eyes.

He caught his breath; then—as if the words could be held no longer — he murmured:

"Oh, Joan! *Joan!*"

She waited, swaying ever so slightly toward him. But he did not touch the fluttering hands.

"OF course you know I love you and want you for my wife," he uttered — pleadingly.

"No," said Joan teasingly. Then tenderness possessed her utterly. "Yes, I know," she whispered. "I know and ——"

"Wait!" he commanded. But it was he who waited — so long that Joan clutched at his hand.

"What is it?" she quavered.

"Nothing that can really come between us," he said thickly. "Only — I have been married — I'm divorced —— I have a little daughter ——"

There was a silence like the forecoming of death —— Joan stood staring at him, her face a white blur in the falling twilight, her eyes filled with frightened questioning. Oh, it could not be true!

"No!" she cried pitifully. "Tell me it isn't true!"

"It's all true, Joan," he answered slowly.

"And you waited to tell me until I ——" She broke off with a wailing sob.

"Until you had learned to love me," he completed. "I've waited all my life for you, Joan. My heart has starved for you. These two weeks it has glutted itself and is singing as it never expected to sing again. You don't know what it means to hunger for companionship. Oh, Joan, to have you to go home to!"

"You have your child!" she cried accusingly.

"Oh, no. I gave the child to her mother four years ago. Since then I haven't seen ——"

"You haven't seen your child for four years — your own child! And now you ——"

Something tragic in his eyes made her stop.

"Tell me," she implored.

"It seemed kinder," he said simply. "I had always pitied children torn between separated parents."

"But your child — to desert it! Oh!"

"DON'T be unkind," he begged. "You know you don't want to be. That first night we both knew that——"

"No!"

"Yes! There's never been a doubt in either of our hearts since the first night we met."

"I didn't know then about ——"

"It wouldn't have mattered."

Joan's eyes turned dully to the coping. No; it wouldn't have mattered — not to her love for him. She was his. At first sight, her being had flown straight to him like a homing pigeon. Divorce, wife, child, they didn't matter to love —— But they mattered terribly to marriage.

"Oh, why didn't some one tell me?" she moaned.

"Don't!" he whispered miserably. "You see, it happened before the war, and I only met Mrs. Anderson and her friends since my return."

Just then the rest of the party joined them. The drive back was made almost in silence. Joan had never been as unhappy in her life — or as happy. Her shoulder touched his. He bent to her.

"Together!" he whispered. "Joan, is there anything in this world as satisfying as two people in love — together?"

And Joan's heart — despite her miserable, questioning mind — agreed rapturously that there was not.

Next day she lunched with him alone in a quaint café. They had a narrow table for two, set in a little turret window that overlooked a walled-in garden. Side draperies separated them somewhat from the other tables; the old French waiter, who served the lovers benevolently, did not hover too near. Again she was blissful — and miserable. He told her that his home had been in New Jersey. His wife had obtained a divorce from him on the ground of extreme cruelty.

"You weren't cruel!" she defended hotly.

"Let's not talk about it," he answered.

"Not talk about it?" she repeated blankly. "But we must." Inexpressibly sweet, she leaned toward him across the table. "I ask you to tell me everything."

His eyes fell before hers, and Joan felt that he was suddenly a thousand miles away.

"Your first request and I can't grant it," he said unhappily.

"Do you mean you won't tell me?"

"Don't put it that way," he pleaded.

"But you mean it that way!" she cried.

He fidgeted with his spoon.

"Can't we just go on without resurrecting dead things?"

"Did you love her?" she persisted.

"Oh, please, Joan!"

"You did love her then!"

"I was twenty-two," he returned wretchedly. "Oh, please, *please*, let us forget all *that*."

He was the awkward, uncomfortable small boy again.

"I wish I could!" she cried tenderly. "But I can't! You must tell me, Newell."

"Tell you — what?" he asked uneasily.

"Why — that you weren't to blame. Tell me you weren't!" she commanded beseechingly.

"I think you know that I ——" He halted.

"Yes?" Joan's eyes, lifted eagerly, met his.

"That I'll always be good to you," he completed lamely.

"But how can I know you at all, if you shut me out from that part of your life?" she demanded. "My parents don't believe in divorce, anyhow ——"

"Joan! Don't let me lose you!" Naked terror was in his voice. "Marry me to-day!"

"Are you — *afraid?*" came her amazed cry.

He leaned toward her across the narrow table, their faces almost meeting; covered her hands with his.

"Marry me to-day! *Won't you*, Joan?"

Joan felt a crazy desire to press her cheek against his, to give him her mouth, to tell him that nothing mattered but their love. But another emotion held her — seething jealousy of the other woman. Not because she had been his wife — the first shock of that was over. She forgave the marriage, the divorce; was even willing to concede that he, with his warm, Southern blood, might easily have been goaded into an ugly temper —— *Goaded!* If he would *only* say he had been goaded!

"Marry me *to-day!*" he implored again.

"I won't marry you to-day, or any day — ever!" she sobbed. "Unless you take me into your confidence."

"You can't mean that," he muttered, shaken. Then he carried her hands to his heart. "We love each other so much that nothing can stop our marriage — *nothing!* Aren't you happy just knowing *that?* Joan — *Joan!*"

He made the name Joan sound like all the caresses of earth rolled into one. His face was so near —— And his eyes were drawing her yet nearer ——

[*To be concluded in the July* McCLURE'S]

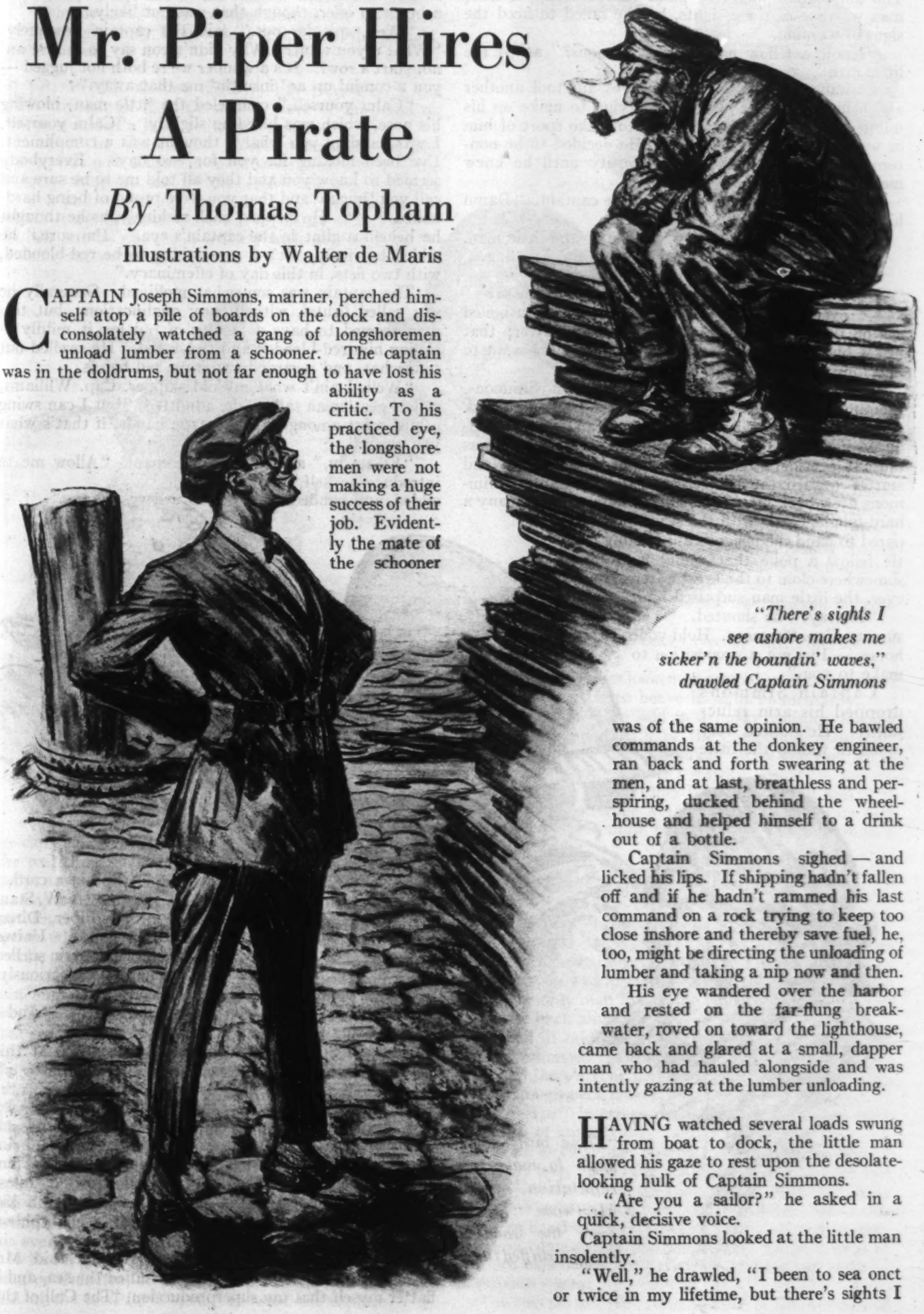
Startling Hollywood with a Vivid Version of Life on the Spanish Main

Mr. Piper Hires A Pirate

By Thomas Topham

Illustrations by Walter de Maris

CAPTAIN Joseph Simmons, mariner, perched himself atop a pile of boards on the dock and disconsolately watched a gang of longshoremen unload lumber from a schooner. The captain was in the doldrums, but not far enough to have lost his ability as a critic. To his practiced eye, the longshoremen were not making a huge success of their job. Evidently the mate of the schooner was of the same opinion. He bawled commands at the donkey engineer, ran back and forth swearing at the men, and at last, breathless and perspiring, ducked behind the wheelhouse and helped himself to a drink out of a bottle.



"There's sights I see ashore makes me sicker'n the boundin' waves," drawled Captain Simmons

Captain Simmons sighed — and licked his lips. If shipping hadn't fallen off and if he hadn't rammed his last command on a rock trying to keep too close inshore and thereby save fuel, he, too, might be directing the unloading of lumber and taking a nip now and then.

His eye wandered over the harbor and rested on the far-flung breakwater, roved on toward the lighthouse, came back and glared at a small, dapper man who had hauled alongside and was intently gazing at the lumber unloading.

HAVING watched several loads swung from boat to dock, the little man allowed his gaze to rest upon the desolate-looking hulk of Captain Simmons.

"Are you a sailor?" he asked in a quick, decisive voice.

Captain Simmons looked at the little man insolently.

"Well," he drawled, "I been to sea onct or twice in my lifetime, but there's sights I

see ashore makes me sicker 'n the boundin' waves." The implication was very plain that the dapper little man was one of these sights, but he failed to heed the signs of warning.

"Know a fellow named Joe Simmons?" asked the little man.

Captain Simmons squinted his eyes, and took another and a better look at his visitor, trying to make up his mind whether he was attempting to make sport of him or was really in search of him. He decided to be noncommittal and not reveal his identity until he knew more.

"Yeah, I know him," admitted the captain. "Damn his picture!"

"That's what they all say," spoke up the little man.

"All say what?" demanded the captain, bristling.

"'DAMN his picture,'" replied the man. "They say — everybody does — that he's the hardest-boiled egg on the coast — or any coast, for that matter; that he's a bucko for fair — and that's the reason I want to find him."

"You've found him!" roared Captain Simmons, jumping down to give his defamer a backhanded smack on the nose that rolled him suddenly and unceremoniously over a small pile of planks. The little man was mussed considerably, but he hopped up nimbly and started toward the belligerent seaman. Captain Simmons drew back his doughty arm, muscled from many a hard-fought battle with the seas, and prepared to hand the insignificant-looking little fellow a poke that would land him somewhere close to the breakwater. However, the little man surprised him.

"Hurray!" he shouted. "You sure *are* Cap. Simmons. Hold your horses — I've got a proposition to make to you."

Captain Simmons dropped his arm reluctantly. He desired very much to wallop the little man; it would have fitted in nicely with his humor. However, the man might be from a ship company with a berth to offer, though that was not likely.

"Well, spit 'er out," said the captain brusquely. "What d'you want? Why didn't you say so at first an' not start a row? It's a wonder we're both not jugged — you a-comin' up an' insultin' me that away."

"Calm yourself," counseled the little man, blowing his nose, which was bleeding slightly. "Calm yourself. I was handing you what I thought was a compliment. I've been looking for you for two days. Everybody seemed to know you and they all told me to be sure and call you 'bucko' and that you were proud of being hard-boiled ——" He stepped back suddenly, as he thought he beheld a glint in the captain's eye. "I'm sure," he added hurriedly, "it's a great thing to be red-blooded, with two fists, in this day of effeminacy."

The captain was somewhat mollified. Generally he was called brutal, without any qualifications, but this man seemed to have a faculty of putting it mildly — calling him red-blooded and two-fisted. He swelled out somewhat, and regarded two large red hands.

"Well, I ain't what my old skipper, Cap. Williams, calls a gentleman sailor," he admitted, "but I can swing a husky fist amongst the fo'castle hands, if that's what you mean."

"Ex-act-ly," agreed the little man. "Allow me to introduce myself," he added, and handed the captain a card.

"'A. W. Stanley Piper, Director, Illumo-Globe United Studios,'" the captain spelled out, somewhat laboriously, and looked at Mr. Piper. "You him?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Piper modestly. "And I am preparing to put on a great film of the sea."

Captain Simmons was profoundly disgusted at this information. He spat savagely.

"YEAH, I've saw some of these sea flims," he said. "I ain't much use for 'em, what with the hands all actin' so unnatural an' up an' savin' the ship an' bein' heroes, when gosh knows it's like drivin' mules to git 'em around, even when they know they'll drown'd unless they step lively. And the flim storms look like a kid kickin' up water in a bathtub. You oughta see a typhoon to git real action."

"Ah-h-h, your criticism is well taken," said Mr. Piper importantly. "I, too, have studied the sea, and I flatter myself that my superproduction, 'The Call of the

"Those birds' faces ought to make my reputation," said Mr. Piper. "They'd scare the wadding out of a stuffed lion"

Salt,' and that other classic, 'The Shrouding of the Mizzenmast,' are not in the class of which you speak."

"Mebbe not," the captain responded dubiously, "though gosh only knows what 'Shroudin' the Mizzenmast' means. I don't."

MR. PIPER flushed slightly, but passed over the criticism of his title with a wave of the hand on which sparkled a huge solitaire diamond.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Your point may be well taken, but now I have in mind something bigger — the biggest thing in sea pictures that filmdom has ever seen — and something original. I have selected a pirate story, in which there will be plenty of action. It will not be put on in a pond with electric fans making the waves, but out on the wide sea, where we can get room for action and the public will know it's the real thing." He waved his arm eloquently, sweepingly, around the horizon of the ocean.

"Well," bristled Captain Simmons, "men can't sail salt water and keep lookin' pretty"

Captain Simmons was not particularly interested in Mr. Piper's plans for a deep-sea superproduction. His eye roved back to the lumber boat in search of the mate, and he speculated on whether he might be able to scrape up an acquaintance. Mr. Piper rambled on, and Captain Simmons, not having located the mate, turned his ear back to Mr. Piper just in time to catch a remark that startled him:

"So I started out to find the hardest-boiled sailor on the coast," Mr. Piper was saying. "It was not an easy job. Several scouts that I sent out brought in poor specimens, and at last I was constrained to undertake this duty myself, as I wanted to find an exact type and hire him as the chief pirate for the picture. Everybody told me that you're the one I want — no offense meant," he added hastily. "And now that I've found him, Captain Simmons, I want to know if you'll consider a part in this forthcoming greatest and grandest pirate film that has ever been produced?"

"Not if I could git a job on a tramp bound for Hongkong or Calcutta, or any other place where I could be shut of the land for a spell," growled the captain. "I don't know nothin' about flims."

"Shucks!" scoffed Mr. Piper. "If you make good and handle a gang of cutthroats like I think you will, you'll make enough to go as passenger. I'll give you forty a week while you're loafing around getting your gang together, and a hundred a week when we get going on the picture."

"Forty dollars a week?" asked the captain, incredulously.

"Certainly. Forty bucks a week," Mr. Piper assured him.

Captain Simmons looked all around, as if he expected Mr. Piper's keeper to heave in sight momentarily.

"Say, mister," he said in a husky whisper, leaning over confidentially, "I'll be the damnedest, most cutthroaty, no-quarter, plank-walkin' pirate you ever see at them prices! An' when do I start?"

"Right now," Mr. Piper briskly informed him. "I thought you'd change your mind. Here's your first week's pay." He drew two twenty-dollar bills from a well-filled wallet.

"What do I do?" asked Captain Simmons, fingering the money and then stowing it away in a leather sack.

"YOUR first job will be to get together your pirates," instructed Mr. Piper. "Everybody tells me that you can get just the gang; that you never went to sea but what you had a gang of pirates, anyway; and that you're the only man living who could handle such crews and come back alive."

"Yeah, it takes a two-fisted, red-blooded man to go to sea," admitted the captain modestly.

"Well, here's your first job. Gather up twenty-five of these rough-neck friends of yours ——"

"Friends?" interrupted the captain. "Sailors ain't no friends of mine!"

"Well, anyway, get twenty-five rough-neck sailors," said Mr. Piper, "and offer 'em five dollars a day for two weeks — which will be the time we'll be shooting pirate scenes. You're good for the whole picture. Have this bunch on hand two weeks from to-day, and in the meantime you come out to the lot and give us the benefit of your sea experience. We want everything just right — no expense spared."

The two parted, Mr. Piper profuse in his promises of

reward, Captain Simmons dazed at the good luck that had descended out of the skies. He foresaw for himself a brilliant future in the moving pictures, as the hero of many a thrilling sea romance, and he began conscientiously to gather his rough-neck crew.

Mr. Piper had been correctly informed. Captain Simmons was the man to get such a gang together. He was rather startled himself at the villainous looks of the pirate crew he selected, and wouldn't have relished meeting any two of them ashore on a dark night. However, he had no trouble with them — unless leaving one of them on the dock with a cracked head could be called trouble. That really wasn't trouble, though, for the police credited it to a lumber derrick.

MR. PIPER was slightly nervous when Captain Simmons took his crew to the lot for a rehearsal — especially when they began poking around. One picked a fight with a large handy-man and laid him out suddenly, at which point the rest of the crew descended in force. Captain Simmons hastily herded them into a stockade built for wild-West horses. Then the captain stood on the fence, and lectured his crew.

"Jest start something more," he bawled, "an' I'll settle with each an' every one of you separately wherever I meet up with you in any part of the world!" That settled them. Captain Simmons had a reputation over the Seven Seas second to none — and he was a man of his word.

Mr. Piper had rigged up a place to represent a deck, and under Captain Simmons' expert direction it soon took on the appearance of one. The pirate crew needed little instruction in the gentle art of pirating. They were born to it. Mr. Piper took his seaman-aide aside.

"Where in hell did you get such a tough-looking, hard-faced set of bandits?" he asked anxiously. "Are you sure you can handle them out on the ocean?"

"They ain't any tougher-lookin' than me," bristled Captain Simmons. "You said that's what you wanted. You oughta know men can't sail real salt water an' keep lookin' pretty."

"Rugged is what I meant," said Mr. Piper hastily, backing off. "Yes, they're a very rugged-looking crew — just what I wanted. But get them away from here, for they'll make the rest of the company nervous. If we dressed 'em up ferocious, like I intend to, I don't believe that the others would trust themselves out on the ocean; but I can spring 'em on them sudden-like. and it 'll be more realistic."

The captain snorted contemptuously.

"Why, they'd scare the wadding out of a stuffed lion," declared Mr. Piper, still nervous over the looks of his pirates. "They don't get the real cutlasses that I dug up, but I'm going to have some wooden ones made that will do just as well."

"Hellanblazes!" growled Captain Simmons, in disgust at the little director. "Them guys will eat outa feller's hand. Gimme a good club an' I'll chase all them pirates up the riggin' an' down ag'in. But at that, I'll bet that crew could handle any wind-jammin' ship afloat in the biggest wind ever blew, an' think it fun. That's the kinda birds them men is."

"Fine," declared Mr. Piper, recovering his nerve at the captain's assurances of his ability to handle the pirates. "But see that you keep 'em in control and I'll sweeten your check. If everything goes through right, this will make my reputation and those birds' faces ought to have a lot to do with it. I'll flash on a close-up of some of the best every once in a while."

Mr. Piper took the captain down to the harbor to help prepare the pirate ship. Captain Simmons received careful instructions as to his work. He was to take the pirate ship out past San Pablo Island, where they would get the full sweep of the ocean. The captain was to sail out first and hang around until Mr. Piper came along in the supposed treasure ship, which was to be schooner-rigged and bear the name *Reina Isabella*.

"Isabel, you mean," suggested Captain Simmons, who had accumulated considerable Spanish from long residence in Latin-America. "'Isabel' is Spanish for 'Isabella.'"

"Nix," said Mr. Piper. "Isabella. Everybody thinks *Reina Isabella* is Spanish for 'Queen Isabella,' so what's the difference?" If he had known the trouble he was brewing, he would have halted all proceedings until he had followed the captain's innocent suggestion.

Mr. Piper elected to go with the treasure ship in order to commence directing when the vessels came together.

"The first part," he told Captain Simmons, "is for you to rush our treasure ship, lash 'em together, fight your way on board, and take the crew and everybody prisoner. Up to then there will be very little instruction necessary. Of course you'll fire a solid shot across our bow, and we'll stop. Get all that?"

"Sure," said Captain Simmons. "Dead easy."

"Now, here's some of the real stuff that I want done well," cautioned Mr. Piper. "Grab the fat lady, who'll be wearing diamonds, and make her walk the plank. Of course, I'll have a boat down there out of sight to get her. She doesn't know she's to go overboard, but that will make it realistic — and realism is my middle name. I'll square it with her afterward."

"What if she objects?" asked the captain.

"Make her walk the plank, anyway," directed Mr. Piper decisively. "Induce her to stand there, and push her over, if necessary. We'll catch a look of real horror on her face as she tumbles." Mr. Piper smiled grimly. "And just a tip," he went on, inflamed by his enthusiasm. "Tell your gang to be a little rough in the fight — nothing brutal, of course, just rough. The birds on the *Isabella* don't know exactly what is coming off — I figured we'd get more action that way. After that we'll have some more scenes on the island, and the pirates will get licked and some of 'em hanged to the yardarm."

HE didn't impart to Captain Simmons that he was cast in the rôle of one of the chief hangees. Mr. Piper believed in never tipping his hand until he had to.

Captain Simmons was deeply impressed by his instructions and conscientiously determined to carry them out to the letter. The lure of the films had caught him. He rounded up his crew and doled out what he termed "uniforms" — wooden cutlasses and unloaded, long-barreled pistols. Much to their disgust, each pirate was forced to tie a multicolored scarf around his waist and wrap his head in a checkered kerchief.

The pirate ship was one that might have come direct from the pirate days. She was an old clipper, low and rakish, once used in the sugar trade. Along both sides were ranged dummy cannon, but at the bow was an old two-pounder loaded with a solid shot.

Captain Simmons admired the clipper despite her age. With a practiced hand, he turned her out of the harbor, then placed a sailor at the helm and bawled his orders. The pirate crew jumped to their tasks and the old clipper went out flying.

They tacked around San Pablo Island just for the fun of handling the old ship, and then beat back and forward slowly, awaiting the *Reina Isabella*. Captain Simmons ran up the jolly roger. With a pair of glasses he scanned the ocean for the treasure ship.

"Sail abaft port side!" yelled the lookout, and Cap-

tain Simmons, looking in that direction, perceived a schooner-rigged vessel rounding the island. She was a little off course from what he had expected, but he himself had found it easier to come that way.

"Sail her," Captain Simmons directed his mate, and the mate bawled his orders to crowd sail. Making a full ten knots an hour, the old clipper bore down on the schooner, her jolly roger flying bravely, her sails all set. She presented a picture good for several hundred feet of film for any lover of the sea.

Captain Simmons picked up the schooner with his glasses.

"*Reina I-s-a-b-e-l-l-a,*" he spelled out hastily. "That's her." And he jumped for the wheel to be sure that a good job was made of closing in. As the two vessels came close he bawled an order, and the old cannon boomed a solid shot across the schooner's bow, just a little too close for comfort.

The people on the schooner crowded to the rail, as Captain Simmons expected. The schooner captain, standing forward, placed a megaphone to his mouth.

"You darned fool, what do you think you're doing, shooting us up that way?" he shouted. "Luff off, you blankety-blank lubber!"

Captain Simmons was chagrined that his gun crew had put the shot so close to the schooner. It was enough to make the captain angry. Still, he did not intend to admit anything.

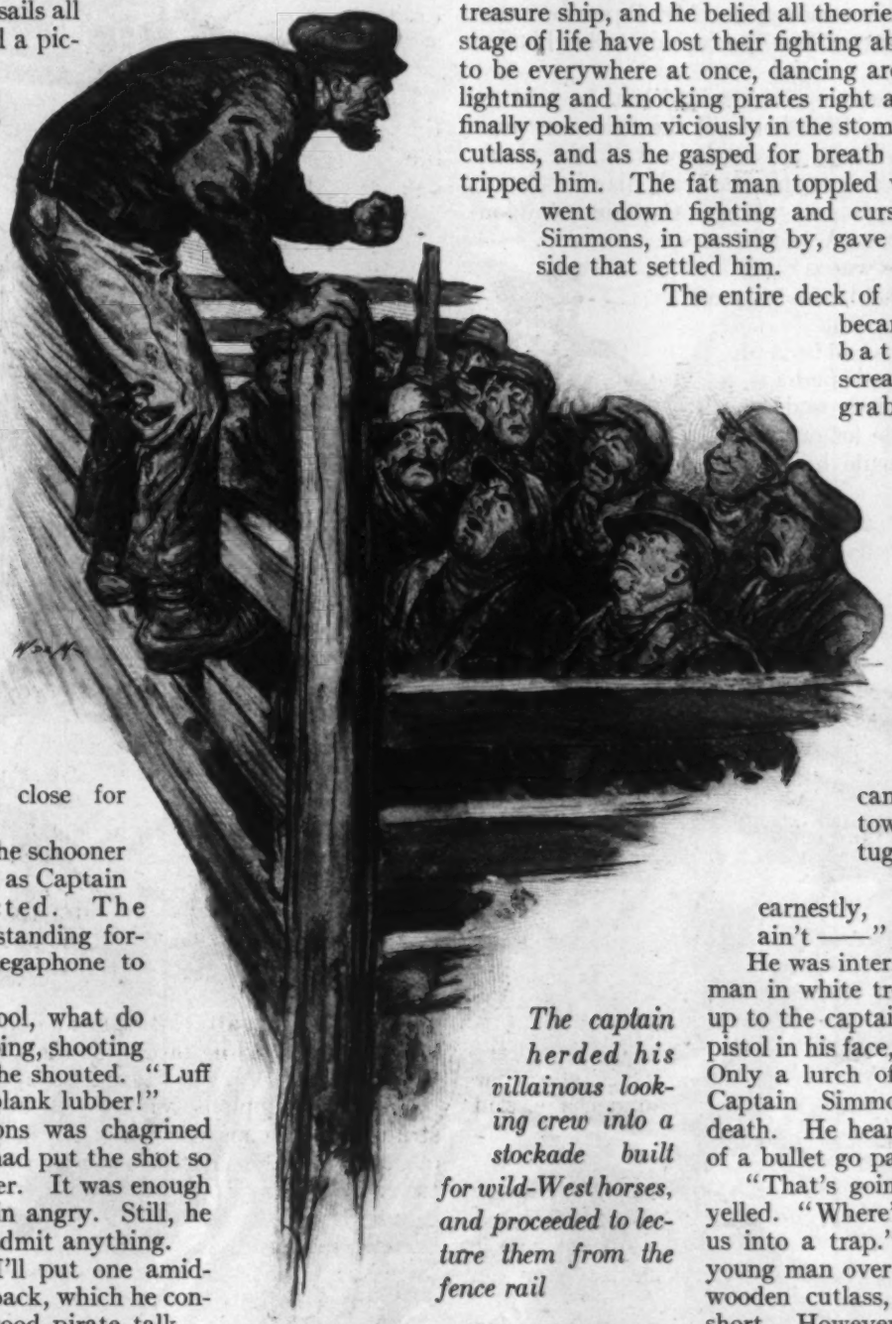
"Hove to, or I'll put one amidships!" he howled back, which he considered was very good pirate talk.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said the schooner captain — but his sails came down and an auxiliary engine stopped.

A pirate edged over to Captain Simmons.

"Skipper," he said, "wait a minute. Is this the ship you're a-goin' ——"

Captain Simmons shook the pirate off abruptly. He adroitly put the clipper in close and slid her smack against the schooner — no mean feat of seamanship — and in a flash his pirates lashed the two vessels, tore down the schooner's rails, threw over planks, and swarmed over themselves. It was pretty work and Captain Simmons cheered on his men. He gave the wheel to a sailor — there being nothing else to do — and, grabbing a cutlass, sailed forth to head his men.



The captain herded his villainous looking crew into a stockade built for wild-West horses, and proceeded to lecture them from the fence rail

Captain Simmons had followed Mr. Piper's instructions and had told his crew to be a little rough, but he was surprised that the men on the schooner were equally rough. "I bet Piper is gittin' some grand scenes," he thought, and wondered where the cameras were hidden. His wondering was soon swallowed up by the business in hand.

A bald-headed fat man seemed to be the leader on the treasure ship, and he belied all theories that men at that stage of life have lost their fighting ability. He seemed to be everywhere at once, dancing around like a ton of lightning and knocking pirates right and left. A pirate finally poked him viciously in the stomach with a wooden cutlass, and as he gasped for breath Captain Simmons tripped him. The fat man toppled with a crash. He went down fighting and cursing, but Captain Simmons, in passing by, gave him a kick in the side that settled him.

The entire deck of the schooner soon became a scene of mad battle. Women screamed and ran. Men grabbed any handy weapon and waded in. Captain Simmons paused amid the scene of carnage to think what a grand fighting scene Piper must be taking. The same pirate who had accosted him when the two vessels came together edged toward his chief, and tugged at his sleeve.

"Skipper," he said earnestly, "this ship, she ain't ——"

He was interrupted by a young man in white trousers who rushed up to the captain and, thrusting a pistol in his face, pulled the trigger. Only a lurch of the vessel saved Captain Simmons from instant death. He heard the wicked zing of a bullet go past his ear.

"That's goin' too strong!" he yelled. "Where's Piper? He's led us into a trap." He clipped the young man over the head with his wooden cutlass, and it broke off short. However, the blow served to put the young man out of the battle, and Captain Simmons reached in his pocket and brought forth a couple of brass knuckles which he carried for emergencies. "If they're a-goin' to make it a real fight, I am, too," he muttered, and, cheering on his pirates, he joined the mêlée. He saw one of his huskies go down with a shot in the shoulder; another's arm, raised to strike, dropped uselessly. Then the brass knuckles began to count their victims methodically, and the schooner crowd gave way.

Back and back the pirates drove them — into cabins, into the gallery; and one by one the pirates overcame them, still fighting savagely. The women, screaming hysterically, were herded in a saloon.

When the battle was won and only an occasional fight

was in progress at isolated places, Captain Simmons paused and wiped his bleeding nose, which one of the schooner crew had struck a telling blow.

"BY gosh," he said earnestly, to a brother pirate who was engaged in trying to spit out a couple of loose teeth, "Piper is goin' to make a million dollars on that scene. I never see a better fight anywheres."

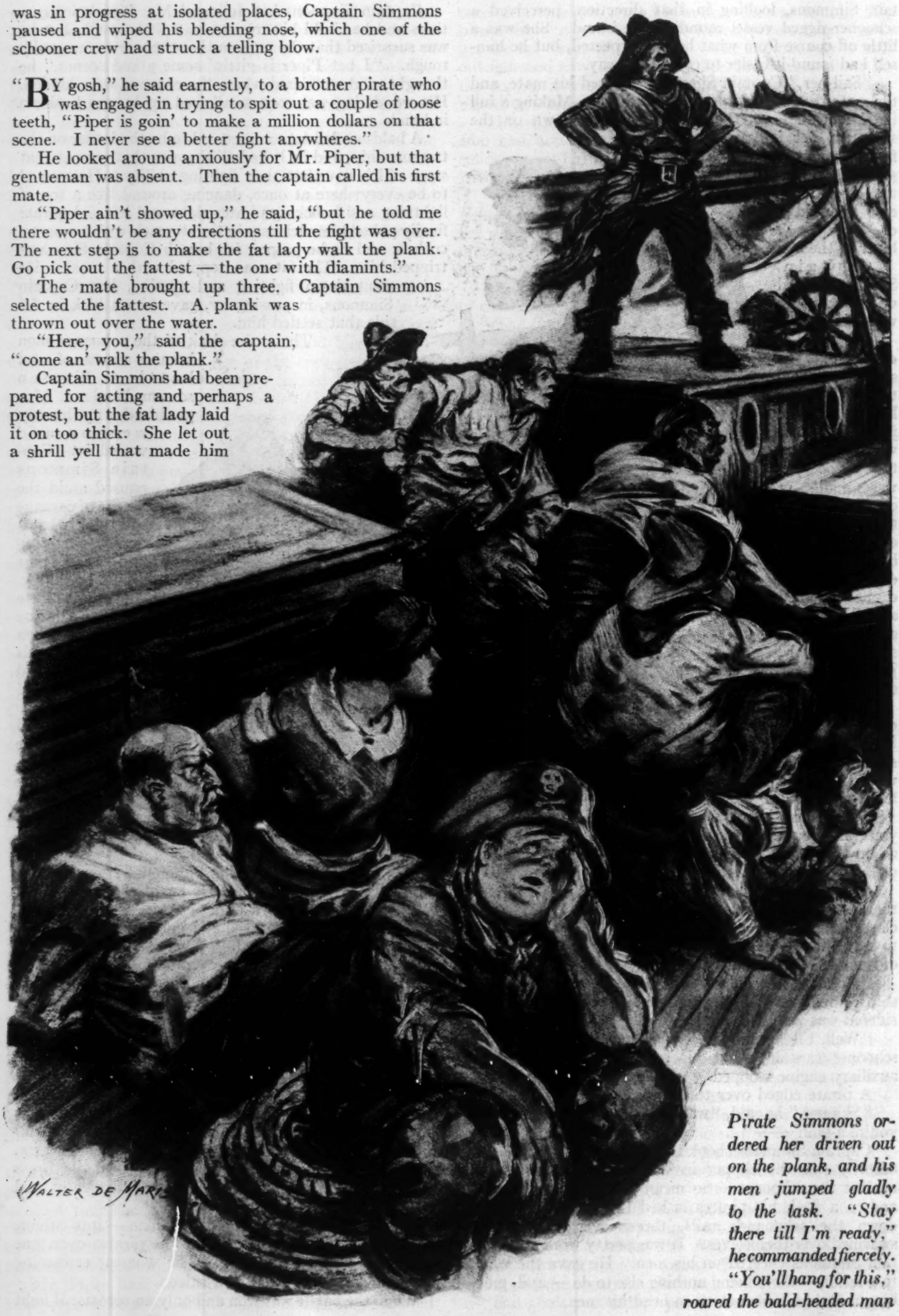
He looked around anxiously for Mr. Piper, but that gentleman was absent. Then the captain called his first mate.

"Piper ain't showed up," he said, "but he told me there wouldn't be any directions till the fight was over. The next step is to make the fat lady walk the plank. Go pick out the fattest — the one with diamints."

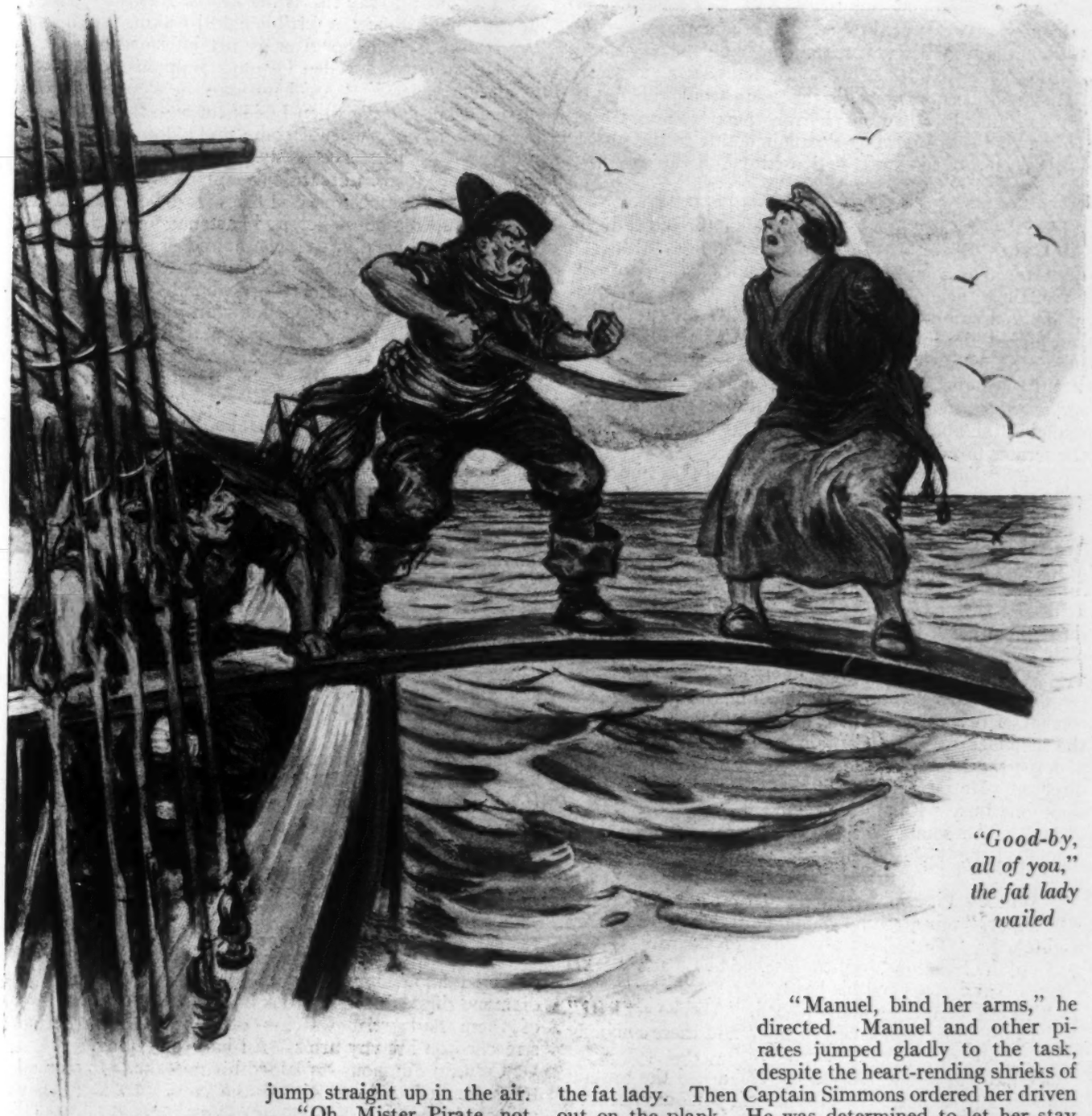
The mate brought up three. Captain Simmons selected the fattest. A plank was thrown out over the water.

"Here, you," said the captain, "come an' walk the plank."

Captain Simmons had been prepared for acting and perhaps a protest, but the fat lady laid it on too thick. She let out a shrill yell that made him



Pirate Simmons ordered her driven out on the plank, and his men jumped gladly to the task. "Stay there till I'm ready," he commanded fiercely. "You'll hang for this," roared the bald-headed man



"Good-by, all of you," the fat lady wailed

jump straight up in the air.

"Oh, Mister Pirate, not that — not that!" she cried, dropping to her fat knees with a thud and clasping her jeweled hands. "Shoot me, if you must, but don't drown me." She pulled off her rings with some difficulty, and threw them on the deck. "Here, take these, but let me live. I can't die now." She burst into a fit of weeping, and wrung her hands.

Captain Simmons looked around wildly for Mr. Piper, then back at the weeping woman.

"Lady, don't take on so," he pleaded earnestly. "At least, don't talk like that or you'll gum up the works. I'm too tender-hearted for this business. You can act as much as you please, but keep that trap of yours shut."

"Oh, you'll let me off then!" shrieked the fat lady, and clasped her hands around Captain Simmons' boots, clawing wildly. Captain Simmons thought that she certainly was taking her part well, but he suddenly remembered that he was supposed to be a pirate chief. He folded his arms, and looked fiercely at the prostrate woman.

"Manuel, bind her arms," he directed. Manuel and other pirates jumped gladly to the task, despite the heart-rending shrieks of the fat lady. Then Captain Simmons ordered her driven out on the plank. He was determined to let her stay there until he found Mr. Piper, if it stopped the whole show.

"Stay there till I'm ready," he commanded.

THE fat lady turned around toward the other members of her party, now lying in bonds on the deck.

"Good-by — oh, good-by, all of you!" she wailed, and large tears ran down her face and splashed on her heaving bosom.

"My gosh," said the bald-headed fat man, "they're going to make Mary walk the plank."

"Shut up, you!" bawled Captain Simmons. "You're next. But where's Mr. Piper? Quick — we can't wait."

"You'll hang for this!" roared the bald-headed man, and the women began to scream and the men to curse. The fat lady, perched precariously on the plank, was startled by the screams. She slipped, toppled, gave a terrible squawk, and the next instant hit the water with a spank that could be heard for a nautical mile.

Captain Simmons ran to the rail, and looked over anxiously. He expected to see a boat there, ready to haul in the fat lady. It was true that she had gone overboard a little too early, but he confidently felt that all arrangements had been made and that this would be but a trifling difficulty. To his horror there was no boat. The fat lady was gurgling and floundering in the water. With a whip of his knife, he loosed one of the captured young men.

"HOP over," he ordered, "an' ketch the old lady or she'll drown'd. I'll throw you a rope."

"Hop over yourself," said the young man morosely. "You threw her in."

The captain unceremoniously picked up the youth and hurled him into the ocean. Then he grabbed a life preserver, with a coil of rope attached, and threw it in after the young man. The youth grasped the life preserver, and after two desperate attempts succeeded in snagging the bobbing fat lady. It was a hard job, but the pirates brought the two up.

The fat lady was unconscious and Captain Simmons quickly and efficiently rolled her over a cask. He estimated that at least ten gallons of the ocean spouted out of her mouth under his expert administrations of first aid. Finally the fat lady opened her eyes, and Captain Simmons decided that he would have to find Mr. Piper at once. He had gone as far as he could and had got into difficulties. He went over to the schooner captain, who was tied to a forward stanchion.

"Where's Piper?" he demanded.

The schooner captain glared at him and broke into a torrent of profanity. There was no profit in talking to the schooner skipper. Captain Simmons started out on a desperate search of the ship for the moving-picture director. He passed the wireless room and could hear some one busy within. He pounded on the door, then kicked. The sounds inside ceased and a young man unhooked the door. Captain Simmons jerked him outside.

"Where's Piper?" he hurled at the youth.

"Piper?" repeated the young man. He was palpably frightened. "There isn't any Piper on board."

Captain Simmons pushed his kerchief back off his forehead, and scratched his head.

"That's funny," he said, puzzled. "Did he get left?"

"Don't know," said the youth. "But there's nobody by the name of Piper on board."

"What was you a-doin' in there?" asked the captain suddenly and savagely. "Why wasn't you out fightin'?"

"None of your business!" retorted the young man morosely.

CAPTAIN Simmons grabbed the youth and shook him roughly. One huge paw closed around his throat just enough to make him gurgle.

"I'll throw you overboard unless you talk," swore Captain Simmons. "What was you doin'?"

The captive gasped for breath.

"If it'll do you any good," he sputtered, "I was sending for help — and I got 'em, too. You and your dog-goned pirates 'll be in a U. S. destroyer's brig before another five hours. They're on their way now."

"Ha, ha!" roared the pirate chief. "Not for bein' movin'-picture pirates."

"Moving-picture pirates or not," said the operator, "you'll get yours for holding up Delaney's yacht on the high seas."

"Delaney?" asked Captain Simmons, surprised. "The oil man?"

"The same," declared the wireless man.

"You mean to say this is the *Rosina Estrella?*" asked the captain anxiously, a terrible light breaking on him.

"It sure is," the operator grimly informed him.

"Hellanblazes!" yelled Captain Simmons, staggered by the information. "An' I mistake the *Rosina Estrella* for the *Reina Isabella* when I peek through them glasses, an', bein' so busy when I come up, I don't notice the difference." This was certainly a ship of another rigging, and the captain was exceedingly annoyed.

Captain Simmons released the wireless operator as if he had grasped a hot poker, and hastened forward. With haste he called his pirates together and drove them back to the old clipper. Some of them he routed out of cabins where they were rummaging around. He cut the schooner captain loose from his stanchion, gave quick directions to slash the lashings, and the two vessels drifted apart. As the ships separated Captain Simmons, feeling that an apology was due, bawled at the freed captain:

"Sorry, but I made a mistake. You beat it outa here or I'll drown'd you all." The schooner captain did not deign to reply, but stamped his feet on the deck to restore circulation and went about untying the crew and members of his party. He wasted no time with sails, but soon his auxiliary engine was kicking and he was making time back toward harbor.

SITTING down on a coil of rope, Captain Simmons thoughtfully watched the retreating craft. If he sailed back, he would meet a destroyer that the *Estrella's* wireless had called. It would be hard to explain about tackling Delaney's yacht, especially as most of his hands, he suspected, had accumulated something or other. It was too much for them to have all those folks tied and a yacht full of good-looking things. And some of them had got hold of booze, too, which didn't help matters. If he sailed on, it was only a question of time until he would be overhauled and explanations would then be impossible. Delaney was going to put up an awful roar — of that Captain Simmons was satisfied. He was convinced that he had cooked a very unsavory kettle of fish.

Captain Simmons didn't consider the situation long.

"All hands hoy!" he roared, and the pirate crew gathered about him. Several of them were sporting diamond rings which they took no pains to conceal. Two of them had wrist watches of delicate construction stretched on brawny arms. All had something.

Captain Simmons explained his mistake. It seemed to make little impression on the crew. In fact, they appeared pleased.

"Skipper, that's what I been a-tryin' to tell you all the time," said a pirate. "I noticed it wasn't the *Isabella*, but I couldn't git you to listen to me. Twice I tried to tell you."

The captain distinctly recollected the incidents and for one awful moment the pirate stood in danger of being hurled into the sea. But the captain was in a hurry, and crying over the mistake would do no good. The loot the pirates had acquired was what bothered him.

"Either throw all them things overboard," ordered the skipper, "or do jest what I say. It's up to you — do I pull you out without goin' to jail, or do we surrender an' try to explain it was all a terrible mistake?"

The crew looked at the loot, and decided to take chances. Captain Simmons rapidly issued his instructions.

The clipper loafed on the seas for an hour while Captain Simmons anxiously scanned the ocean. At last he picked up a sail and as she came closer he was able to spell out in full that it was the *Reina Isabella*. He

Mr. Piper raved so vociferously that for a time it was feared that his recent experiences had unsettled his mind

made the mate corroborate this, then went to meet the *Isabella* with a rush. Mr. Piper was hanging over the bow with a megaphone and yelling, "Fire! Fire!" But Captain Simmons had no time for folderols.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS lashed the clipper to the *Reina Isabella* in seamanship style — and in a hurry. Then, with a rush, he and his pirates boarded the *Isabella* while Mr. Piper frantically yelled, "Great stuff, great stuff!" and a lot of directions that Captain Simmons was too busy to listen to. The *Isabella* crowd was knocked hither and yon and tied up, one and all, after which Captain Simmons directed his mate to catch Mr. Piper and the two cameramen and tie them, too.

Mr. Piper betrayed the most intense surprise and anger.

"What the hell 're you stopping for?" he yelled. "Put out a boat and make 'em walk the plank. The fight was great stuff, but too short — and you forgot to shoot across our bow. We'll do that later."

Captain Simmons ignored the irate little director, except to direct the mate to tie him tightly.

"You double-crossing son-of-a-gun!" roared Mr. Piper. "What 're you trying to do? You'll jazz the whole picture."

At that point the women on board the *Isabella* sensed that something was very wrong. Forgetting pictures and everything else, they began screaming hysterically. The pirates herded them to a cabin and locked them in. Then a few at a time, but hurriedly, the men on the *Isabella* were freed, driven over to the pirate clipper, and made to don pirate clothes. The pirates got back into their own comfortable rigs and stored the moving-picture actors' clothes on the *Isabella*. The women were less of a problem. They were hastily herded to the clipper; then the doughty pirate skipper and his crew took charge of the *Reina Isabella*. With the *Isabella* crew still on board the *Isabella*, in bonds, the pirates abandoned the film actors to their fate in the yawing clipper.

With sails hauled down and no helmsman, the clipper "heaved and sot, and sot and heaved, and wide her rudder flung," for no man or woman among the players on board knew how to sail a ship.

Captain Simmons was not worried about the people he was leaving. The clipper was safe — that is, reasonably safe, in a calm sea, and there they would stay — the jolly roger flying, the menfolks garbed in the most approved pirate style — until they were rescued.

With a lighter heart, Captain Simmons swung the *Reina Isabella* back toward harbor. The wireless operator was right. Within an hour he met a destroyer coming out, flinging smoke in the most typical destroyer manner. The destroyer hailed Captain Simmons.

"See a pirate ship?" bawled the lieutenant.

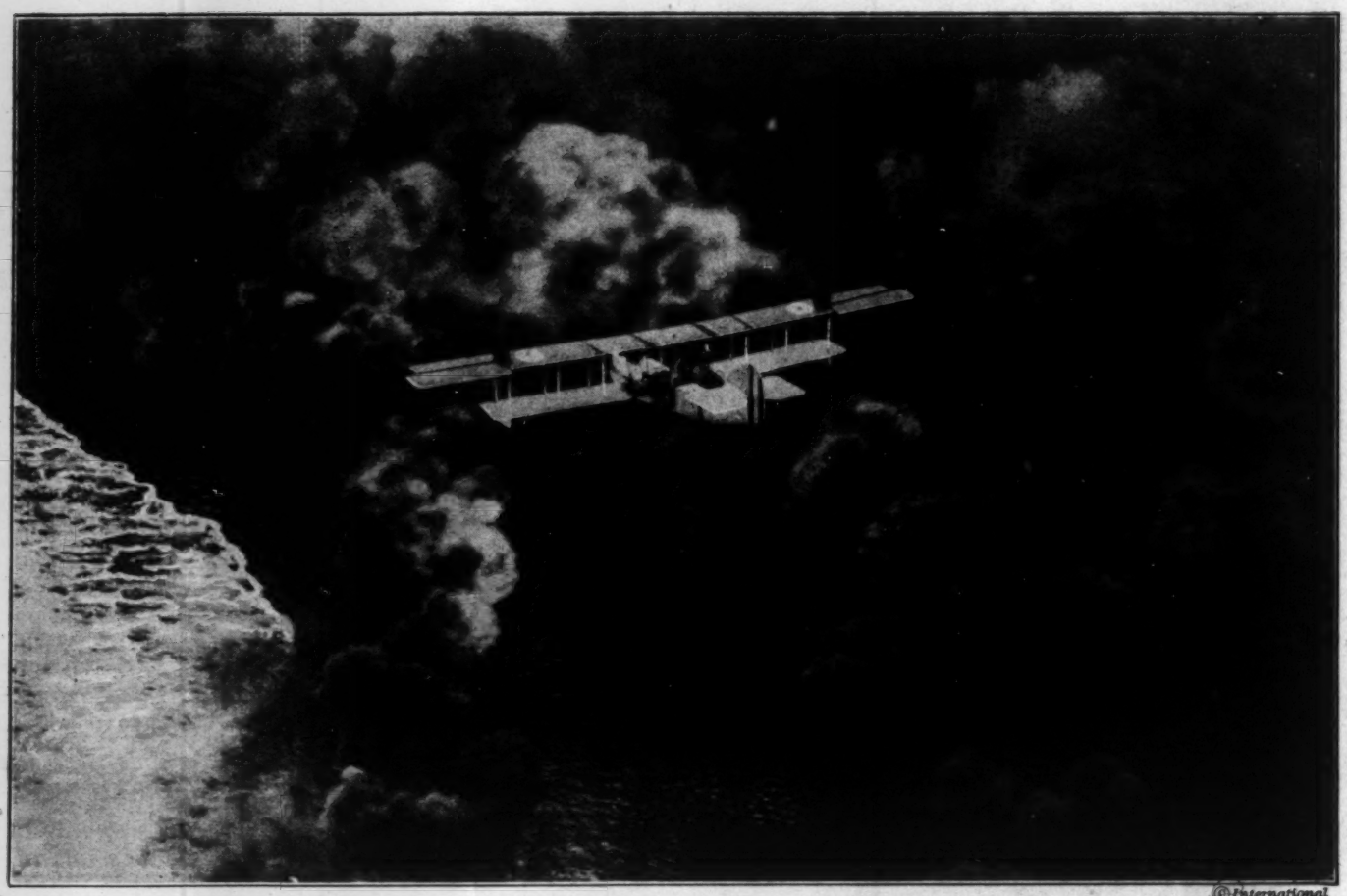
"Something that looked like one," answered Captain Simmons. "South, southwest, but we outsailed 'em."

THE destroyer went on. So did Captain Simmons. He met another destroyer, but that one did not hail him. Evidently it had received information by radio from the first.

Before the *Isabella* reached harbor Captain Simmons called his crew of pirates.

"Dig up!" he commanded, a cold glint in his eye. "Every single thing you swiped from them Delaney folks and the movin'-picture gang, too. I know you got 'em."

A burly seaman objected. Captain Simmons knocked him flat, backed off, drew a revolver, and threatened to murder every man on board. Furthermore, said the captain firmly, he would turn [*Continued on page* 128]



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The destroyers' smoke screen offers no shelter from airplane attack to the battle fleet

The Passing of Sea Power

And the Dawn of a New Naval Era in Which Battleships are Obsolete

By Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam

U. S. Navy, Retired

THE wings of "Sea Power" have been clipped. New naval weapons have vastly strengthened the defense and greatly weakened the offense in overseas warfare. Great armadas and armies cannot again cross the seas. Force cannot, as in the past, be carried over the oceans.

With the sea as a buffer, weak nations can defy the strong. A puny power, without a navy, can challenge the strongest battle fleet. It can, with intelligent energy, make its coast impregnable against a hundred Dreadnoughts. With an impenetrable barrage of mines, air forces, torpedoes, and submarines, it can easily hold a maritime enemy one hundred miles from its shores.

The freedom of the seas is in many respects near realization. Aggression, expressed in ships, is chained to the beach.

The continents, in war, are henceforth to be in great measure isolated from each other. The powerful nations of each continent will dominate within the boundaries of that continent. They will continue to war with each other. But they cannot impose their will upon another continent. They cannot again bridge the seas with their power. The hitherto invincible floating forces, with which they formerly carried aggression from one continent to another, are so menaced by air forces from above and by submarine enemies from beneath that they cannot hope to go and come over the oceans as they did in the past — with defiant impunity, crushing the resistance of a weaker maritime nation and forcing its submission.

Intercontinental wars will be well-nigh impossible in the future. The weak will not bow to the strong from over seas. No one nation can rule the waves hereafter. The greatest fighting navy may inspire no fear. A hostile coast can scorn its power. Its guns cannot reach the target. They are like ancient weapons in a modern age. A Dreadnought fleet on an enemy's coast is like Don Quixote fighting windmills with a lance.

These statements are neither sensational nor dogmatic. They merely express established facts — facts that will profoundly affect future national policies. Statesmanship and diplomacy must build upon new foundations wherever sea forces are involved. The old formulæ will no longer apply in intercontinental affairs.

If Admiral Mahan were alive to-day, we may safely assert that he would unquestionably revise his hitherto

invulnerable principles of naval strategy and his estimate of the future range and influence of Sea Power. He would not justify the loyal, but misguided, students of his marvelous works on naval strategy and tactics in their hopeless attempts to fight the battles of the future with the weapons of former days. He would make it plain that they are clinging to the shadows of the past and ignoring the substance of future realities. In the darkness of bygone theories, they are blinded by the light of a new naval era.

In this inadequate introduction of a vitally important discussion the writer wishes to avoid the charge that he poses as a discoverer or as an arbiter. Far from it. It is only as a tardy convert to modern naval principles as expressed by others that these observations on "The Passing of Sea Power" are submitted.

In support of these contentions, an array of able authorities will be quoted. Their names, and known records, should inspire respect for their opinions. And they advance crushing evidence for the belief that great fleets of fighting ships from one continent cannot again approach or blockade the coast of another continent. This evidence becomes still more crushing in the proof it gives that a great army, in helpless transports, cannot again be sent across the ocean to invade a nation which is prepared to attack the convoys with overwhelming submarine and air forces. It would be the quintessence of the impossible.

In 1911, Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske declared that a strong force of airplanes, supported by mines and submarines, would alone suffice to defend the Philippines from invasion. Fortifications were not needed. A defending fleet of battleships was quite unnecessary. He was right twelve years ago. He is right to-day.

In 1914, Admiral Sir Percy Scott of the British Navy, in a letter to the London *Times*, declared:

"First, that modern weapons have entirely revolutionized naval warfare. Second, that if we were at war with a country within striking distance of submarines, battleships on the high seas would be in great danger. Third, that if we went to war, we should probably lock up our ships in a safe harbor, and the enemy would do the same. Fourth, that no fleet could be hidden from the airman's eye. Fifth, that submarines could deliver a deadly attack in broad daylight. Sixth, that battleships could not bombard an enemy's port, if it is protected by submarines. Seventh, that the enemy's submarines would come to our coast and destroy everything they could. Eighth, that the submarine had driven the battleship from the ocean."

These opinions of Admiral Scott were advanced nine years ago, before air forces were fully developed and before heavy bombs and torpedo planes had been tried against ships of war. The advent of these weapons greatly strengthens his argument.

Admiral Sir John Fisher supported Admiral Scott. He declared that the Dreadnought was doomed. "Scrap the lot — the future fighting is in the air!" he exclaimed. And these two admirals — Fisher and Scott — had done

The Growth of Air Power

IS the United States armed at sea "to win a war of the past, but lose a war of the future?"

A noted naval officer presents herewith an astonishing review of recent submarine and aerial progress tending to render obsolete for offensive action the great ships of the navies of the world.

In a second internationally important article, next month, Rear Admiral Fullam points out how these developments are upsetting the world dominance of the British fleet; while C. A. Tinker writes an equally significant article upon the rapid, but secret, expansion of Japanese air power.

Official Photo U. S. Navy

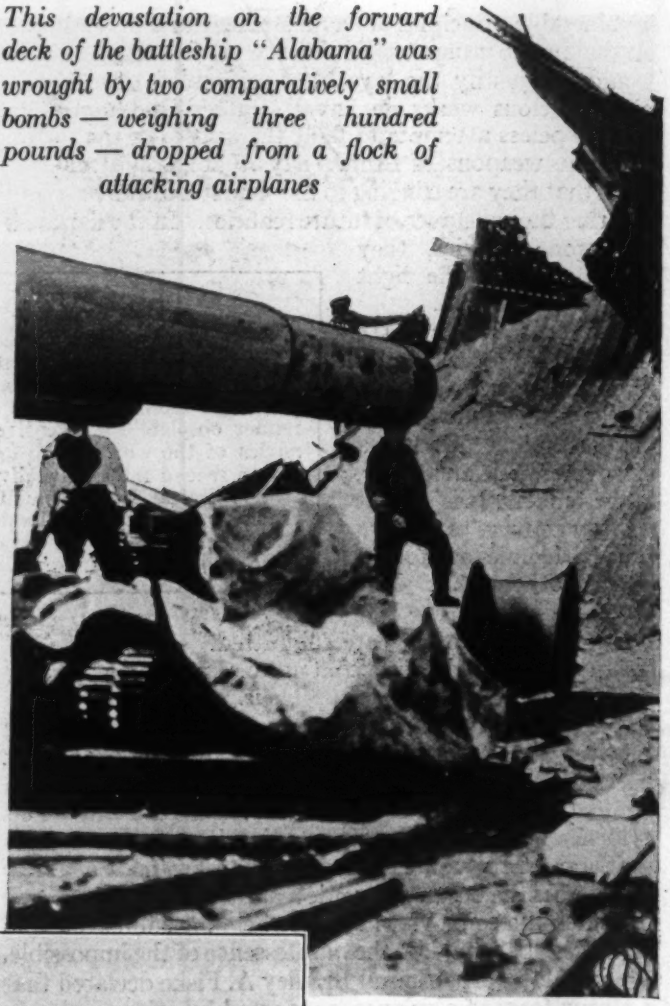
How a torpedo plane attacks a battleship: the U. S. S. "Arkansas" struck by a dummy torpedo

more than any men in the world to develop the Dreadnought! It is significant, also, that Admiral Sims, who is mainly responsible for the Dreadnought type in our Navy, and Admiral Fiske, whose inventions contributed to its gun power, are both in substantial agreement with Fisher and Scott. They, too, think that its days are numbered.

Summing up his impeachment of the battleship, Sir Percy Scott says:

"You must admit that in the war we were nearly forced to submission by starvation. You must admit that the German battleship played no part in reducing us to a state of starvation. You must admit that if our battleship superiority had been double what it was, it could not have protected us from starvation. You must admit that the dominant arm of the war was the submarine. You must admit that our belief before the war that the submarine was only a toy resulted in our coming to the brink of losing the war. You must admit that this erroneous idea before the war resulted in our blunder in building the wrong weapons to combat the submarine."

This devastation on the forward deck of the battleship "Alabama" was wrought by two comparatively small bombs — weighing three hundred pounds — dropped from a flock of attacking airplanes



The Limitations of Navies

REAR Admiral S. S. Hall, of the British Navy, states: "We had a grand fleet with a preponderance of nearly two to one over Germany alone, and an auxiliary navy of about five thousand vessels. We had the assistance of the American, French, Italian, and Japanese navies. We held the most favorable geographical position for a naval war that the atlas can furnish. And yet our main naval purpose — the protection of our trade — could not be carried out. These are the plain sad facts of our naval experience in the last war.

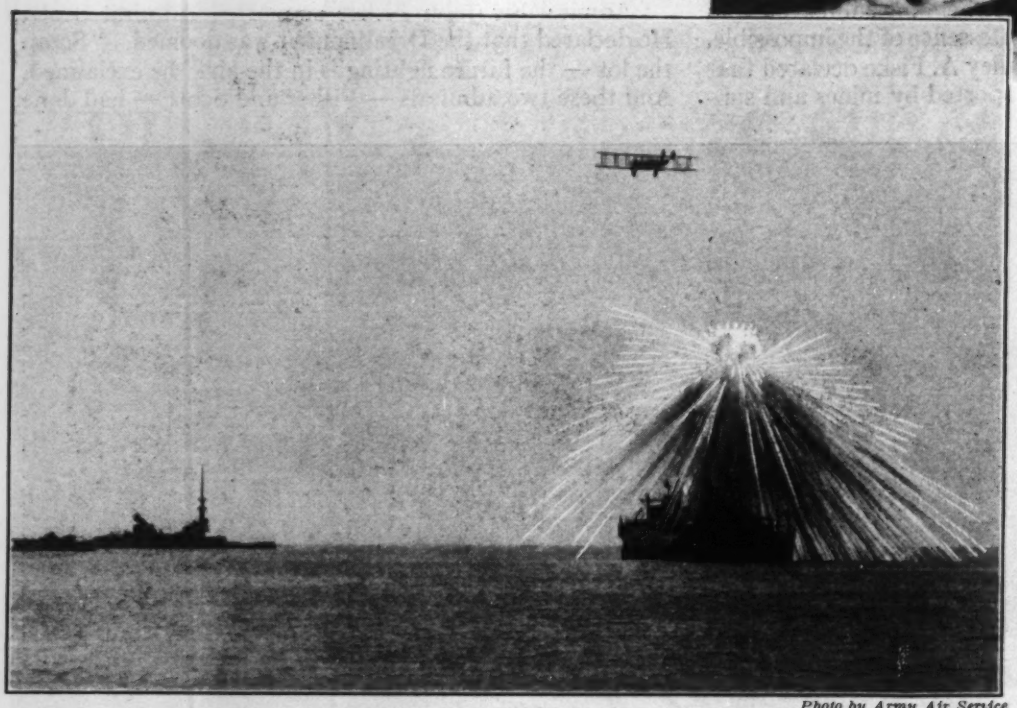


Photo by Army Air Service

Landing squarely in the fighting top of the battleship "Alabama," this one bomb would have put all the men of the fire control out of action

"In view of the failure of the navy — under the most favorable conditions, with many allies — to protect our trade in the last war, has it any hope of doing so, on its existing basis, under less favorable conditions? Can it even protect the lines of communications of our battle fleet, if the latter is required to fight out of home waters? Will the advent of aircraft make the position easier?"

These comments of Admiral Hall cannot be ignored. No wonder Jellicoe exclaimed: "We were closer to ruin than we have been for two hundred years!"

We come now to the subject of carrying a war over seas. Admiral Sims went to London, in April, 1917, and immediately reported that the English Navy did not control the sea and that the Germans were winning the war, despite the Grand Fleet. "We can't go on like this much longer," Admiral Jellicoe told Sims. After two years' experience and observation in the World War and after the bombing of the German ships by our air forces, Admiral Sims makes the following statement:

"There will never again be in naval history one of the Simon-pure naval expeditions carried across the sea to an enemy's port, the defeat of an enemy's fleet, the establishment of an advance base on his coast, and the pouring in of soldiers and supplies. This has been forever rendered impossible against any country that has adequate air and submarine forces.

"The command of the air means the command of

Observers in gas masks examining the effects on the "Alabama" of the famous bombing tests off the Virginia Capes

Photo by Army Air Service

the surface, whether it be sea or land. The experiment of sinking the *Ostfriesland* by airplane bombs proves that if our coast is protected by airplanes, no ships can reach our shores or land troops."

Ship Blockades Impossible

IT is important to note at this point that our success in transporting two million men to France furnishes no precedent for the future. The Germans had no air forces with which to attack our convoys, and their submarine captains were ordered not to fight men-of-war, but to expend their ammunition in sinking helpless merchantmen in order to starve England, and thus win the war. Such a condition will not hereafter protect an invading army.

"No nation would dare send a capital fleet three thousand miles across open water to fight an enemy," declares Vice Admiral Mark Kerr, of the British Navy. "It is ten chances to one that it would be wiped out to the last bottom. Without a base, it would be whittled away by the air and submarine forces of the enemy without ever meeting the enemy's grand fleet."

Speaking in detail, Admiral Kerr assumes that the weaker enemy would not obligingly stage a ring battle in the middle of the ocean. It would await the attack with its defensive forces.

"There is no battle fleet to fight; there is no harbor to refuel in. The fleet must be kept steaming at top speed at all times and in all weather, with its guards of destroyers around it. Everybody has to keep his eyes skinned at all times, looking out for attacks from air, sea, and under water. I have spoken to several admirals, and I have not found one who would like to undertake the job.

"As blockading by big ships has been shown to be impossible in the face of modern flotillas, it would appear that there is no use for the battleship where the bases are far apart.

"Battle fleets are only of use in certain geographic divisions where the bases are not far apart. They are of no use for wars in which the combatant countries are separated by thousands of miles of ocean. The command of the great oceans has passed from the battleship, and in future must be obtained by great strength in flotillas at the points where the routes touch the land and where their termini are.

Official Photo U. S. Navy

How airplanes sank the former German cruiser "Frankfurt," a remarkable photograph of three-hundred-pound bombs striking their target

"We have at present sufficient battleships for any eventuality in Europe. If they are of no use in other places, we should not spend a single penny more on them."

Lord Sydenham, a distinguished British statesman, agrees with Admiral Sims and Admiral Kerr, in the following letter to an admiral of our Navy:

"You can't now employ a large battle fleet in an enemy's near waters if he possesses a smaller fleet in good order and effective. Japan is a case in point. You — the United States — and we — Great Britain — can do nothing against Japan separately, and not much more if we were allied. I am sure you will come to this conclusion.

Submarines and Air Forces Dominate Seas

"*Per contra*, Japan and obviously no other power can do anything in American home waters, even if your fleet were only as the High Seas Fleet compared to the Grand Fleet. *Submarines, mine fields, and the air have conferred new powers on a fleet in its own waters and with the resources of a great nation behind it.* That is what so many pundits have missed. It carries far."

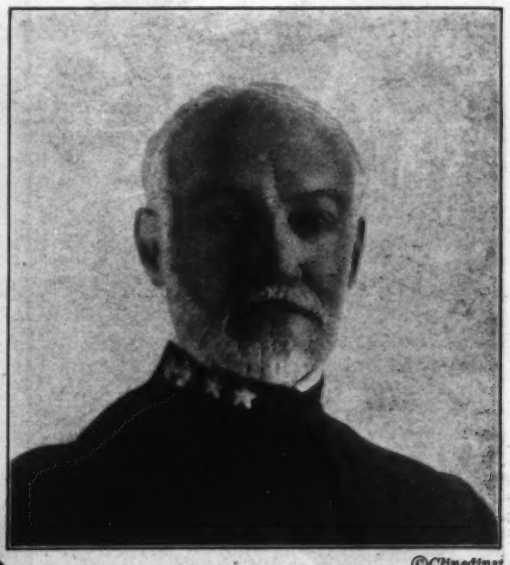
A well-known English writer declares, "No great army can be carried across the ocean against a fleet of submarines. Australia and New Zealand are absolutely secure against attack. *Given enough submarines, the United States is now a distinct and impregnable military unit and so is the Old World.* If war breaks out again, it will be fought on land behind a ring fence. In my judgment, the United States and Britain should face the facts and save their money. The future is serious enough without the waste of resources on useless varieties of armaments."

Admiral von Scheer, who commanded the German Fleet at the battle of Jutland, was a believer in battleships. Immediately subsequent to the World War he stood by the Dreadnought, while stressing the importance of the submarine. But the recent perfection of bombing and torpedo planes in the attack on surface vessels has brought Admiral von Scheer to recognize a new era.

"Only recently experiments made in America have made it clear that a battleship may be sunk by airplanes," he says. "Even though the chance of such successes would be lessened in the case of ships under way and though the factor of defense did not enter into these experiments, it cannot be denied that the prospects are favorable to the airplane — since an attacking fleet cannot remain in motion permanently.

"It requires rest for the engines, time for the taking on board of munitions, fuel, and supplies. It must dock for repairs, lie at anchor — and it is then that the opportunity for air attack presents itself.

"The danger involved in being struck by a two thousand-pound bomb from the sky also exists in the mines and torpedoes which threaten the battleship. It is thus exposed to dangers beneath the water and from the air, and it has no absolute security against these. Swift cruisers, the eyes of the fleet, are threatened in a still greater degree since, in view of their high speed, they must be content with weaker armor. The airplane is swifter; its eyes see farther; it cannot be so easily pushed aside or into a corner. And thus it may be said to furnish better service than a large and expensive ship.



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Rear Admiral W. S. Sims, U. S. Navy

"The submarine and airplane have driven the battleship from the ocean!" Rear Admirals Sims, Fullam, and Fiske agree that developments since the war have made our dreadnoughts nearly obsolete

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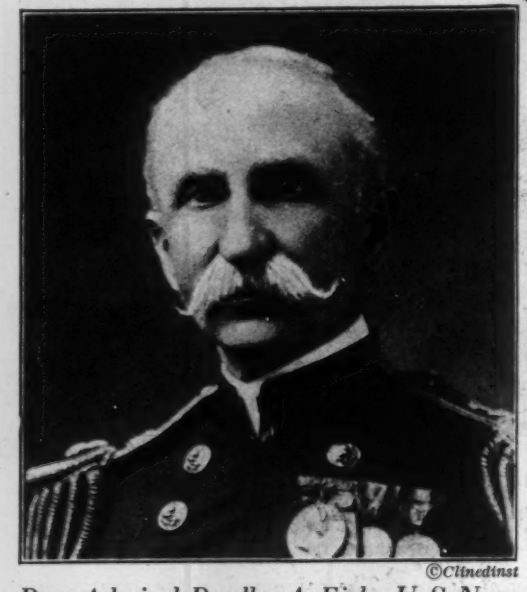
Rear Admiral Fullam, U. S. Navy



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Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. Navy

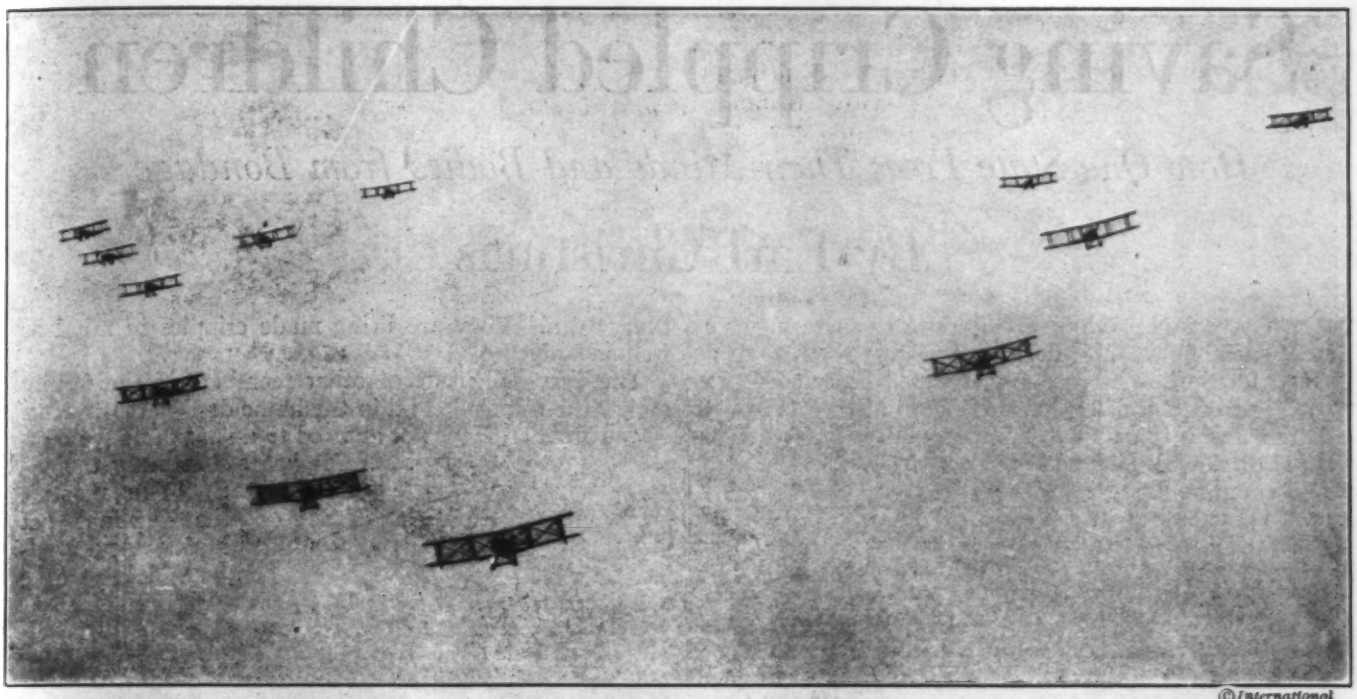
Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam, Commander of the U. S. Naval Forces in the Pacific during the World War, writes on the basis of a thorough knowledge of present-day naval problems

Fleets Cannot Again Cross Seas

"BOTH the airplane and submarine furnish greater advantages to the defender than to the attacker. *In fact, they make attack so difficult that the surface war vessel must now be denied efficient offensive power. He who imagines that a fleet with those indispensable auxiliaries — without which it would be paralyzed at any considerable distance from its base — could steam thousands of miles across the seas and then achieve a successful issue against a determined and efficient opponent will suffer many a serious disillusion.*"

These observations of Admiral von Scheer should be studied solemnly by the men who are directing the naval policies of the United States.

There are officers in the British and American



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The battle fleet an open target for bombing planes

navies, as well as statesmen and writers, who dissent from the views quoted above — they cling to the battleship as all powerful; they plan to send armies overseas. They still claim that we can send a naval armada to the Philippines, and maintain it there, five thousand miles from the home coast — if only we fortify Manila and Guam as naval bases!

But, in all fairness, their arguments appear pathetically weak in comparison with those of Scott, Fisher, Sims, Hall, and von Scheer. In some instances it would appear that these conservatives fail to read or to see or to think of the demonstrated facts of the World War, and of the developments since the Armistice that conclusively prove the future awfulness and the dominating influence of air and submarine power.

The question of bases has been touched upon in connection with the maintenance of fleets in distant waters. But bases will not suffice. Distance, geography, submarines, and air forces may defeat a fleet regardless of "bases," if the latter are farther from home than they are from the enemy. The Gallipoli campaign is a case in point. Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Wester Wemyss, of the Royal Navy, who was First Lord of the British Admiralty after the World War, comments as follows:

"*Had any submarines been present off Gallipoli, in April, 1915, the landing of the troops on the peninsula would have been impossible.* Never could the transports and supply ships have lain quietly off those beaches, pouring forth men and munitions as they did, had they been open to submarine attack. As it was, when the submarines appeared, later on, they sank two battleships and drove the transports into the security of Mudros Harbor, thus increasing enormously the labor and

(*Cont. on page* 126)

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Bombing planes might have had nearly as good a shot at these dreadnoughts as did the aerial camera man

Saving Crippled Children

How One State Frees Their Minds and Bodies from Bondage

By Earl Christmas

HOW MANY crippled children are there in your neighborhood? Perhaps you can recall only a few. But if some modern Pied Piper could go through the land gathering in all the crippled children from town and country, you would be astounded at the army that would come hobbling after him. The number in the United States has been estimated by medical authorities as high as two hundred and fifty thousand.

These two little misses—helpless cripples a few months ago —are playing leading rôles in a May Day Festival

Most of our crippled children are kept in their own homes, out of reach of the small number of hospitals devoted to their care. Few — particularly in the rural districts or poor quarters of the cities — are receiving the attention of the specialists who now are able to work wonders in correcting the deformities of children. That in itself is tragedy enough.

But this is only half of the story. Because of their afflictions, most of our crippled children are being petted and pampered, waited upon at every turn. They are being made cripples in mind as well as body.

The very solicitude of other members of the family makes the crippled child in the home doubly dependent. He is not allowed to do anything for himself. He hears constantly the admonition: "You mustn't do that — you'll get hurt." And gradually the deadly virus soaks in. He comes to believe that he can't play — that he can't do any of the things other children do — that he is helpless.

(Below.) Too young to ride a pony, this little fellow takes his corrective exercise in a swing—and is happy

Most of our states have been as slow as individuals to appreciate this problem of the crippled child. But Minnesota recognized it a good many years ago, and promptly launched out upon what was then a pioneer venture. It established the Minnesota State Hospital for Crippled Children — the first institution of the kind for the indigent — and mapped out for it a big and important job, which it still carries on. The function of that hospital is to

Downcast? Not these boys, who are having their annual field meet. The boy in the center is getting ready for a broad jump with crutches

improve the bodies of crippled and deformed children, cure them, if possible, but, in any event, to *free their minds of crutches*. For twenty-five years it has been engaged in this work, with what eminent success I hope to bring out in this article.

During these twenty-five years the Minnesota Hospital has treated four thousand boys and girls. Of this number, fully fifty per cent have been entirely cured, while twenty per cent have been cured with only slight deformity. Stop for a moment and think what that means! Two thousand boys and girls, who probably would have become permanent cripples, reclaimed and made whole — and, what is equally important, given a normal outlook on life.

One day a boy came into the Minnesota Hospital and calmly announced that he wanted his legs cut off. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and he had been begging on the streets. At length he had decided that he could make more money as a beggar if his legs were amputated. Accordingly, one day he showed up at the hospital — with his parents, who joined in the unusual request.

But the doctors at the hospital didn't cut off the boy's legs. Instead, they set about to correct the infirmity. The limbs were straightened, apparatus was applied, and at length the boy was able to walk. Still he thought the legs should be amputated.

Now there is a theory at the hospital that a crippled child can do just about everything anybody else can do. This idea permeates the whole institution, and the children themselves are the most active missionaries in spreading it.

In this case, the atmosphere proved contagious. Before long, the boy decided that he wanted to keep his legs. He began to take an interest in the games and the educational work. In a few months he had improved sufficiently to be discharged. At the present time that boy is leading an active life on a Minnesota farm. He walks without braces, and is able to work. He will never again be a beggar.

This is just one instance of regeneration. In the records of the Minnesota Hospital, there are many others. Children who have been treated at the hospital are scattered from coast to coast. Some are in business; others are making their livings on farms.

Several years ago a girl of fourteen was brought into the hospital. She had not walked since she was two years old. She had had tuberculosis of the hip, and the deformity was so marked that her legs were flexed back almost to her body. She had had no schooling.

That is another one of the tragic things about the crippled child in too many homes — so often parents think it is unnecessary for a crippled child to have any education.

This girl was exceedingly alert, and learned rapidly at the hospital. She completed six grades the first year. Meanwhile her body steadily mended. When she was

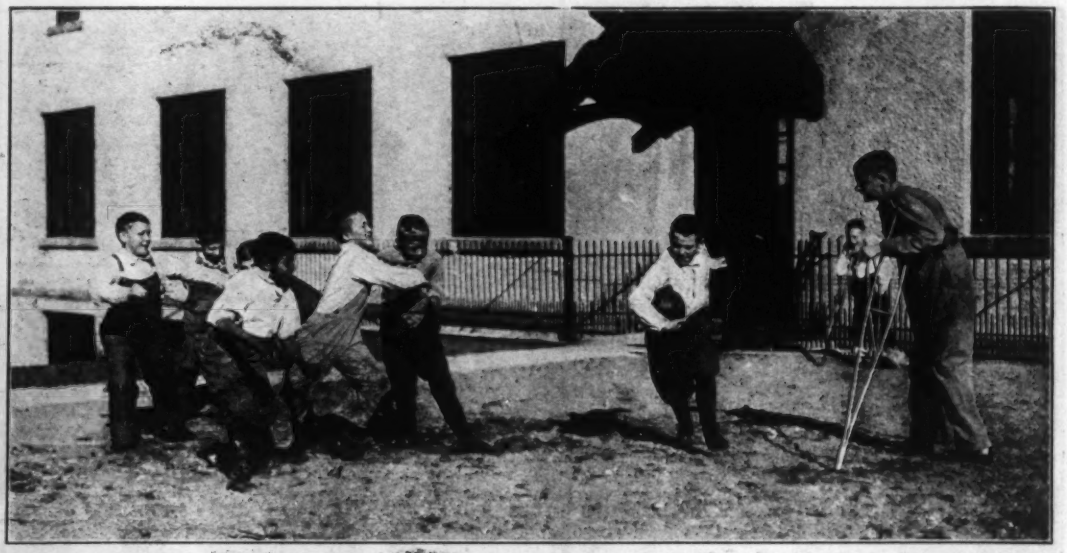
Our Army of Tiny Cripples

TO a quarter of a million young Americans the heritage of childhood—the privilege of play and independence—is denied. Our crippled children outnumber the total of our wounded soldiers in the last war. Thousands of these children, who are growing up to be helpless charges on the community, might have been made happy, self-supporting young citizens by proper scientific care.

And the worst of it is that while we are neglecting their bodies, we are crippling their spirits. In our sympathy for them, we unwittingly make them believe themselves utterly helpless. No man or woman who loves children should fail to read the account herewith of how one State has shown the way to cure thousands of these youngsters in both body and soul.—THE EDITOR.

ready to leave the hospital, she walked out on her crutches, and since that time she has continued to improve. She is keeping house now and doing all the work for a family of five persons.

In the early days of the hospital, a boy of eight was carried in, afflicted with tuberculosis of the spine. He was in the hospital for several years, most of the time lying flat on his back. Yet he won the fight. Now he is the owner of a prosperous mercantile business in Northern Minnesota, has a family, and is a respected citizen of the community. He has never been ill a day since he left the hospital.



Certainly a crippled boy can play football. As long as the spirit isn't crippled, stiff legs don't matter

Of all the boys and girls who have been treated for this one affliction — tuberculosis of the spine — between sixty and seventy per cent have had no trouble since leaving the hospital. More than that, they are making their own livings, except of course the younger children.

Another thing stands out as we review the work of the Minnesota Hospital. If the experience of that hospital counts for anything, it illustrates more vividly than words can portray the value of prompt attention to crippled children and the almost criminal folly of neglect and delay.

For example, let us consider congenital dislocation of the hip. This may be cured readily by the Lorenz manipulation — if the child is under eight years of age, but after that age the chances decrease rapidly. Just a little delay — and for many a child the precious chance slips away.

Infantile paralysis presents the same significant story. Half the children admitted to the Minnesota Hospital are crippled or likely to become crippled, as a result of paralysis. In nearly all cases deformity can be prevented, if treatment is given promptly.

In this connection, it may be interesting to note that congenital deformities make up but one-tenth of the cases received at the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children. Paralysis accounts for half the cases, tuberculosis a fourth, and rickets a considerable percentage of the remainder. In other words, preventable causes, to a large degree, are responsible for most of our crippled and deformed children.

Crippled Minds Made Whole

I COULD go on at length telling you how thirty-five leading specialists of St. Paul, serving at the hospital without pay, have straightened hundreds of twisted little bodies, and sent their owners on their way rejoicing. But significant as these things are, there is another interesting phase of the Minnesota Hospital — perhaps the most important of all. This is the effect of the new environment at the hospital upon the child's mind and soul.

As I suggested in the beginning, the whole tendency of our usual attitude toward the crippled child is to make him think he can't do anything. He is petted and waited upon. He is impressed constantly with his helplessness. Actually, children come out to the Minnesota Hospital thinking they are coming there to die. Imagine the spectacle that greets the youngster when he arrives — for he sees the children at the hospital doing everything that other children do. They are playing football and baseball on the lawn. They are boxing, jumping, and climbing trees.

On the day I visited the hospital a baseball game was in progress. Both boys and girls took part. Some had to lay down their crutches in order to bat, but they hit the ball, and Babe Ruth never struck a home run that caused more glee than the ball one of those crippled youngsters sent sailing out through the trees. And if a fellow couldn't run, another boy ran for him. A swarthy little Indian fielder had a stiff leg, but I doubt if any back-lot competitor with an able body could have made better time getting down on that ball. The pitcher couldn't stoop over to pick up the ball, but he had plenty of steam in that good right arm and the zest of the game in his heart.

Crippled boys and girls at the hospital ride ponies — and, though they don't know it, they do it for treatment. In some cases, the doctors wish the child to have outdoor exercise, without bearing any weight on his feet. Also, in certain types of paralysis, the muscles on the inside of the leg draw up. Riding a pony tends to stretch these little muscles. Certainly, a very human sort of doctor devised that treatment.

Every spring the children at the Minnesota Hospital hold a field meet and a May Day festival. Among the events are a broad jump with crutches and a broad jump without crutches. Did you know a boy on crutches could jump? If a boy has one good arm, or one good leg, he gets into that meet, and he has a good time while he's in it, too. Sometimes he tumbles, but he gets up laughing, and tries again.

As long as the spirit isn't crippled, stiff legs don't matter. That meet is a big day for the boys and girls who are able to take part. It is their chance to compete in events like other children. Even the crutches, through a manual of drill which they call "the manual of crutches," become a symbol of their power to rise above their handicaps.

So with the dances of May Day, which in popular fancy are reserved for the supple and fairylike. A girl with a brace on her leg may take part in a May dance,

and present just as inspiring a spectacle as any little miss with an able body.

What does the average crippled child do when he finds himself in a place like this? He sees a youngster throw his crutches away, and climb up into a tree to look at a bird's nest. He sees another working a saw in the shop. "Shucks! I can do that," he says, and in a little while he actually is doing the same things himself.

"In most cases, the child's outlook begins to change in a week," said Miss Elizabeth McGregor, superintendent of the hospital. "Usually, when he sees the other children doing things, he begins to do them himself. If he doesn't — and still wants to be waited on — the other children do the correcting. They begin to make fun of him for being so helpless, and that soon has its effect.

The Danger of Sympathy

"THE first thing to do is to get the child out of his sick-bed attitude. People are so sorry for a crippled child that they do things for him that, for his own benefit, he should do for himself. Actually, the crippled child at home has no opportunity to develop a spirit of independence — and this is the very thing he needs most.

"After six months at the hospital the whole attitude of the child changes. Why, these children aren't afraid of anything after they have been here a while. I have babies two years old who will go down the slides out here on the playground. How many well children outside the hospital would do that? Their mothers would be terrified if they did! Fear? These babies don't know what fear is, and they *won't* know unless some grown-up puts it in their heads later."

We need to change a lot of our ideas about crippled children, particularly we should cease to regard them as objects of endless pity — for pity is one thing such children normally do not want, and most certainly it is the thing that they should not have.

A number of children from the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children were taken to visit the State Fair last year. Some of them used crutches; others wore head braces or like appliances. The children were having the time of their lives watching the races, but naturally these outward signs of their afflictions attracted the attention of spectators, who frequently stopped to express their sympathy and to ask innumerable questions.

A Regular Boy

CHARLIE had stood this about as long as he could, when a fashionably gowned woman came up.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "isn't it terrible? All you children seem to have something the matter with you! Did you break your neck, my little son?"

"Aw, go chase yourself!" said Charlie. "I want to see the races."

Charlie wanted to be a real boy. He wanted to get rid of his physical handicap, of course. The head brace and the doctor were attending to that. In other respects, he wanted to be let alone to enjoy things like other boys and girls.

Unofficially, Charlie gets a full vote of confidence from the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children. It likes his spunk. Just as cordially, it disapproves of acts which weaken the independence of the crippled child and, if kept up, may make a beggar out of him.

Crippled children can have plenty of fun if their associates will only remember that they are ordinary boys and girls. If you were to walk into the Minnesota Hospital, you would hear a perfect hubbub of childish voices, laughter, and gayety. I have visited the hospital many times, and I never yet have heard one of the two

The children at the Minnesota Hospital ride ponies for treatment, and, naturally enough, the ponies have a terribly busy time

hundred children cry. Not even the babies! Finally one day I asked a member of the hospital staff about it.

"Yes," she said. "They cry when they come, and again when they leave."

In between these epochal events, they are having too good a time. Of course, there may be a few exceptions. For instance, there was a youngster of four who became so angry he wouldn't speak to his nurse for a whole day. Finally another nurse interceded in the feud, and asked him the reason.

"What do you think?" he said, bursting into indignant tears. "I have had two baths to-day and my face washed four times!"

The average crippled child in the home certainly isn't a leader among his playmates. His whole environment is one of repression. In the light of this, allow me to present here the story of "Fatty."

"Fatty" is the leader of the "Demons." The "Demons" are the children from two and a half to five years old. They gave themselves the nickname, and the name has stuck. Exercising the rôle of leader, "Fatty" sees that the other children get their faces washed and their hair combed before meals. Then, when they line up, according to height, he sees that each is in his right place. "Fatty" will be three years old in May.

There is a saying around the hospital that no child who has spent six months there will ever beg. That saying is based on the records. When children go out of the hospital they carry its atmosphere with them.

"I used to be sorry sometimes because we had to send these children back into poor homes," said an official of the hospital. "But we have found that the children do much to make the home what it should be. They know what they want, and they are going to get it. They bring a new element into the home. After all, what comes from within the home through the child is twice as effective as all the social work we can do from the outside."

There were two hundred and ten children in the hospital this winter. In addition, more than fifteen hundred were being treated as outside patients. The average period of treatment at the hospital is eight months, though many children are kept for several years. During their stay medical treatment is not all that they receive. While their bodies are mending and they are learning to play, the children are carrying on all the schoolwork given children outside of the hospital. This includes the industrial and vocational work of the most advanced schools. Recent tests conducted at the hospital showed that on an average the crippled children were from one to four years in advance of normal children of the same age.

Games, gymnastics, and corrective exercises form a very important part of the work. Every child has some kind of corrective exercise. The doctor passes on the type of exercise to be allowed each child.

It is interesting to note that in twenty-five years not one serious injury has occurred on that playground. Yet there are people who constantly seek to repress the activity of the crippled child!

A Quarter Century of Accomplishment

THE Minnesota Hospital has a very considerable accomplishment to its credit. A hospital that has treated four thousand crippled boys and girls, helping many of them on the way toward becoming useful citizens, has served its purpose well. But — and here is something vital to be considered in every State in the union — Miss McGregor, the superintendent of the hospital, believes it has not been able to reach more than half the children of the State who need its help.

If this condition exists in Minnesota now, what must be the situation in those States where there are no such hospitals!

When the roll of the States is called, very few can say that they have provided for their crippled children. Massachusetts has a very fine hospital school. There are State hospitals in Nebraska, New York, and Iowa; and efforts are being made to establish similar institutions for crippled children in Illinois, Ohio, and other States.

But with all this, the task has only begun. The big private hospitals are located chiefly in the East. In the South and West there are almost no hospitals for crippled children. In some forty States, the child of poor, or even moderately well-to-do parents — if they live in the rural districts — has hardly a chance to obtain the treatment of specialists. In most States hundreds of crippled children are still hobbling along, while the big chance slips away.

At Minnesota Hospital, girls with braces on their legs take part in the May Day dances which, in popular fancy, are reserved to the supple and fairylike

At sight of the girl ahead of him, Terris sprang forward eagerly. He recognized her as the fair-haired, pixylike creature whom he had met in a Pullman six months before

Who Would Have Thought It?

An Exciting Romance of Young Love and Mystery

By Rollin Lynde Hartt

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

LOST: In the Fourteenth Street Subway Station, at half-past five, Sunday afternoon, a lady's gray-suède slipper. Finder will please return to ——

IF it had been properly finished out with name and address, and inserted in any one of the New York papers, this advertisement would have brought incalculable relief to young Terris; for Terris had the slipper, while the girl — *the* girl, as he told himself, though she was a complete enigma — had vanished, not for the first time.

At half-past five, that Sunday afternoon, he had alighted from a local at Fourteenth Street, and the girl, with a brown-leather music roll under her arm, was running to catch an uptown express. He recognized her instantly as the blue-eyed, fair-haired, pixylike creature, all buoyancy and mischief and gay spirits, whom he had met in a Pullman six months before.

At Harrisburg, she had suddenly cut short their conversation by exclaiming: "Oh, I change here! Isn't it a shame?" And when he helped her off with her luggage, and asked her to tell him her name and where she lived, she gave him only a laughing farewell, instead. But ever since that parting her sweetness and endearing fascination had haunted him.

At sight of her again — in New York — he sprang toward her eagerly. But in the crowd she failed to notice him, and just then, as she neared the door of the car, the heel of her slipper caught in the grating of the platform and stuck fast. Naturally, off came the slipper Unable to stop — as a dozen people close behind her pushed violently, not realizing her predicament — she was swept into the car, leaving the slipper in the grating. The door slid shut, and away sped the train.

Any woman will understand what her feelings must have been, but only a man — a young man, and indeed a young man in love — or believing himself to be in love, which comes to the same thing — can understand how Terris felt.

HE plunged headlong through the crowd, fell upon the slipper, wrenched it free, and went bounding up the platform beside the train, hoping to overtake the girl's car, toss the slipper in through an open window, and trust some passenger to restore it to its adored owner. But a perfect mob of people had got out. They blocked his way. Gaining speed, the train slipped past him. So, there stood Terris — furious, ashamed, panting, and unspeakably bewildered — with the slipper in his hand.

What now? Racing uptown by the next express would accomplish nothing, as no one could tell where the girl would get off, and, even if he knew, she would be out of the station before he could reach it. Speeding uptown by taxi and halting at every express stop to see if some chauffeur would recall being hailed by a girl wearing only one slipper seemed as useless. The best plan,

so Terris decided — though decision is a queer word for it, considering the whirl his mind was in — would be to go straight to his lodgings at Number Ten East Eleventh Street, and prepare an item for the Lost and Found Column.

HAPPY thought! When she answered — but then, would she? Would she even look for the advertisement? What was the mere loss of a slipper to such a girl as she appeared to be? He remembered her extravagant traveling kit, which had impressed him greatly in the Pullman six months before. And yet ——

All the way home he kept debating the matter, and this, perhaps, is why he failed to observe that he was being followed by a thickset individual who watched him intently, as if shadowing a malefactor.

Whereas Terris was a highly respectable young gentleman, in process of becoming a certified public accountant, and everything about him augured well. He had his mother's honest brown eyes and his father's clean-cut profile. He had the Terris air. If he spent little, except on his clothes — he favored expensive rough tweeds — it was because he refused to accept help from Terris, Senior. As for his clothes, they were less costly than they looked, for he still patronized his home tailor in Salem, Massachusetts. Hence the new brown overcoat, jauntily cut and worthy of the brown velours hat that went with it.

The house, when he arrived, was quite deserted — it generally was late Sunday afternoon. He hurried up to his small dormered room, where, without closing the door, he flung hat and coat on the divan, and sat down near the reading lamp to think over the problem. For inspiration, he held the slipper in his hand.

He had not the faintest suspicion of anything amiss — that is to say, anything sinister. Yet curiously — coincidences are always curious — he told himself, in a fit of momentary dejection, "An advertisement will never find her; this is a job for detectives. I wish I could afford one."

Suddenly the idea of having detectives trail *that* girl made him laugh outright. Detectives! What could be more absurd?

Then it was that revelations began.

His finger tip encountered cotton in the toe of the slipper. Involuntarily he drew it out. Hardly had he done so when something bright and sparkling rolled from its hiding place within the toe. It was a superb diamond, unmounted, from which shot vivid blue gleams!

Terris uttered a prolonged, indrawn "Whew!" — half whisper, half whistle — expressive of shock and alarm and abject, wordless horror. For he recalled having read in the newspapers accounts of the recent daring robbery at Lamont's, where some one on the sidewalk had smashed a show window, and, while excited salesmen were rushing to protect the jewels there, some one inside the shop had stolen the famous blue Delhi Diamond — and escaped.

Terris stared at the diamond — the biggest and the bluest he had ever beheld. Surely there could not be two such stones, and its lack of a setting was significant: a thief's first care is to strip the setting from a jewel, he knew.

Terris might well have reflected that if he were caught with the Delhi Diamond in his possession, the consequences would be serious. But he was not thinking of himself — he was thinking of the girl. That girl a professional thief! *That* girl!

For half a second he was tempted to exclaim, "*Now* I know why she wouldn't tell me who she was and where she lived!" But a half second later he was protesting, "It can't be! It's incredible!" From this vehement assertion it was only a step to recalling certain vague reports concerning the activities of the police in the case, and to resolving, "They shan't get her! I'll stand off Lamont and the police and the whole pack of them!" Whereupon, he tucked the diamond into a pocket of his waistcoat, and, hurrying to the bureau, hid the slipper deep down in the deepest drawer.

All this time he had been too absorbed in his own thoughts to hear the old-fashioned doorbell jingle convulsively, or to hear, a moment later, fumbling, uncertain steps, as of a stranger, on the ill-lighted stairs.

So it was that when he had closed the bureau drawer and turned about he was surprised to see in the open doorway a thick-necked, thick-waisted, thick-footed fellow, who clumsily unbuttoned his coat to display a nickel-plated badge, and said:

"Excuse *me!* I just called around after that shoe. *You* know. I seen you pick it up in the subway."

"What if I did?" retorted Terris, quaking inwardly, though firm enough outwardly. "That's no affair of yours."

"Ain't it, though? Maybe it's your affair — eh? Come, now! Save yourself trouble! Oh, I ain't sayin' but maybe you're all right, but we don't take no chances. Last spring I chased up a smoother-lookin' guy than you are, an' *that* was a diamond case."

"Why, man alive!" exclaimed Terris. "You talk as if *this* were a diamond case!"

"I ain't sayin'," the officer went on. "But we don't take no chances. I've been shadowin' that girl three days now, an' she give me the slip — you seen 'er — down there in the subway, when I got pocketed in the crowd. I could 'a' nabbed you then, but I had a hunch that you lived around here, so I traveled along after you to see where. I ain't sayin' but what you'll hear from us yet."

"You took a long time getting here," said Terris.

"I've been sittin' on the step writin' out my report. I knew I could come in and get you any time."

"Report! About me?"

"No, the girl. I don't mind tellin' you. It's the Del-high case."

"It is — is it? And — you — think — that girl stole the diamond? *That* girl! Can't you read faces? Can't you see at a glance ——"

"STUCK on her, eh?" the officer roared. "Listen! That girl was reckonized in Lamont's jewelry store a few minutes before her pal smashed the window. She was rubberin' around the Del-high Diamond and chinnin' a clerk. He seen her before — lives in the same block as she does, and couldn't mistake her. *Now* will you gimme that shoe?"

"No, sir!"

A heavy hand gripped Terris' shoulder.

"Come! Be sensible!" said the officer. "Don't wanta be pulled in, do you?"

The boy, well knowing what would follow resistance — certain arrest, with the diamond in his possession — moved slowly to the bureau, drew out the slipper, and gave it up.

Down the stairs went the officer without a word, while Terris raged to and fro in his room, excitedly telling himself, "I'm a cad! I'm an ass!"

He heard the street door shut with a bang, and just one thought consoled him: "Well, anyhow, he didn't get the diamond; he didn't even know it was here."

Then came other thoughts. "What a bungler that fellow was! Didn't I smell cloves? I think I did — in fact, I'm sure. He'd been drinking! So that's why he

let the girl get away, and why he didn't demand the slipper when he saw me pick it up, and why he dared to butt in here without a warrant, and question me, and why he let things out." An expression of speculation came into Terris' face. If the detective had bungled, might he not bungle still more, and let out more information — the girl's name! Her address even!

Seizing his hat and coat, Terris rushed downstairs and out into East Eleventh Street bent on overtaking the fellow and seeing what further could be extracted from him. As an officer newly in possession of concrete evidence would probably hasten to headquarters with it, either by the Third Avenue "L" or by the Broadway subway, he hastened eastward, wriggling into his overcoat as he went. There is an "L" station at Ninth Street, a subway station at Eighth. Reaching the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street without having sighted his man, he was compelled to choose — and he hesitated.

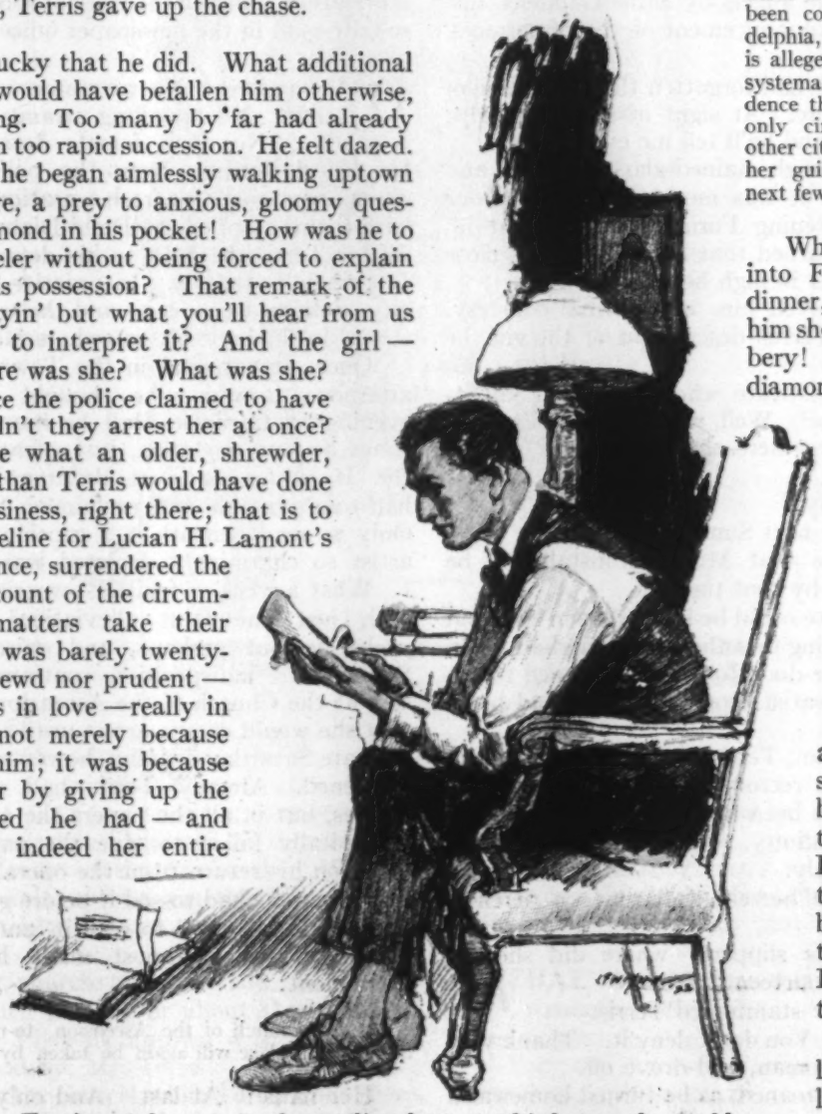
Night had come, and there is nothing more cheerless than lower Broadway after dark on a Sunday: traffic gone, pedestrians few and far between, shop windows with their shades down, buildings unlighted, and, except for the rumble of an occasional lonesome, half-empty electric car, the whole place silent as the tomb. Depressed by his surroundings, and seeing no one ahead who at all resembled the officer, Terris gave up the chase.

NO doubt it was lucky that he did. What additional misadventures would have befallen him otherwise, there was no knowing. Too many by far had already come upon him and in too rapid succession. He felt dazed.

Wheeling about, he began aimlessly walking uptown toward Union Square, a prey to anxious, gloomy questionings. That diamond in his pocket! How was he to return it to the jeweler without being forced to explain how it came into his possession? That remark of the officer's, "I ain't sayin' but what you'll hear from us yet" — how was he to interpret it? And the girl — who was she? Where was she? What was she? With all the evidence the police claimed to have against her, why didn't they arrest her at once?

Any one can see what an older, shrewder, more prudent man than Terris would have done — cut the whole business, right there; that is to say, made a swift beeline for Lucian H. Lamont's Fifth Avenue residence, surrendered the jewel with a full account of the circumstances, and let matters take their course. But Terris was barely twenty-four and neither shrewd nor prudent — yet. Worse, he was in love — really in love now. It was not merely because the girl fascinated him; it was because he had wronged her by giving up the slipper — or believed he had — and because her safety, indeed her entire future, depended upon his extricating her from a monstrous predicament. Once let him find her and get her side of all this, and ——

As he was crossing Twelfth Street he suddenly remembered the brown-leather music roll she carried, and the thought struck him, "Girls don't come down into this neighborhood on a Sunday afternoon to take music lessons, do they? I'll bet you she sings in a choir, somewhere near here, and was on her way home from vespers. Next Sunday, perhaps, she will sing again."



Terris sat down near the reading lamp to think over the problem. For inspiration, he held the slipper in his hand

BUT how could he wait? The police might arrest her before then. Another plan — quicker, though more dangerous — would be to shadow the officer. The fellow would no doubt resume his noble occupation of shadowing the girl. At headquarters, next morning if not that very night, it would be a simple-enough matter to get track of him. "Sure as fate," thought Terris, "he'll lead me straight to her!"

He was in high spirits now, excited, optimistic, and tingling with elation. At Fourteenth Street he dropped fifty cents into a blind man's cup, called at a tobacconist's for an expensive cigar and took himself joyously to dinner, little realizing that the Sunday-evening paper, already on the news stands, contained a front-page feature, thus conceived:

EXPECT ARREST SOON IN GEM CASE

It was learned in police circles to-day that a beautiful young woman, suspected of having committed Thursday's sensational diamond robbery at Lamont's, is under close watch. Arrest will be made as soon as investigations have been completed in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, where she is alleged to have been engaged in systematic thieving. While the evidence thus far accumulated here is only circumstantial, reports from other cities are expected to establish her guilt conclusively within the next few days.

When Terris stepped out into Fourteenth Street after dinner, a newsboy ran up to him shouting, "Robbery! Robbery! All about the great diamond robbery!"

He bought a paper. Beneath the garish lights of a movie house, he read the above.

Many a time Terris had laughed at the ease with which the police capture a half-dozen criminals in one. No sooner have they apprehended Second-story Bill than he becomes Wall-eyed Sam, the counterfeiter; Lefty Levi, the gunman; Fauntleroy Gildersleeve, the body-snatcher; Big Ben, the cracksman; and Mrs. Dillingham MacEvarts, the procrastinator!

But he was not laughing now. No, nor later, when he returned to the house and learned from the maid that "a gentleman" had called to see him and refused to give his name; also, that a voice on the phone had inquired, "May I speak to Mr. Terris?" — and said no more.

Well, well! Things were moving, it seemed, not only in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, but nearer home. Cold perspiration oozed out all over him.

Feeling that whatever was to be done must be done quickly, he hurried up to his room, hid the diamond in a tobacco jar, and started out for police headquarters, first locking the door.

NOW, it is a custom at Number Ten East Eleventh Street to leave doors unlocked, and, as a general thing, to leave them open. So a lodger, who happened to be ambling through the hall at the moment, said jocularly, "What you got in there? Gold, silver, and precious stones?"

Just that trifling bit of fun made Terris tremble — which was fortunate, as it showed him that he was in no state of nerves to visit police headquarters, where, now that he gave it up, he realized that, ten to one, he would have received some such welcome as, "Say, ain't you the greenie, now, comin' here to get wise to a cop doin' shadow work? As if we'd put you on to him, like fools, and let you spike his game!"

Still, there were the churches. Out went Terris to verify his recollection that the Church of the Ascension, famous the country over for its great mural painting by La Farge and its marble angels by Saint Gaudens, displayed a gold-lettered announcement of vesper services, with oratorio.

He was right, but he had forgotten that the name of the rector was also there. At sight of it, he thought, "Just let me find him, and he'll tell me everything!"

Light streamed through stained-glass windows and the open door, though it was more than a half hour before time for the evening Forum. Terris went in, approached a verger, learned that the rectory was close by, and hastened thither in high hopes.

The clergyman received him with formal courtesy, but, after listening to Terris' description of the girl, he said evasively:

"You mean the substitute who took Mrs. Saltonstall's place? Her name? Well, really, I couldn't say."

"Could you tell me where she came from?" asked Terris.

"I really couldn't say."

"Will she substitute next Sunday afternoon?"

"We earnestly hope that Mrs. Saltonstall will be fully restored to health by that time."

Nothing more definite could be learned from him, and Terris, strongly suspecting that the clergyman had taken him for a kind of "stage-door Johnny," hastened to cut short the interview, unsatisfactory though it had been.

OUT in the street again, Terris saw a runabout standing in front of the rectory, with a woman at the wheel. She would have been fine-looking, if it had not been for a certain masculinity. "Mr. Terris?" she said, lifting a hand beckoningly.

Without introducing herself, she went on peremptorily:

"That girl with one slipper — where did she get aboard the subway? Fourteenth Street?"

"I — why — I ——" stammered Terris.

"That's all I want. You don't deny it. Thank you, Mr. Terris!" said the woman, and drove off.

"Great Cæsar!" he groaned, as he turned homeward. "Plain-clothes men, newspaper scares, mysterious visitors, uncanny telephone calls, wary doctors of divinity, and now — female detectives! Whew!"

How clarifying is the effect of a night's sleep — even troubled sleep, beset with hideous dreams! Next morning, several important matters — and unimportant ones, too — presented themselves in a new light. The light, that is to say, of common sense.

For example, Terris now understood why the plain-clothes man wanted the slipper — simply to convince headquarters that he had been close behind the girl when she eluded him. It could prove nothing more.

No, but the diamond could. If the famous jewel were known to have been in his possession even for a moment, then inevitably, headquarters, suspecting the girl already, and informed of the occurrence in the subway station, would say he found it in her slipper. Clearly, he must keep the diamond until the girl was out of the scrape. By the same token, he must lie low. How fantastic the schemes he had been turning over in his head seemed to him now! Why, he had not even succeeded at all satisfactorily in making the clergyman talk, whereas, with alarming ease, the woman in the runabout had made Terris himself talk.

Then, too, a night's sleep had somewhat diminished his anxiety about the mysterious visitor at Number Ten East Eleventh Street, the mysterious telephone call, and the officer's disturbing remark, "I ain't sayin', but what you'll hear from us yet." Indeed, he could now almost persuade himself that those "investigations in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington," were a mere fabrication, possibly the work of some highly imaginative rewrite man in the newspaper office.

DAYS passed. No awesome visitor called to see Terris. No appalling stranger called him on the telephone. No more female detectives waylaid him. He heard nothing from the police. Meanwhile the newspapers, eager for fresh sensations and richly supplied with them, dropped the Delhi Diamond case completely. As for Terris, he held to his determination to lie low. In principle, that is. In practice, he was all over the city, running to concerts and the opera, haunting music stores, in the hope of somewhere meeting the girl.

Once, at a recital in the Town Hall — Wednesday afternoon it was — he thought he saw her. Next evening in Carnegie Hall he thought so again. Both times he was mistaken, just as he was when, opening the *Musical Courier* at Brentano's, he came upon a half-tone portrait and exclaimed, "Why! here she is!" Only to read beneath it a caption explaining that the artist so charmingly depicted was starring in Paris!

What a week — fruitless, wearisome, distressed, and with just one faint alleviation! At its end — not probably, but perhaps, and on condition that Mrs. Saltonstall's indisposition continued — the girl would sing at the Church of the Ascension; granted, of course, that she would escape arrest until then.

Late Saturday evening, however, something pleasant happened. Already Terris had scanned the church notices, but in all the papers the notice that concerned him vitally failed to give the names of the soloists. Now, on his return from the opera, he saw the *Evening Post* where he had tossed it before going out, and picked it up. He sat down to read it, and his eye fell upon a paragraph which almost made him cry aloud with excitement:

> At the Church of the Ascension, to-morrow afternoon, Mrs. Saltonstall's place will again be taken by Miss Evangeline Barr.

Her name! At last! And only a night and a part of a day to wait!

Long before vespers the following afternoon, Terris slipped the diamond into his pocket — he had a use for it — and started out. No one was entering the church when he arrived, and, because he had been lying low for such a length of time and still felt reluctant to make

himself conspicuous, he thought best not to go in until others were doing so.

Accordingly, he walked up the Avenue to Fourteenth Street, to kill time. There it struck him that perhaps he was killing too much time. Wheeling about, he hurried back toward the church. Just as he reached Twelfth Street he saw a fair-haired girl a few steps ahead of him. She was waiting to allow a string of automobiles to go by before crossing over, and as she glanced up the street to note the approaching cars Terris recognized her instantly.

There was no mistaking her.

"Evangeline!" he cried out impulsively, as he ran to overtake her.

She turned about, startled. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes grew large with astonishment. Then Terris faltered:

"I — oh, I *beg* your pardon — Miss Barr."

She seemed mistily to recall having met him somewhere, but still appeared greatly perplexed.

"I want to talk to you," he went on hurriedly. "It's about a piece of property — and the welfare of some awfully nice people. May I see you after church?"

She looked troubled. Then her face cleared.

"Oh, I remember you now — perfectly!" she said. "We met in the train last spring. You are Mr. ——"

"Charles Terris," he said, and as they crossed the street he continued, "I've simply got to have a talk with you. You can clear up the whole case, and save no end of trouble."

"You make me feel creepy," she protested. "But — why, of course, if I can help ——"

"Help!" he exclaimed. "You're the whole thing!"

She laughed.

"Now, I'll tell you what," she said, as they reached the gate in the iron fence outside the church. "Wait for me here, and we'll walk uptown together and talk all you want. But first how did you find out my name?"

"Church notice."

"You! Reading church notices!" she teased. "I don't believe any such thing — or about the property, either. And maybe I'll walk uptown with you — and maybe I won't. Good-by, Mr. Terris!"

She vanished into the church, while Terris stood there bewildered, uncertain whether he had been dealing with a playful young humorist or with a girl thoroughly trained in the arts of imposture. Just at that moment a stoutish, derby-hatted fellow brushed past him. Terris recognized another old acquaintance — the plain-clothes man — and watched him enter the church. So he was shadowing her, even there! With set jaws he followed slowly after. He began to feel that destiny had cut out an important rôle for him to play in this bewildering affair.

By chance, in Terris' case, though presumably by definite request in the officer's, both of them were given seats far forward. Throughout the service Terris watched the detective at his right, his burly head outlined against a stained-glass window thronged with saints. When the long procession of choristers, in cassocks and flowing white surplices, filed into the chancel, the officer kept his gaze riveted upon Evangeline Barr. During the prayer, too, and the Scripture reading, but it was during her solo parts in the oratorio that he seemed keenest, as if muttering, "Just you wait till we hear from those cute little investigations in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington!"

"We can't afford to take any chances. I've been shadowing that girl for three days, now"

Yet, how lovely the girl was — a slim, white-robed figure, crowned with fair hair, against a background of tawny marble! Within its golden arch overhead, glowed La Farge's matchless mural. And how wonderfully the girl's voice rang out — pure, clear and bell-like!

After the service Terris waited outside, as bidden, and, while waiting, observed that the officer was pacing up and down, watchfully, on the opposite side of Fifth Avenue. So, when Miss Barr came out, he said, "Quick, there's trouble!" hailed a taxi, whisked her into it, shouted to the driver, "Uptown — anywhere uptown!" And at the words they were off.

Of all the surprising things Evangeline Barr could have done on finding herself so summarily captured, she did the one thing that was calculated to surprise Terris most — laughed, and sat back comfortably, remarking:

"WHAT fun! I feel positively kidnaped. Mystery, romance, melodrama, and high adventure! Now bring on your valuable property."

"Very well," replied Terris, taking the diamond from his pocket. "Here it is!"

Between a tremulous thumb and forefinger, he held it against the pane to show its brilliancy, and he could feel the blood hammer in his temples as he waited, breathlessly, for her comment, his eyes searching hers. On her first words, he thought, would hang the proof, one way or the other.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Where did you get it?"

His heart gave a great bound. Would a thief answer like that? Impossible, he thought. And yet ——

She had asked where he got it. Telling her, bluntly, would settle everything.

"I found it," he said slowly, "in the toe of a gray-suède slipper I picked up in the subway about this time last Sunday afternoon."

Instead of exclaiming "That! In *my* slipper! Great heavens!" as he expected her to, she averted her face and was silent, seeming to breathe with difficulty. Several moments passed before she turned to Terris. Then he saw that her cheeks were blanched, her lips quivering, and her eyes filled with alarm.

"Tell me the truth," she said imploringly. "Are you a detective?"

"Of course not," he answered, but in a hollow tone that shocked his own ears, for he felt that it sounded like a lie.

Yet apparently she believed him, for after a pause she said:

"Then take me — home!" And added, with an effort, "Æolian Club. It's — in Eighty-fifth Street near Riverside Drive."

He took her home, and never till his dying day would he forget that drive. Limp and helpless in her corner, the young woman sat with downcast eyes, silent, nervously fingering the brown music roll in her lap.

HE was as helpless, himself, and as silent. The thing he wanted to say — "Evangeline! Dear! I'm going to stand by you through it all!" — he could not say then; no, nor presently when he saw that she was crying. The thing he wanted to do — take her protectingly in his arms, and soothe her as one soothes a hurt child — he had not the right to do.

Meanwhile he was sure that the officer must have followed in the next taxi he could catch. "He'll arrest me this time, for certain," thought Terris. "And, as I've got the diamond, the police will say Evangeline slipped it to me on the way uptown."

Still, there was a bare chance of dodging — that is, if Miss Barr could bound from the taxi and enter the club before the officer could see, and if Terris, keeping his seat, could instantly start away. Should he speak of this to her now, or wait? The latter course seemed the more considerate, and at the same time more judicious. Evidently she had never known that an officer was shadowing her, and the revelation might be so unnerving that by the time they reached the club she would be in a state bordering on collapse and unable to act with decision at all.

But suppose the officer should arrive ahead of them? Just that was what happened. At Eighty-fourth Street a taxi spun past theirs. When their own taxi rounded the corner of Eighty-fifth Street, veered in toward the curb, and stopped in front of the club, a thick hand gripped the sill of the car's open window next to Terris, and an angry and authoritative voice said, "Pile out o' there, both of you!"

They stepped out.

"Wh-what do you want?" stammered Terris.

"Want!" said the officer, facing the girl and pulling open his coat to show his badge. "I want a good look at a thief's room. You find me the party that runs things in there, an' lemme see that room. Come along in, the both o' you, an' don't you dare stir out o' my sight for one minute. You're up against authority, now, remember!"

"You may see the room," said Miss Barr. "I don't care if you do — I don't care about anything now. Come in and we'll find Mrs. Helms. She's the matron."

On a weekday they would have found Mrs. Helms at her desk in a kind of office at the right of the hall. On Sunday she enjoyed a reign of dignified leisure in the drawing-room at the left.

As she was a tall, stately woman, with iron-gray hair, while the groups chattering around her were composed of young girls, the officer approached her without hesitation.

WHEN she rose to receive him, he said in a low tone, so as not to be overheard:

"Excuse *me*. I'm from headquarters. I'm here to search a thief's room."

"I've been expecting this," said the matron. "We'll go right up."

"You don't mind if I take along this girl here, an' this young man?" asked the officer. "I've got my reasons."

"Whatever you say."

Quietly, and without disturbing the atmosphere of chattering jollity, they left the drawing-room — Mrs. Helms, the officer, Terris, and Evangeline Barr — and walked toward the elevator.

In different circumstances, how Terris would have welcomed the prospect of seeing a detective examine a thief's room! How he dreaded it now, and how he wondered at the girl's fortitude as she followed Mrs. Helms into the elevator, and was followed by the officer and himself!

There she stood close to him, and he thought, "How soon will there be stone walls between us — and for how long? Five years? Ten? Twenty?"

When they came to the room Mrs. Helms stepped in first and snapped on the lights. The officer entered next, then the girl, then Terris — and the work began. The officer went to the bureau, pulled out lingerie, garment by garment, ran his fingers along the hem, found a two-inch rip, and, with that as a starting point, found a wad of money that had been slipped in through the rip and poked along.

Then he went to the clothes press and pulled out shoes, pumps, and slippers, and extracted cotton from the toes. With the cotton came bits of jewelry — among them a platinum setting from which a gem had been removed.

To his credit be it said that he worked silently. There was no taunting of the girl. Perhaps he regarded her as a poor, obsessed, irresponsible creature, deserving only pity. Yet a pang seemed to smite her at each new discovery, and a similar pang smote Terris.

"Soon it'll be my turn!" he groaned inwardly. "Failing to find the diamond, he'll have Miss Barr searched first, and then me!"

BY way of completing his examination of the room, the officer went to the writing desk and pulled out letters, scrutinizing the postmarks.

"H'm!" he commented presently. "Boston, Philadelphia, Washington." And then, with a glance at the girl that made her wince, he growled: "These ain't addressed to Evangeline Barr — they're addressed to Miss Estelle M. Blanchard! How's this? Been goin' under a false name? Answer me!"

"Why," exclaimed Evangeline, in blank amazement, "you didn't think this was *my* room!"

The officer turned to Mrs. Helms, expecting a contradiction of the girl's implied denial. It did not come. Instead, an expression of amazement overspread her face.

"Why, officer, you didn't suspect this young lady —

Miss Barr — did you?" she demanded incredulously.

"Why else would I be searchin' her room?"

"But this isn't Miss Barr's room. It's the room of Miss Estelle Blanchard, one of our girls, whom I have suspected for some time — ever since things began to disappear."

The look of disappointment which came into the officer's face, on finding that he had lost one quarry, gave place to a look of anticipation at mention of another possibility.

"How much do you know about this Estelle?" he asked.

"Very little, except that off and on she has come here to stay when she was in the city. Lately I have had reason to suspect that she wasn't honest, and when I read in the paper about the Lamont robbery, I suspected her."

"Why?"

"SHE was there on the day of the robbery — went there on the pretext of seeing about a pin for one of the girls, who told me about it afterward."

"What girl?" the officer asked quickly. "This young woman here?"

"Oh, no!" cried Evangeline. "It wasn't my pin, and I wouldn't have been suspicious, anyhow. I was at Lamont's that day, myself, and I saw Estelle there, on the other side of the store. Even then, I didn't suspect her when the report of the robbery came out." Then, turning to Terris, she went on: "Not until just now, coming up in the taxi, did I realize it."

"Yes," said Terris, still in something of a daze, "I could see you were deeply affected then."

"If you knew Estelle, you'd understand. She fascinated everybody, and she was lovely to me. How could I think she was a thief? I had never met anybody like that before."

"You poor child," said Mrs. Helms; "that was why you stood up for her when I wanted to put her out of the club. There are strange people in this world, my child!"

"Oh, how I wish I hadn't borrowed those slippers!"

Then the truth burst upon Terris. The gray-suède slipper was not Evangeline's — it was Estelle's. And Evangeline's fright in the taxi had not been alarm about herself, but about Estelle.

"I was dressing for church last Sunday afternoon," she went on, "and the heel of one of my slippers broke. I hadn't another pair that would do, so the girls ran and brought a pair of suèdes from Estelle's room. I put them on, and they fitted well enough, only they were a little loose. I knew Estelle wouldn't mind, so I wore them, and now — all this!"

"Where is this Estelle? Have her sent up here. She's wanted," said the officer.

"She's at the Roosevelt Hospital," said the matron. "She was taken suddenly ill a week ago Friday. There's been an operation, and the report this morning was very unfavorable."

The expression on the officer's face seemed to wail, "Now, ain't that the rotten luck? Back I go to headquarters — without the diamond and without the thief!"

It was not sympathy that prompted Terris to take advantage of his dismay, and turn it to account. Ah, no! It was an instinct as ancient as the race — self-preservation.

"Cheer up, old man!" he cried. "You're made! Headquarters put you on the wrong track and you've been smart enough to find the right one. If you'll turn your back while I go through a few mystic incantations, I'm quite sure I can cause the Delhi Diamond to materialize on Estelle's bureau."

"G'wan!"

"I found it in the toe of the slipper you made me surrender — Estelle's slipper, you know — the one Miss Barr lost in the subway. I've kept the diamond, because I wanted to clear Miss Barr before giving it up. I'd hand it to you, but it's better, every way, for you to discover it yourself, and make the papers call you the one genius on the force."

"You're kiddin'!" exclaimed the officer.

"Turn your back. Thank you. That's the idea! Now look!"

The officer looked, and there on Estelle's bureau lay the celebrated blue diamond, sparkling magnificently under the light. As it fitted the platinum setting, already recovered, there could be no possible doubt of the stone's identity.

With an embarrassed "*I* thank you!" he patted Terris familiarly on the shoulder, and then he turned to Evangeline.

"Excuse *me*, but this young fella takes awful risks. Stop him. He might 'a' been railroaded into States Prison for standin' by you the way he done." Then, resuming his official brusqueness, he said to Mrs. Helms, "But now — about this party Estelle. Could I use a telephone here?"

"Come down to my office," said the matron, and led the way to the elevator, followed by the others. When they reached the main floor they emerged into a silent corridor, where young women with solemn, awed faces stood in hushed groups, as if something tragic had just occurred. What? Surely the happenings upstairs had not become known throughout the house in this brief space.

"Why, Edith, what's the matter?" Mrs. Helms asked the nearest girl.

"Estelle Blanchard is dead," the girl answered. "They telephoned from the hospital only a moment ago."

Evangeline's eyes filled with tears.

"It's the best thing that could have happened," Terris assured her gravely.

"Lieut. X" *vs.* the Apaches

HOW a gang of French Apaches, pursued over housetops and through underground passages in the heart of Montmartre, for weeks eluded American Secret Service men, is related in an amazing article by Lieutenant X in the July issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Given to lurking in dark doorways and hurling a knife with deadly aim, the Apaches proved the most redoubtable quarry our Secret Service had encountered.

You will find this Lieutenant X article one of the most thrilling of the entire series of Secret Service revelations that have appeared in McCLURE'S during this past year.

The plain-clothes man extracted cotton from the toes of pumps and slippers. With the cotton came bits of jewelry—among them a platinum setting from which a gem had been removed

"Come into the drawing-room, and let's talk," she suggested.

"Not now," answered Terris. "You've had too much excitement — a great deal too much. Let me come to-morrow evening — that is, with Mrs. Helms' permission."

As Terris and the officer were leaving the club, a run-about dashed up, with a lone woman at the wheel.

"Hello, Nell!" cried the officer. "Tough luck! Tough luck! You'll have to go back and tell your gilt-edge private-detective bunch that I beat you to it! You can't getta head o' the Force."

Walking on with Terris toward the Eighty-sixth Street subway entrance, the plain-clothes man said:

"Grogan's my name. A letter to headquarters finds me. When the happy event comes off, drop me a line, and I'll send her a weddin' present that high."

The Grogans keep their word. On June the first there arrived at Number 856 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York — Evangeline's home — a winged Cupid, purchased at Lamont's; and if it seems remarkable that a plain-clothes man should have achieved so excellent a choice of gifts, pray remember that, by that time, he was no longer a plain-clothes man. Among the department's promotions announced in an impressive document made public three days after the visit to the Æolian Club, appeared this item:

"GROGAN, PATRICK J. — For brilliant service. To the rank of Captain."

A Game of Bluff

In Which Jim Maitland Wins the Jack Pot, but Fails to Show His Hand

By Major H. C. McNeile

Author of "Raymond Blair—Drunkard" and "The Killing of Baron Stockmar"

Illustrations by George W. Gage

"DADDY, what is bluff?"

Young Jim put down his book and looked inquiringly at his father, who was reading the *Beekeeper's Budget*. And with a faint smile old Jim placed that excellent publication on his knee, and gazed at his offspring.

"Bluff, my son, is winning an unlimited jack pot with a queen-high hand from a fellow with three aces — and upsetting the table before you can be asked to show your openers. Bluff, my boy, is, in short, the art of winning a game with losing cards; and the essence of that art is to play the hand right through as if you held winners, without a thought of failure. Not a touch of hesitation, not a moment of doubt."

"Jim, will you be quiet!" cried Mrs. Jim indignantly. "I will not have you putting these dreadful ideas into the boy's head. He doesn't mean that sort of bluff at all; he wants to know why Henry VIII was called Bluff King Hal."

Jim Maitland winked at me, as he stretched out at full length in his chair.

"But surely, my dear," he murmured mildly, "there was no touch of hesitation or moment of doubt in that gentleman's love affairs. Talking of bluff, Dick," he went on, turning to me, "do you remember that little episode at Monte Carlo?"

"Do I not!" I answered. "Mrs. Jim, you shall judge for yourself the value of bluff."

Jim Maitland, Adventurer Extraordinary

THE hero of this story and of "The Killing of Baron Stockmar"—which appeared in McCLURE'S last month—is one of the most fascinating characters in contemporary fiction. With the creation of Jim Maitland, Major H. C. McNeile, author of "Bulldog Drummond," has surpassed himself. Next month, in a story no reader will want to miss, Major McNeile takes us to South America to tell how Jim Maitland played the rescuing knight to a girl trapped in a waterfront cabaret.

It was after the wound in his shoulder was healed — the wound which he had received in fighting Baron Carl Stockmar out in the desert south of Khartum — that Jim and I embarked on a homegoing P. & O., at Port Said. As usual, our plans were vague, but we finally decided to get off at Marseilles.

Incidentally, the purser's humor had something to do with our decision, if such a great being as the purser has anything to do with arranging the ship's menus. The Gulf of Lyons was at its worst, which means that food should be chosen with care. And to select pork chops for dinner simply shows a fiendish ingenuity not far short of diabolical. In tens and dozens, weeping women and frenzied men lurched from the dining saloon, until but a bare score of hardened sinners were left endeavoring to conceal their unseemly mirth.

It was the uncontrolled joy of a very pretty girl sitting two tables away from us that had quite a lot to do with our disembarking at Marseilles. I had noticed an elderly man who had been sitting beside her rise suddenly, and depart, with a fixed and glassy stare in his eyes. And, it being an ill wind in more senses than one, his place had immediately been taken by a boy who moved up from the other end of the table.

WE knew the boy slightly — a youngster by the name of Jack Rawson. He was in cotton in Alexandria — a junior member of one of the big firms — and he was returning to England on business. And after a while Jim turned to me with a faint smile, and then looked across again at the pair of them.

"The only story in the world, old man," he remarked, "that is older than seasickness."

"Who is the girl?" I asked.

"An Australian, I think. Jack told me her name. Mother is at Nice, and I suppose the bird who fled from the crackling is Father."

We finished our dinner and went above. She was pitching very badly in a long, following swell, and for an hour or so we strolled up and down the almost deserted deck. And it wasn't until we were thinking of a nightcap before turning in that we stumbled on Jack Rawson and the girl, snugly ensconced in a sheltered corner. We tried to get away unnoticed, but the boy hailed Jim at once.

"Maitland!" he cried. "I want to introduce you to Miss Melville, my fiancée."

Jim bowed gravely, and smiled.

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"My heartiest congratulations," he remarked. "A pork chop is sometimes a godsend, isn't it?"

They laughed, and for a few minutes we talked. Young Jack, we gathered, was getting out at Marseilles, and going to meet her mother at Nice. Then he was coming back overland so as to reach London at the same time he would have if he'd stuck to the boat. And then the question of her father would crop up. For they had become engaged only that night, and Mr. Melville was still in ignorance of the fact. That, indeed, was where the trouble came in. Would he have sufficiently recovered by the following morning to make it advisable to spring the news on him? Or would he feel that a mean advantage had been taken while he was otherwise employed? It was undoubtedly a point demanding careful consideration.

THE girl was dubious. She was convinced that the next morning would not be the opportune time to tell him. And, that being the case, why should Jack suddenly alter his plan of going home by sea, and come to Nice? In fact, what was to be done? How could Jack come to Nice in an easy, natural manner, which should cause no suspicion on the part of her paternal parent, and at the same time allow the news of the engagement to be broken at a more favorable time?

We discussed the knotty point at some length, until Jim suddenly settled things in his usual direct way. He and I would also break our journey at Marseilles and go to Nice, or rather to Monte Carlo, and Jack would come with us.

And with that, cutting short their thanks, we left them, and retired to the smoking room.

Somewhat needless to state, we did not see much of young Jack during the next three or four days. We lounged about the terrace, and had a mild flutter or two at the tables. But the place irked — irked terribly. It was so intensely, superlatively artificial. And Jim particularly sickened of it.

"By Jove, Dick," he said to me, on the fourth night of our stay, "I've seen more primitive sin in my life than most of the people here put together, but I don't believe there's a place in the whole world where quite so much rottenness is concealed beneath a beautiful surface as in Monte. I'm no moralist, but I like things big. Big virtues — big sins, if you like. But in this place the only thing that is big is the price. Hello!" he went on slowly, staring over my shoulder. "Here's Jack Rawson. And something has happened."

I turned round and saw the boy coming toward us. He was walking unevenly, and on his face was a look of hopeless despair.

"Well, young fellow," said Jim quietly, as he came abreast of us, "what's the worry?"

JACK paused, and seemed to see us for the first time. Then, with a quick shake of his head, he made as if to pass on. But he had only gone a step or two when Jim's hand fell on his shoulder, and spun him round.

"Let me go, confound you!" muttered the boy.

"All in good time, old man," said Jim in the same quiet voice. "Just at the moment I think a little talk will clear the air."

He forced Jack to a seat between us, and suddenly put his hand into the boy's coat pocket.

"This won't help, Jack," he said a little sternly, and I saw that he had a small revolver in his hand. "That's never the way out, except for a coward."

Then the boy broke down, and I caught Jim's eye over the shaking shoulders. It was savage and angry, as if he realized, even then, that we were in the presence of another of those rotten little tragedies which have their breeding ground in those few square miles. Jack pulled himself together after a few seconds and lit a cigarette, while we waited in silence. And then, bit by bit, the whole sordid little story came out — as old as the hills and yet perennially new in every fresh case.

The engagement was all right, we found out, as far as the girl's father and mother were concerned. The only question had been one of money. Her father didn't think that Jack's income was sufficient to allow of matrimony yet; further, he thought that, in view of the shortness of their acquaintance, a little waiting would be a good thing from every point of view. And it was just after this interview with Mr. Melville that Jack met, in a bar at Nice, a very charming Frenchman, the Comte de St. Enogat.

It was at this stage of the disclosure that Jim's eye again met mine.

Apparently one cocktail had been followed by another; and then a third and fourth had joined their predecessors. And Jack, drawn on by his new friend's delightful and sympathetic manner, had taken the charming Comte de St. Enogat into his confidence. After four —or was it five? — cocktails the problem was a simple one. The girl's father — a silly old fool — insisted that he should have more money before he could marry his daughter. How was he to get that money quickly and certainly, because any idea of waiting was simply unthinkable?

The Comte de St. Enogat, touched to the very core of his French soul by this wonderful tale of devotion and love, would do for this new friend of his what he had never before done for any human being. Locked in the Comte's heart was a system — *the* system — *the only* system by which one could with absolute certainty make money gambling. If Jack would come with him that afternoon, he would take him to a private gambling place where he guaranteed, on his word as a member of the French nobility, that Jack would win enough money to snap his fingers at the idiotic father of his lovely fiancée.

THE boy lunched at the expense of his new friend — and then proceeded in the Comte's powerful motor car to a villa halfway between Nice and Monte Carlo. A charming villa, we gathered, where he was introduced to one or two of the Comte's friends. And after a short while the Comte suggested an adjournment for business. There was roulette in one room, and baccarat in another. *Petits chevaux*, poker, and even fan-tan seemed to be legislated for, each in its own separate room. But the point about which Jack was most insistent was the singular charm of every one he met.

"Quite so," cut in Jim shortly, as he paused. "I'm sure they were. But to come down to more prosaic details — which game did you patronize?"

"Baccarat," said the boy. "The Comte advised it."

"Holy smoke!" muttered Jim. "Baccarat! Yes, I can quite imagine that he did advise it. Now, Jack," he went on quickly, "how much did you lose?"

The boy hesitated.

"Out with it," said Jim. "You've been a triple-distilled young fool, but there's no good mincing things now."

"A hundred thousand francs," answered Jack almost inaudibly, and, leaning forward, he buried his face in his hands.

Jim raised his eyebrows. A hundred thousand francs were four thousand pounds in those days before currencies went mad, and the same thought came to both of us. Where had young Jack Rawson found four thousand

Suddenly, with a single heave, Jim jerked the dealer from his chair — and there on the seat was a pack of cards. "You bunch of sharpers!" he snarled

pounds to lose? Had he borrowed it from some one, I wondered. And, if so, could he pay the debt?

"Did you give them a check?" asked Jim quietly.

And then, slowly and hesitatingly, the real trouble came out. He hadn't given them a check — it wouldn't have been honored if he had. But he had been intrusted with twenty thousand pounds' worth of bearer bonds in some Egyptian Government security, which he was to take home with him, and hand over to the head of the firm, in London. And he had lost, playing baccarat, four thousand pounds of money which belonged to his company.

Since the actual loss had been in bearer bonds, not even the replacing of the money could save him from detection. Nothing short of regaining the actual scrip could be of any use. And unless that was done it meant

disgrace and ruin for the boy sitting so despondently between us.

So much was clear on the face of it, and for a while we sat in silence, staring over the bay.

"I was a bit tight," he stammered miserably, at length. "Otherwise I wouldn't have been such a darned fool. But he seemed such a good sort, and all I could think of was getting enough to marry Peggy." And with that he broke down utterly.

"When did it happen, Jack?" asked Jim quietly.

"This afternoon," answered the boy.

"You'd know the house again?" pursued Jim.

"Only too well," muttered Jack, miserably, throwing pebbles into a flower bed opposite. Suddenly he straightened up, and gripped Jim by the arm. "Look, Maitland!" he cried excitedly. "There he is now! There's the Comte de St. Enogat."

He half rose, but Jim pulled him back.

"Sit down," he said quietly. "Bend forward. Don't let him see you with us. It's that man in evening clothes — is it? The one walking with the girl in the scarlet cloak?"

"Yes; that's the blighter," answered the boy.

We watched him as he ascended some steps a few yards to our left, and turned with his companion toward the Casino. He looked, as Jack had said, a typical French aristocrat, and carried himself with the assured ease of a man of the *haute monde*.

Jim thoughtfully lit a cigarette when they disappeared into the Casino, and sat for a while in silence. Then, as if he had made up his mind, he rose to his feet.

"Go back to the hotel," he said curtly, "and turn in. I'll see what I can do."

It was typical of Jim that he added no word of reproach, and at once cut short the stammered thanks of the boy, in whose eyes hope was already beginning to dawn.

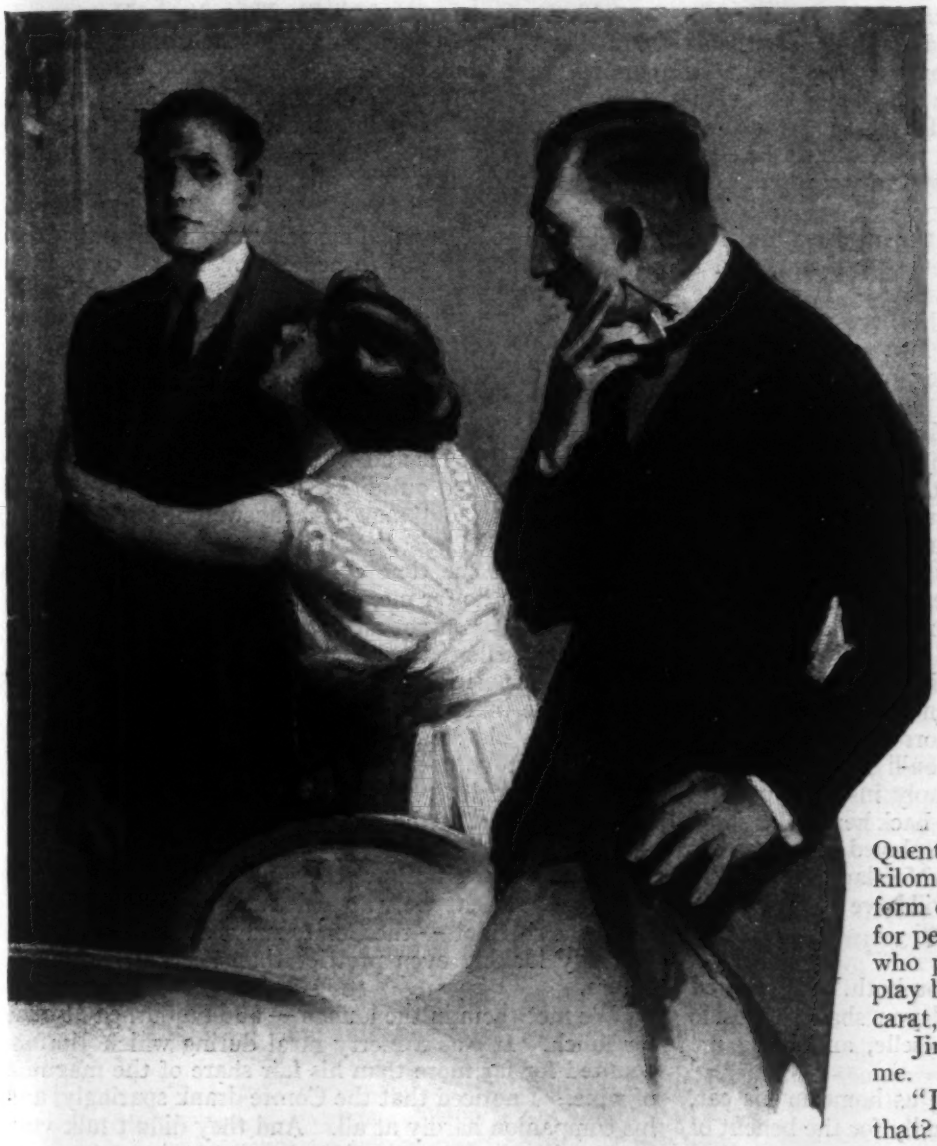
"Cut all that out," he remarked. "I don't promise that I'll be able to do anything, but I'll see. And remember one thing: Should you meet either Leyton or myself to-morrow, or at any time, with the Comte, you don't know either of us. Don't forget. Now clear off."

FOR a moment he laid his hands on the boy's shoulders, then he turned him round and pushed him toward the hotel.

"Silly young ass!" he said to me, as Rawson disappeared round a corner. "But he's a good boy for all that — and she's a good girl."

"It's a bit of a tough proposition, Jim," I remarked dubiously.

"I don't deny it," he answered. "At the moment I haven't even the glimmering of an idea as to how to set about it. This place may be a sink of iniquity, but anything in the nature of gunwork would render one unpopular. It's got to be something more subtle than that,



Pandemonium broke loose. Two men dashed to the door, to find themselves looking down the barrel of Jim's revolver. "I think not," he said pleasantly. "In a quarter of an hour our friend leaves us — for good! Meanwhile ——" Just then the girl caught my arm, and screamed

much more subtle. The first thing to do, however, is to cultivate the acquaintance of the Comte de St. Enogat; the second is to go to his house. I think we'd better separate now, old man, though we might join up later in the evening. I'll go on into the Casino — you follow in a few minutes. And then be guided by circumstances. We just know each other, that's all."

With a cheery grin he strolled away, and five minutes later I followed him.

I strolled round the rooms casually, but he seemed to have disappeared, and after a while I tried the bar. Sure enough, there in a corner was Jim, with a dangerous-looking drink in front of him, the Comte de St. Enogat on one side and the charming girl in the scarlet cloak on the other. And the trio were in a convivial mood.

At least Jim was. Had I been asked to go into a court of law and give evidence on oath as to Jim's condition, I should have said that he was in that happy mood which comes from having drunk enough, but not too much.

As soon as he saw me he hailed me cheerfully.

"Hello, Leyton, old lad!" he cried. "Come and join us. A pal of mine, mademoiselle — also from the ends of the earth."

I bowed to the girl, and sat down opposite Jim.

"I've just been telling the Comte — oh, by the way, the Comte de St. Enogat — Mr. Leyton — that I can't stand these rooms here. Too crowded altogether. I like gambling high; I can afford to gamble high. I've gambled in every corner of this little old globe, and there's not much I don't know about it. But I can't stand a crush. Hi! François — or whatever your name is — repeat the dose, my lad."

"AND I have just been telling your friend, Mr. Leyton," said the Comte, with a charming smile, "that he can find a quiet game, with stakes high or low, as he pleases, if he cares to come with Mademoiselle St. Quentin and myself to a villa a few kilometers on the road to Nice. Every form of game you can want is there, run for people exactly like yourself — people who prefer peace and quiet. You can play bridge if you like, or poker, or baccarat, or roulette."

Jim leaned across the table toward me.

"Leyton," he said, "did you hear that? These guys play poker. Think I'll go and play poker with them."

For a fleeting instant the Comte's eyes met the girl's, then he rose.

"My car is at the door. Will Mr. Leyton come?"

"I'm with you," I said, finishing my drink. "But I warn you that I'm not a gambler like my friend."

"All tastes are catered for, Mr. Leyton," said the girl, speaking for the first time. But I noticed she was watching Jim, as he strolled with the Comte through the rooms toward the entrance. "Is he very wealthy, your friend?"

"Rolls in it," I murmured.

"He looks a very determined sort of person," she remarked.

"He's as peaceful as a lamb," I answered.

"I hope he wins," she said. "It's high time those two men the Comte was speaking of lost for a change."

With that we got into the car, and, though I don't know about the chauffeur, there were undoubtedly four stout-hearted liars who drove out along the road to Nice that night.

I had no inkling as to what Jim proposed to do; and, as he left me almost at once on arriving at the house and repaired to the poker room with the Comte, I had no opportunity for a private word with him. So I contented myself with a little mild roulette, and kept my eyes open.

The whole thing was beautifully done, of that there was no doubt. The champagne was of a first-class vin-

tage, the supply unlimited; the furnishings of the house gave one the idea that everything had been done without regard for expense. There were some twenty people in the roulette room, and, though play was high, I could see no suspicion of anything unfair. In fact, it struck me that the whole place was what it professed to be — a first-class gambling house, where stakes were high and expenses were paid out of the five-per-cent *cagnote*.

My lady in the scarlet cloak, in the intervals of being very charming, pumped me discreetly about Jim, and I played up along the lines he had started. It was quite obvious that I was regarded as the necessary encumbrance to the real quarry, and the idea was just what I wanted. Jim was rich, Jim was the gambler — Jim was the fish to be landed!

Once or twice I almost laughed as I thought of the particular wolf who had strayed into the fold!

The sheep's clothing was still there two hours later when Jim appeared with the Comte. A cheerful, but somewhat inane grin was on his face, and he stumbled once — very slightly. It was a magnificent imitation of a man who had drunk just a little too much, and once again I saw the Comte's eyes meet my companion's with a hint of triumph in them.

"Cleaned me out, Leyton!" cried Jim, slapping the Comte on the back. "Ten thousand francs, my boy — but that's only a bagatelle. To-morrow afternoon we'll begin to play. Now, Comte — you'll lunch with me, and you too, mademoiselle. I simply insist. Just the four of us, and afterward we'll come back here. I'll show you to-morrow how poker should be played," he boasted.

"You had infernal luck, Mr. Maitland," said the Comte politely. "To-morrow you will have your revenge. And lunch — at one?"

"ONE o'clock. I shall expect you both." He bowed over the girl's hand. "And you shall sit beside me to-morrow afternoon, mademoiselle, and bring me luck."

The Comte insisted on sending us home in his car, and all the way back Jim talked loudly for the benefit of the chauffeur.

It was not until we were in our rooms that the mask dropped, and he was himself again, cool and imperturbable.

"It's crooked, Dick," he said quietly. "They swindled me to-night. I saw 'em of course — the old trick of substituting a similar pack after the cut. They dealt me a flush, and the Comte drew one to threes, and got four eights. I bet as if I hadn't noticed."

"The roulette and baccarat were perfectly straight as far as I could see," I said.

"Probably," he answered. "It's more than likely that for ninety per cent of the time the thing is straight. It's only when they get hold of a plum that they risk the other. And, mark you, it was well done. If I hadn't forgotten more about that sort of stunt than these fellows are ever likely to know, I shouldn't have noticed it, I suppose."

He was pacing up and down the room thoughtfully, pulling hard at his pipe.

"I can't think what to do, Dick!" he cried, at length. "Gunwork is out of the question, and the mere statement that some one is cheating, even if you prove it then and there, on the spot, is no use when you're up against a gang of them. Besides, it wasn't the Comte who cheated; he wasn't dealing. But the new pack was stacked so that he got the hand. They were all in it — all four of them. And it's going to be the same bunch to-morrow. The point is what to do."

He resumed his thoughtful pacing.

"Bluff! Some sort of bluff! But what? How can I bluff that bunch — how can I bluff the Comte into disgorging those bonds?"

Suddenly he stopped short, his eyes blazing.

"I've got it!" he almost shouted. "I've got the main idea. Go away, Dick — go to bed. I've got to work out the details."

WITH that he bundled me unceremoniously out of the room, and when I turned out my light I could still hear him pacing up and down next door. But when I went into his room next morning about half-past ten he had already gone out, and I didn't see him again until he came into the American bar twenty minutes before lunch. And then I observed that merry gleam in his eyes which was never absent if an adventure were on the cards.

He grinned at me and we sat down in a corner.

"Got it worked out?" I asked.

"I think so, old man," he answered, with a faint chuckle. "But it's best for you to know nothing about it until the time comes. However, there's one thing you can do for me, with your well-known tact and discretion. If you get an opportunity, let it be known by mademoiselle that, though in normal circumstances I have the disposition necessary to run a babies' crèche, at the same time, if I happen to get roused, things happen. Hint, old son, at dark doings in strange corners of the globe: corpses littering up rooms — you know." Again he chuckled.

"Is this part of the play?" I asked.

"A very necessary part," he answered quietly. "And here, if I mistake not, are our guests."

For a moment we watched them as they sauntered down the corridor — the Comte suave and debonair, and the lady looking even prettier than she had the night before.

We met them in the lounge — and adjourned at once for lunch. It was a merry meal during which Jim accounted for far more than his fair share of the magnum of wine. I noticed that the Comte drank sparingly, and his companion hardly at all. And they didn't talk very much, either; Jim, who is generally taciturn, monopolized most of the conversation.

And it soon became evident to me that there was some specific object in his mind. He was almost vulgar with his: "I've been there, of course," and "I've seen that and done this." But because he had been, and seen, and done, he was also extraordinarily interesting. Especially when he launched at length on the question of snakes and rare native poisons. He might almost have made a study of them, so extensive was his knowledge, and Mademoiselle St. Quentin shivered.

"You quite frighten me, monsieur," she said, taking a sip of champagne. "Just one teeny scratch, you say, and a horrible death. Ugh!"

Jim laughed, and ordered another magnum.

"SUCH things don't come your way in civilized parts, mademoiselle," he told her. "It's only we who have lived at the back of beyond who run across them frequently."

"You must have had an interesting life, Mr. Maitland," said the Comte. "A life which many men would not have come through alive."

Jim laughed again.

"Because they don't know the secret of life, Comte."

"And that is?"

"Bluff!" Jim drained his glass. "Bluff. Any man can win when he's holding winners, but success only comes to the man who wins with losers. And in life — as

in poker — it's bluff that enables you to do that," he added sagely.

The Comte smiled.

"*Mon Dieu!* Yvonne, we have a formidable opponent this afternoon. I think I had better go to the bank and get some more money."

And so, in due course, we came once more to the house set so charmingly on the high ground overlooking the sea.

Without delay they went indoors, while I followed slowly. As an actor, Jim was superb; almost did he deceive me during the next hour. Not by the quiver of an eyelid did he deviate from the character he had set himself to play — the bluff Colonial with money to lose, if necessary, but with money secondary to the game. I played more as a matter of form than anything else; my whole attention was occupied in what I knew must be coming. And gradually excitement took hold of me till my hand grew a little unsteady and my mouth a trifle dry. If only I had known what to look out for — what to expect!

And then quite suddenly it came. I had noticed nothing, but in an instant the atmosphere of the room changed from quiet suavity to deadly fury. And dominating them all — more furious than any — was Jim.

With a single heave he jerked the dealer from his chair, and there on the seat was the pack of cards for which the stacked pack had just been substituted.

"The same trick you played last night, you bunch of sharpers!" he snarled. "Do you think I didn't spot you?" He swung round on the Comte, who, with a livid face, was backing toward the bell. "Stand still, you swine!" he roared, and he seemed to be lashing himself into a worse rage. "I'll show you how I deal with sharpers. You wretched fool — I came prepared for this!" His tone was ominous.

There was a sudden sharp whistling hiss and a long thornlike piece of wood hung quivering from the Comte's cheek.

"Put away that gun," he sneered contemptuously, as the Comte produced a revolver. "Don't you understand, you wretched cheat — you're practically a dead man now! Is your cheek beginning to prick and smart? I told you I came from the East, didn't I? And do you know what this is?"

He held out a long wooden tube, and the Comte stared at it fearfully.

"THAT is the sumpitan, or blow pipe," roared Jim, "used in Malay. And that" — he pointed to the Comte's cheek — "is a poisoned dart." He laughed contemptuously. "You scum — to try to swindle me, as you swindled that unfortunate boy out of those Egyptian bonds." He plunged his hand into his pocket, and produced a small bottle. "There is the antidote, my friend — don't move, or I smash it in the grate. It will add to my pleasure to see you die, watching the bottle that could save you all the time."

And now pandemonium broke loose. Two men dashed to the door, to find themselves looking down the barrel of Jim's revolver.

"I think not," he said pleasantly. "It will only be a quarter of an hour before our friend leaves us — for good. During that brief space we will all remain in this room."

And then the girl caught my arm.

"Do something!" she screamed. "He is a savage — a monster! Beg him to save Pierre — he is my husband."

But Jim only laughed cynically, his eyes on the Comte.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur!" she cried, going down on her knees to him. "I entreat of you to spare him. I love him — you understand — I love him!"

Jim grunted, and lowered his revolver slowly, as if in thought.

"He is your husband, is he? Well, get me those Egyptian bonds at once. Is it smarting, Comte? Then you have no time to lose, madame. Hand me those bonds, and I will consider whether I will save this man," he ended meditatively.

He stood aside, and she rushed from the room like a woman distraught. The Comte was moaning in a corner with the two other men bending over him, and Jim caught my eye and winked. And so superb had been his acting, that it was only then, for the first time, that I began to wonder about the sumpitan and the poisoned dart. It occurred to me that it had looked much more like an ordinary long wooden cigarette holder than a Malay weapon.

BUT at that moment the girl returned. Feverishly she thrust the bonds into his hands, and, with maddening deliberation, Jim looked through them while she waited in an agony of impatience. At last he thrust them into his pocket, and produced the little bottle, which he handed to the girl.

"Let this be a lesson to you," he snapped. "There is the antidote. See that he drinks it all — at once."

We waited just long enough to see the contents of that bottle go down the Comte's throat; then, at a sign from him, we left.

And, finding the Comte's car waiting outside the door, it seemed but fitting that we should use it to take us back to Monte Carlo.

It was not till much later on that Jim consented to allay my curiosity, though at intervals during the afternoon he had shaken with silent laughter.

I know there had been an interview with Jack, and the girl had been there, too; a girl who had left with eyes misty with joy and happiness, and a boy who was almost dazed by his good fortune.

The girl came up to me as I sat reading the paper, and I rose, smiling.

"He's just the most wonderful man in the world, Mr. Leyton," she said, and her voice trembled a little.

"He is that!" Jack agreed fervently.

And with that they were gone, and I sat there waiting.

Jim joined me at last, a quiet smile on his face, and we decided it was cocktail time.

"A good bluff that, Dick," he said thoughtfully.

"Darned good!" I agreed. "What did you put on the dart?"

"Some stuff the chemist made up. Quite harmless, but irritates abominably."

And then he started to choke with laughter.

"What's the jest?" I demanded.

"My dear old man," he spluttered, "you haven't got the plum — the supreme gem of the affair. That lies in the antidote."

I looked at him. "What the deuce was the antidote?"

"It came to me in the chemist's shop this morning," he murmured gravely. "All great ideas come suddenly like that. The antidote, Dick, was just a concentrated solution of calomel."

In "Colette Cries Help!" Major McNeile has told of an even more exciting Jim Maitland exploit than any yet published in this series. Don't miss it in the July MCCLURE'S

Linking the With the

A Project to Enhance

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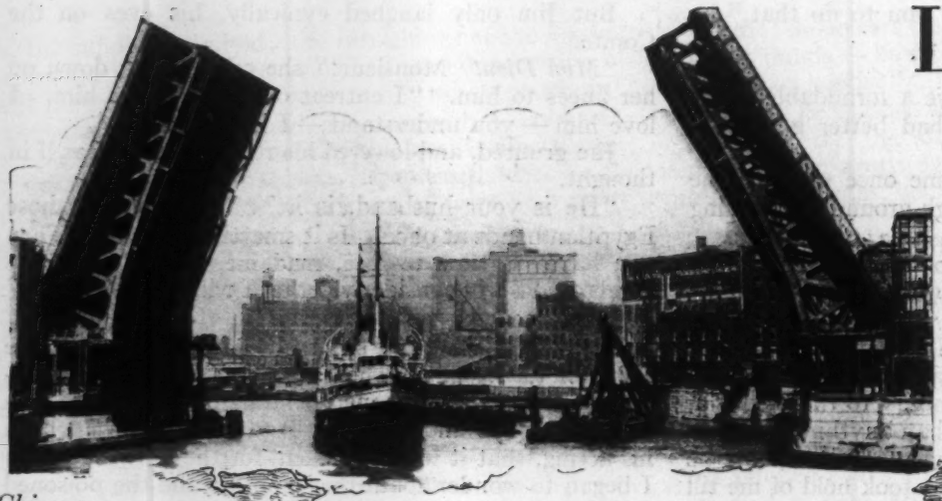
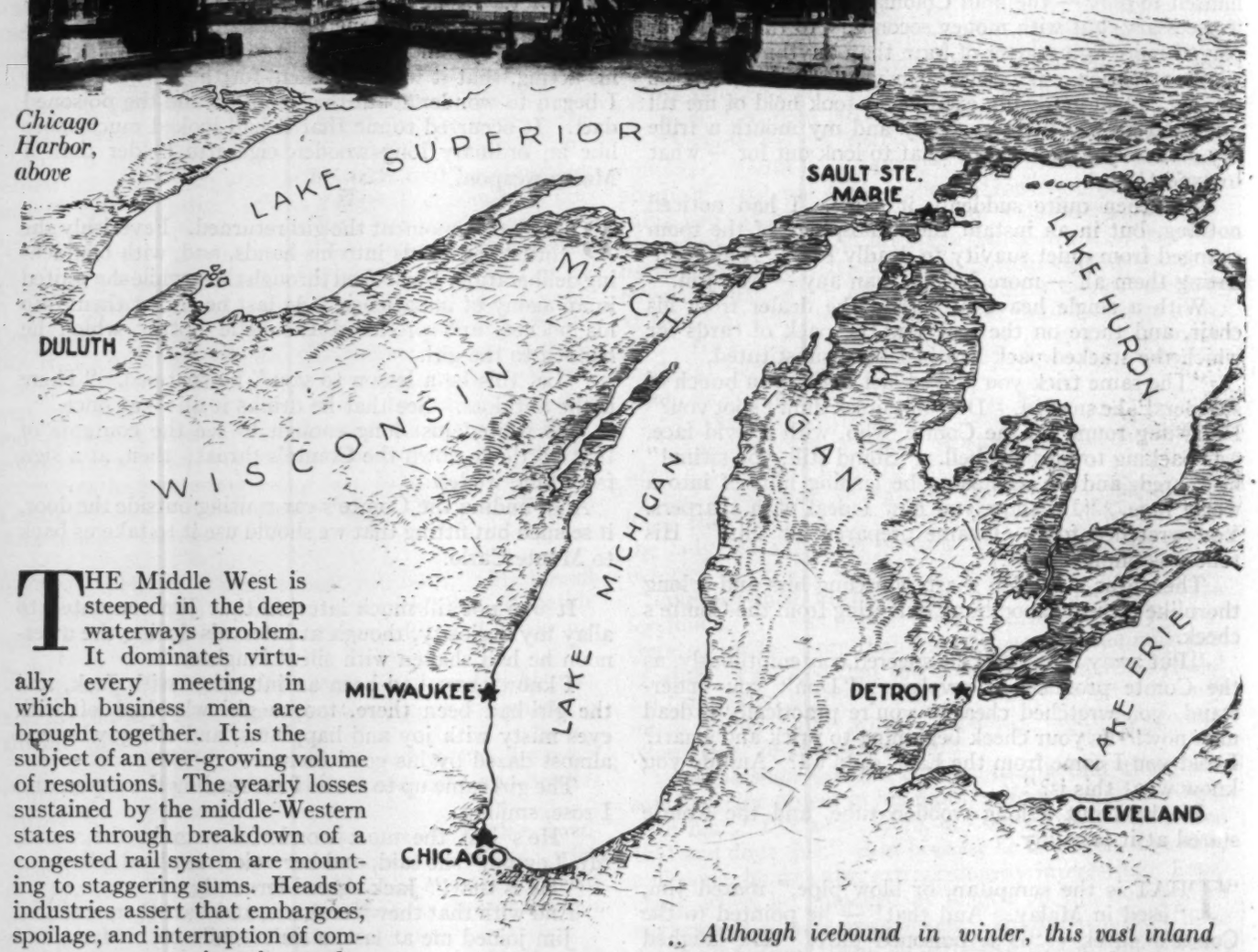


Chicago Harbor, above



Although icebound in winter, this vast inland waterway carries a greater annual tonnage than the Mediterranean and Black Seas combined

THE Middle West is steeped in the deep waterways problem. It dominates virtually every meeting in which business men are brought together. It is the subject of an ever-growing volume of resolutions. The yearly losses sustained by the middle-Western states through breakdown of a congested rail system are mounting to staggering sums. Heads of industries assert that embargoes, spoilage, and interruption of commerce are squeezing the profits out of factory, farm, mine, and mill.

In a twelve-month period Iowa alone lost two hundred and fifty million dollars through transportation shortage. At critical times, crops could not be moved, many related lines of business were halted, and the major channels securely plugged. Nebraska farmers complain that the farmer in the Argentine can lay down his products in New York at less cost for shipment than can his competitor in Nebraska. It is due to the simple reason that the eight-thousand-mile water haul is cheaper than the twelve-hundred-mile rail haul.

The need of greater carrying facilities has been caused by the fact that the centers of production are rapidly moving west. Indiana is now the center of population; central Missouri is the center of farm acreage; Minnesota of iron-ore production. Half a century ago Chicago was an overgrown village, sprawling along the lake shore. As production moved west, Chicago became the world rail center. In a year, now, fifteen million carloads of freight are handled through the Chicago terminals.

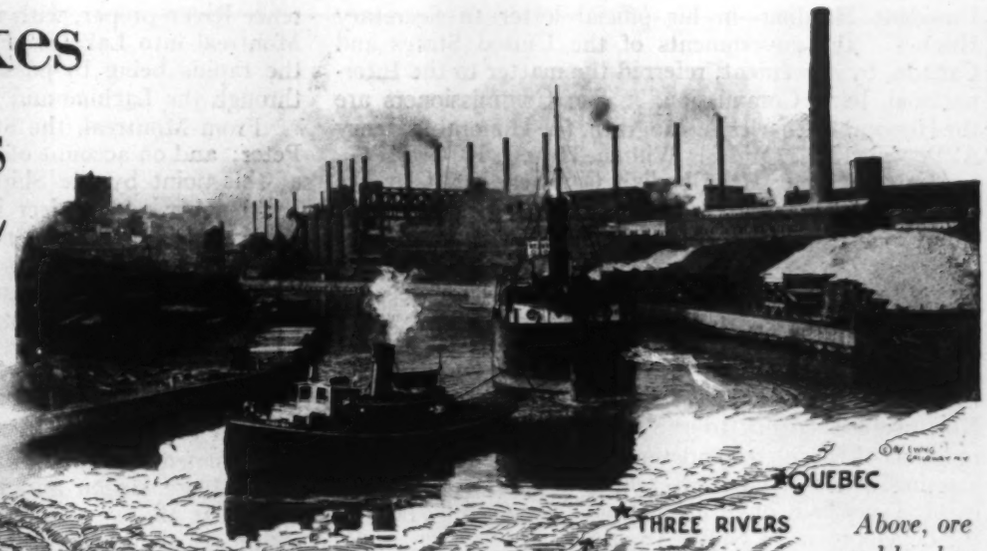
More than half a century ago it became apparent, too, that Chicago was the natural grain market, and lake shipments were started on the little brig *Osceola* which sailed away one autumn morning in 1839, crammed with wheat for Buffalo. A few years later the Chicago Board of Trade was organized by merchants to handle the growing trade in grain, and now the receipts of grain in Chicago total over four hundred million bushels a year. Chicago is the food funnel of this nation, the focal point of the great productive area. But it is too frequently choked for the welfare of industry.

Eleven years ago James J. Hill said the railroads should spend a billion dollars a year for five years, in

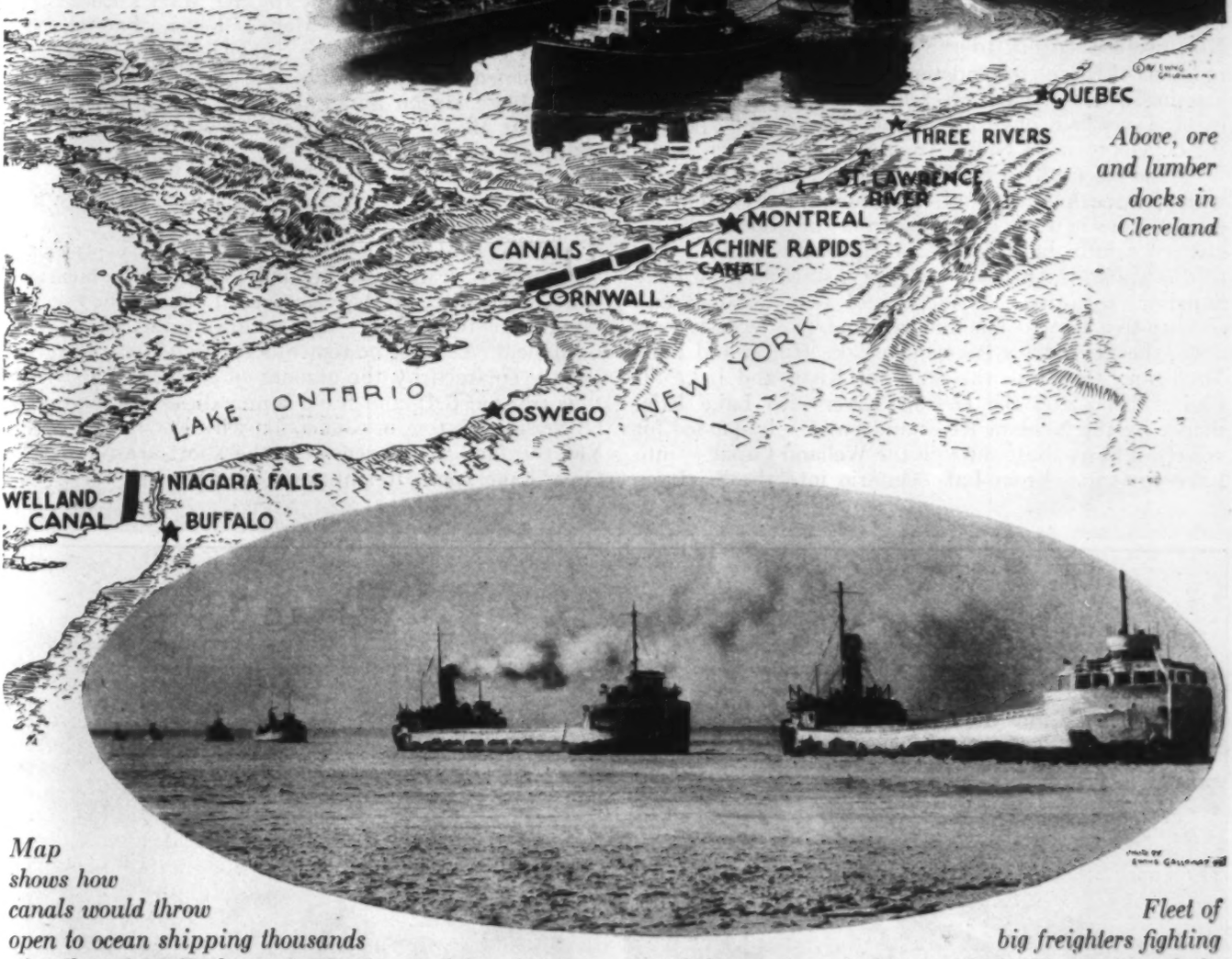
Great Lakes High Seas

National Prosperity

Edward J. Dies



Above, ore and lumber docks in Cleveland



Map shows how canals would throw open to ocean shipping thousands of miles of traffic lanes in the heart of America giving the West direct access to foreign commerce

Fleet of big freighters fighting their way through the ice of Lake Huron toward the "Soo" canal, as navigation opens in early spring

the expansion of facilities. Five years later a group of experts reported that if traffic continued to increase for the succeeding ten years on the basis of the past twenty, the railroads would be forced to spend one and a half billions of dollars a year to meet the demands of agricultural and industrial expansion. The soundness of such predictions are now painfully apparent, and it is not surprising that relief is being sought.

A committee from the Middle West brought before Washington officials, in 1914, the subject of the crying need of an all-water route to the Atlantic for the West. The war prevented action. But after the armistice an organization was formed at Duluth for the extension of commerce and industry, by the provision of a world seaway for the West. It is a citizens' organization known as the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association.

Its purpose is to assemble information on the subject of providing the West and Middle West of North America with an international waterway, by making the great St. Lawrence basin navigable for oceangoing ships — from Duluth and the Minnesota wheat fields down the gulf of the St. Lawrence to the open sea.

The Association succeeded in placing this important subject before Congress, in 1919, and secured the government's furtherance of the appointment of an International Joint Commission, with three members from the United States and three from Canada, whose duty should be "to investigate what further improvement of the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Lake Ontario is necessary to make the river navigable for oceangoing vessels."

"Under date of January twenty-first, 1920," writes

President Harding, in his official letter to Secretary Hughes, "the governments of the United States and Canada, by agreement, referred the matter to the International Joint Commission." The Commissioners are the Honorable Charles A. Magrath, the Honorable Henry A. Powell, K. C., and Sir William Hearst, K. C. M. G., for Canada; and Mr. Obadiah Gardner, Mr. Clarence D. Clark and Mr. Marcus A. Smith for the United States. The Commission made its report in January, 1922.

Report of the International Joint Commission

THE report is a distinguished document, taking the reader back into the history of the Great Lakes, over the famous route of the fur trade, which first opened the Northwest Territory to the world; down through the building of those tremendous lock and canal systems — starting with the Lake St. Louis Locks near Montreal, in 1783 — which have formed an indispensable part of the development of North America.

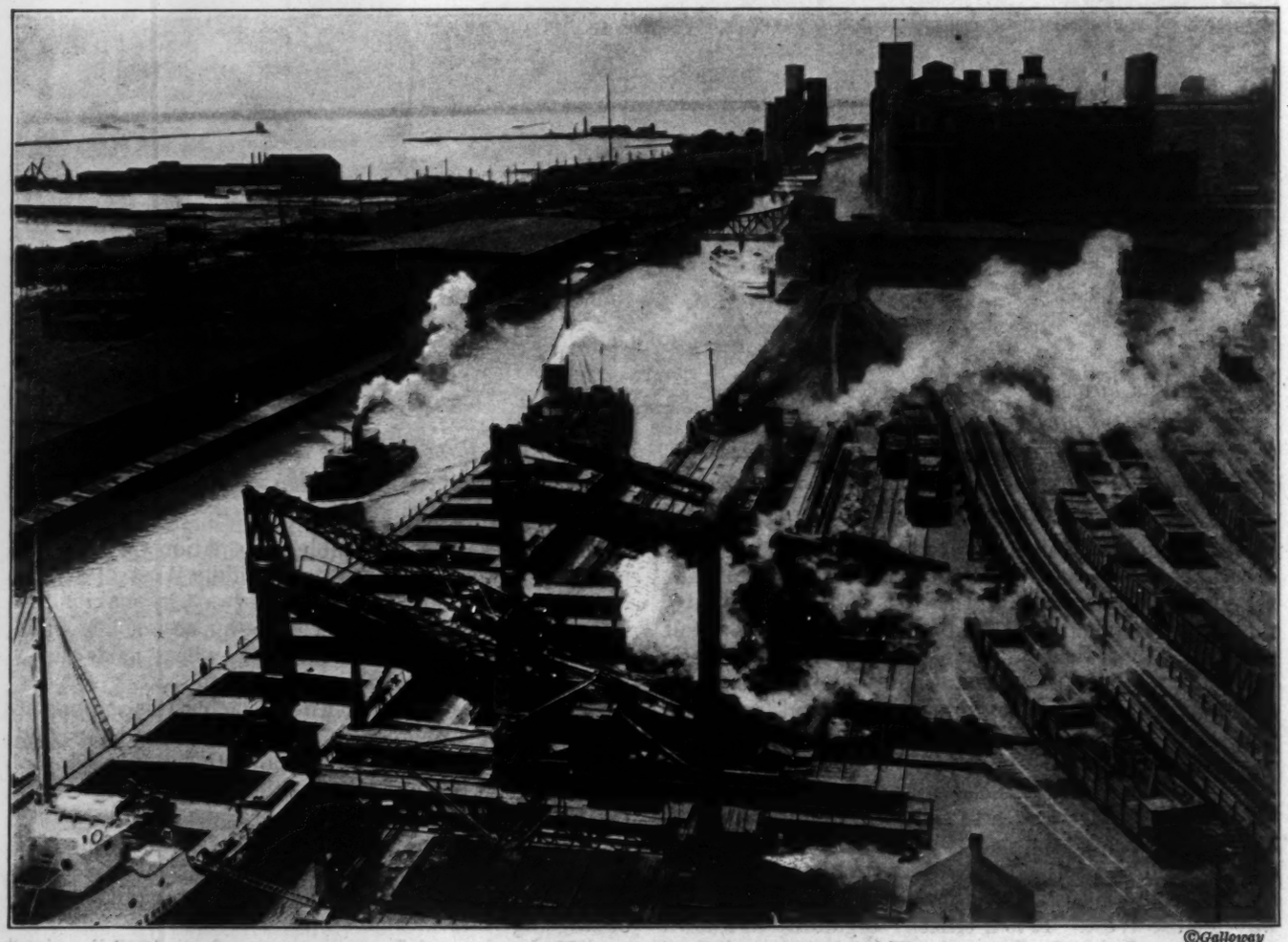
"The basin of the St. Lawrence is a great transverse valley, three hundred and nine thousand five hundred square miles in area, extending from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence into the heart of the continent." According to the report, the historic waterway, starting from Lake Superior, with its clear depths of four hundred and seventy-five feet to ten hundred and twelve feet, runs down the St. Mary's River into Lake Huron and Lake Michigan; then into the St. Clair River and Lake St. Clair; thence, by the Detroit River into Lake Erie; thence by the Niagara River and Falls — by-passed for vessels of lesser draft through the Welland Canal — into Lake Ontario. From Lake Ontario into the St. Lawrence River proper, with its rapids, which widens above Montreal into Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis — the rapids being by-passed for vessels of lesser draft through the Lachine and Williamsburg series of canals.

From Montreal, the St. Lawrence widens into Lake Peter; and on account of the deepening of the river bed at this point by the Ship Channel, between Montreal and Quebec — a project inaugurated in 1826 — ocean-going vessels of thirty feet draft may pass from Montreal to Quebec and the open sea. The total fall of land between the Minnesota coast of Lake Superior and the St. Lawrence coast of the Atlantic is six hundred and three feet.

Through the building of the St. Mary's Locks and improvement of the St. Mary's River channel, and through the dredging of the St. Clair Flats Canal and improvement of the entrance into the Detroit River between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, the range of lake vessels at the westerly end of the watercourse is now about one thousand miles.

Extent of Great Lakes Traffic

DEVELOPMENT of the Great Lakes in the last twenty years may be understood, in a measure, when it is considered that the Great Lakes traffic exceeds in tonnage that of the Mediterranean and Black Seas combined. It must be remembered that the tonnage is greatly enlarged by the amount of iron ore and wheat thus transported: and these commodities are factors to be considered, too, in connection with low freight rates. Yet the fact that, even with the short season of the Great Lakes, more freight now passes through the "Soo"



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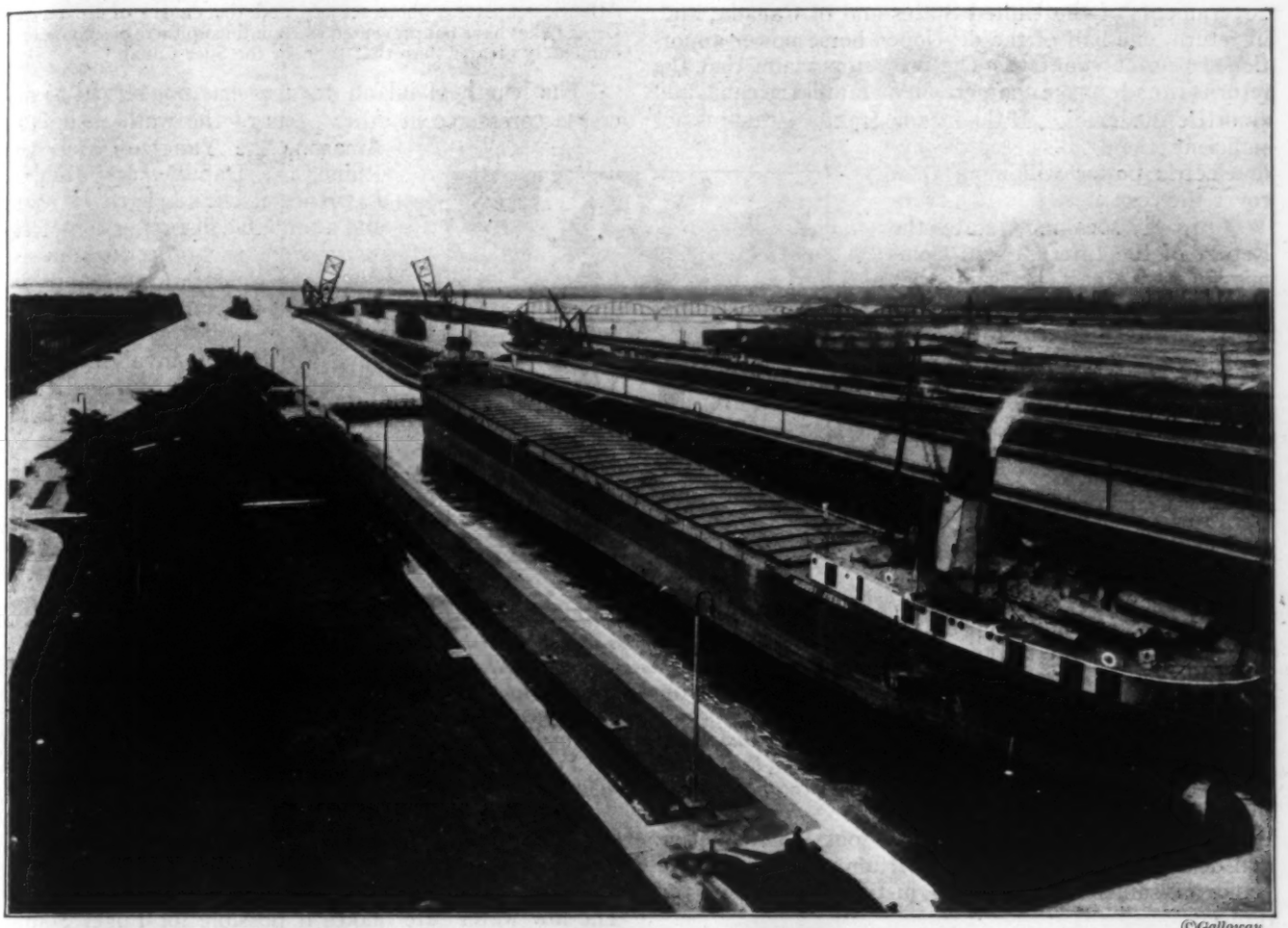
The harbor at Buffalo, where huge clam shovels transship iron ore from ship's hold to railroad cars



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An iron-ore freighter in the locks at the "Soo" Canal, between Lakes Superior and Huron, with the rapids of the St. Mary's in the background

in a year than through the Suez Canal remains a remarkable indication of the possibilities in fresh-water commerce.

Such has been the progress of navigation in the St. Lawrence basin over the portion of the route from Duluth to Buffalo. On the eastern end of the waterway the inland range of ocean vessels, as has been shown, is from Montreal to the sea. In the interval between Buffalo and Montreal two natural barriers stand between the lake ports and the ocean vessels — Niagara Falls and the rapids of the St. Lawrence River. At present, traffic is halted just above the falls, and freight put on rails at Buffalo for the seaboard, or shipped to the small boats for passage through the Welland Canal and down the river to Montreal.

Plans for Overcoming Present Barriers

THE Canadian government is building a ship canal which will overcome the first of these barriers. This canal — the fourth Canada has built since 1833 to move craft around the Falls — is twenty-five miles long, deep enough for oceangoing vessels and, with its seven locks, will overcome the difference of three hundred and twenty-six feet in the levels of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. It probably will be completed in two years, and, the experts say, will be used by three American vessels to one Canadian bottom.

The second barrier — the St. Lawrence Rapids' section of the river, extending about one hundred miles — starts below Ogdensburg, New York, and ends with the Lachine Rapids at Montreal. It is proposed to drown out the upper rapids. The level of Ontario will be regulated by a large dam near Cornwall.

Below the dam the river channel broadens, forming Lake Francis, thirty miles long, which affords open navigation to the Cedars Rapids. To by-pass these, the engineers recommend a channel three hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep on the north side of the river. There would be two locks with a lift of thirty feet each. The river broadens again, forming Lake St. Louis, sixteen miles long; and then come the famous Lachine Rapids, just above Montreal.

"The whole construction," said an official of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, "would involve about thirty miles of restricted channel with six lifts and three guard locks. This development would net about one million, four hundred and seventy thousand horse power at the lowest flow of the river. Power installation recommended would be on Barnhart Island, and would consist of fifty-two turbine wheels with electric generators having thirty-six thousand horse power each."

Attitude of Eastern States Toward Project

SUCH is the outline of the St. Lawrence seaway project. "In brief," says Mr. H. de B. Parsons, "the project consists in canalizing the St. Lawrence from Montreal, the present head of navigation, to Lake Ontario; to build a canal around Niagara Falls, to deepen the interlake rivers, and finally to deepen and enlarge the lake harbor ports. The suggestion is made that the cost of canalizing the St. Lawrence should be equally divided between the

governments of the United States and of Canada, and, in return, one half of the developed horse power apportioned to each country. The projectors claim that the returns from tonnage charges will maintain the canal and amortize the bonds. If the income from the canal is not sufficient, then the sale of the hydroelectric power will more than cover the cost."

"Broadly speaking," states the Report of the International Commission, "it may be said that public sentiment through the Middle West and Western states from Ohio to Idaho was almost unreservedly in favor of the deep waterway."

Various organizations and individuals in the Eastern states, also, expressed themselves as approving the project. On the other hand, evidence was not wanting of a widespread sentiment in some Eastern states antagonistic to the project.

New York appointed a commission to look into the matter. The main obstacles to the success of the St. Lawrence waterway, as presented for the commission by Mr. H. de B. Parsons and others, are: the short season of the Great Lakes, the danger from fog and ice jams, the length of time consumed in the long inland voyage and delays at locks, and the uncertainty of prospective traffic of sufficient volume to justify the cost of the project.

The comparative cheapness of water transportation: Lumber from Puget Sound is shipped by sea to Philadelphia (route 1); and back to Indiana before it meets the railroad freight rate (route 2); while Nebraska farmers complain that Argentine wheat can be shipped to New York by water (3) more cheaply than their own freight goes by rail

Comparison of Water Rates with Rail Rates

THE report of the International Commission answers these objections as follows:

The lower St. Lawrence and the Gulf are more or less subject to fog and ice conditions. Nevertheless, although this inland waterway is open to trade only about seven and one-half months in the year, as against the twelve months' period of the Atlantic coast, the port of Montreal actually handles a greater volume of foreign trade than any port on the American continent with the single exception of New York; and the percentage of casualties compares very favorably with the percentage in connection with Atlantic seaports. Short seasons and the danger of ice on the Great Lakes have not prevented the building up there of a commerce immensely greater than that through the Suez Canal.

The length of inland voyages has not served to decrease commerce in other parts of the world — on the Amazon, the Yangtze-kiang, the Rhine, the Danube, and the St. Lawrence itself. Length of route and a probable disproportion of expense were the objections raised when the "Soo" Canal and St. Mary's River improvements were proposed; and these objections have proved to be invalid. Length of route has not discouraged commerce, and the constructions have already paid for themselves many times over.

Quite naturally, Canada does not feel the need of the St. Lawrence Seaway as does the United States. Commerce, there, is comparatively small, and the big rail lines covering vast stretches must be given first place, if they are to prosper.

While the attitude in some sections of Canada appears to be that the need for the seaway is not pressing at present, in due time Canada will no doubt negotiate a treaty to provide for joint construction of the seaway.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has found that water rates are about one seventh as large as rail rates. The low water rate makes it possible for Puget Sound lumber to go to Philadelphia by water and back to Indiana by rail before it meets the transcontinental rate. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company, according to the testimony of Mr. E. H. Lang, one of its officials, has saved a million dollars a year since the opening of the Panama Canal by shipping its products by rail to Puget Sound, and thence by water. The St. Lawrence project would save them an additional half million annually.

American and Canadian engineers declare that the sale of the tremendous hydroelectric power developed by the larger dam at Cornwall would pay the entire cost of the St. Lawrence project in a comparatively short time.

Freighter laden with 15,000 tons of wheat leaving group of grain elevators at Port Arthur, where 7,000,000 bushels are stored

Solemn, martial, challenging, the music tightened his jaw and straightened his shoulders

Chimes of Courage

The Story of a Mountain Lad Who Went From Victory to Victory

By Lewis H. Kilpatrick

Illustrations by W. C. Nims

THE mountain boy stopped abruptly in the road, dropping the tip of his long switch to the dust, and stared in awed admiration up the macadamized slope before him, listening. Two roan calves, that since dawn had felt the urge of the switch, availed themselves of this respite by straying over to the roadside to graze. But Lee Hathaway, his gray eyes widening, his tired features relaxed, at that moment saw only the objective of his struggles and heard coming from its foliaged heart strange, sweet music.

Stretching along the ridge above was the little town of Berea, the Athens of the Southern mountains. The first autumn frosts had dashed its many trees with crimson and russet and gold; modern homes and college buildings were visible here and there; and the rising sun shone warmly upon glimpses of lawn, campus, and garden. Through the early Sabbath stillness, breaking, yet harmonizing with it, sounded the chapel chimes.

The hymn they played was new to Lee Hathaway, but he felt its meaning. Solemn, worshipful, then martial, commanding, challenging, it drew unconscious tears to his eyes while it tightened his jaw and straightened his drooping shoulders.

"That's fightin' music, calves, fightin' music!" he exclaimed huskily, lifting the switch. "Afore hit begun I was a leetle skeered, gittin' this close to what I've been a-hankerin' fer so long. But I ain't skeered now. That's fightin' music. Git on thar, ye ornery critters!"

Few people were about the streets of the little town at that hour, but Lee had no trouble in finding his way to the house he sought. He boldly drove the calves across the campus, left them to resume their grazing near the veranda, and, following urban custom, knocked at the door.

"Air ye the presi-*dent* o' this here college school?"

The elderly man who answered the knock inclined his head.

"Yes, I'm the president," he said, smiling. "What can I do for you?"

LEE scrutinized him frankly — his clothes, his poise, the simple, kindly dignity of his face.

"I stayed the night down the road several mile with the feller who looks atter yer timber," he explained, "and he 'lowed that ye was the teacher fer me to see fust."

Then, having measured the man to his satisfaction, he introduced himself:

"My name's Lee — Lee Hathaway. I come from over on Hopeless Crick, and I follers farmin'. Them's my calves out yonder" — he pointed. "I brung 'em to swap fer larnin'." A sudden eager flush tinged his cheeks. "Will ye trade, mister?"

The president's analysis of Lee was no less swift and thorough than Lee's of him. He saw a boy of perhaps sixteen years, barefooted, clad in blue overalls and a faded cotton shirt. Wisps of light brown hair stuck through rents in his dusty slouch hat; his brow was smooth and broad, his mouth and chin sensitive, but resolute. Hardship and privation, heritages of the Kentucky mountaineer, had prematured his face and marked it with uncomplaining bitterness. Yet there were outcroppings of humor about the eyes and lips, evidences of youth's rich, wild buoyancy that had never had a chance to play.

"HAVE you written the college secretary, applying for admission and making reservations?" the president asked. "No? I thought not."

He hesitated, loath to blight the boy's eagerness. Hopeless Creek was a good sixty miles from Berea, across an adjoining county and midway of the next, a four days' journey for one traveling at a calf's pace.

"Lee, we're very crowded here," he said at length. "Ours is a big institution, but each year we have to turn away scores of young folks who come. We've done that this fall. We really haven't room for those we've enrolled. I'm afraid" — the president hesitated again, looking down at the boy — "I'm afraid we can't take you this term. I'm sorry, Lee. You'll have to go back home, and wait."

"I won't!" Defiance and pain were mingled in the sharp cry. The color had left Lee's cheeks, but added its fire to his flashing eyes. "Mister, I've hankered to come here ever since I fust heerd o' this college school," he went on, in a burst of confidence. "Dennis he fit agin' hit and Ma she weren't particular. But I knowed I'd never 'mount to nothin' if I stayed back thar in them hills. I want larnin', want hit worse 'n anything on this airth. I've been tole ye all give hit here almost free an' that a body kin work fer what he ain't got. I'll work, mister. I'll sleep in the barn with yer hosses, if ye'll jest take me in." The defiance had melted from Lee's tone, and the dammed-up hopes and dull, gnawing hunger of ambition rang in his plea.

The president beckoned him to a settee on the veranda, and they sat down together.

"Have you any money?" he inquired.

The boy's fists clenched, and he shook his head.

"I had put by several dollar," he answered, "but Dennis tuck 'em away from me. He reckoned that 'ud keep me from comin'. He done ever' other mean thing he could, too, to stop me. He give me a whuppin' afore I left, and swore he'd give me another soon as I got back. But I ain't a-goin' back. I've quit them diggin's fer al'ays."

"Who is Dennis?"

Lee scowled down at the floor.

"He's my step-pap. Ma up and wed with him atter my reel pa died — and we ain't had nothin' but trouble and young 'uns at our house since. Dennis he follers drinkin'. I hate him, damn his shiftless hide!"

The president laid a reproving hand on the boy's knee.

"You must leave profanity and hatred outside, if you enter Berea," he said. "Will you?"

Lee was astonished, but he capitulated without argument.

"I — I'll try," he promised.

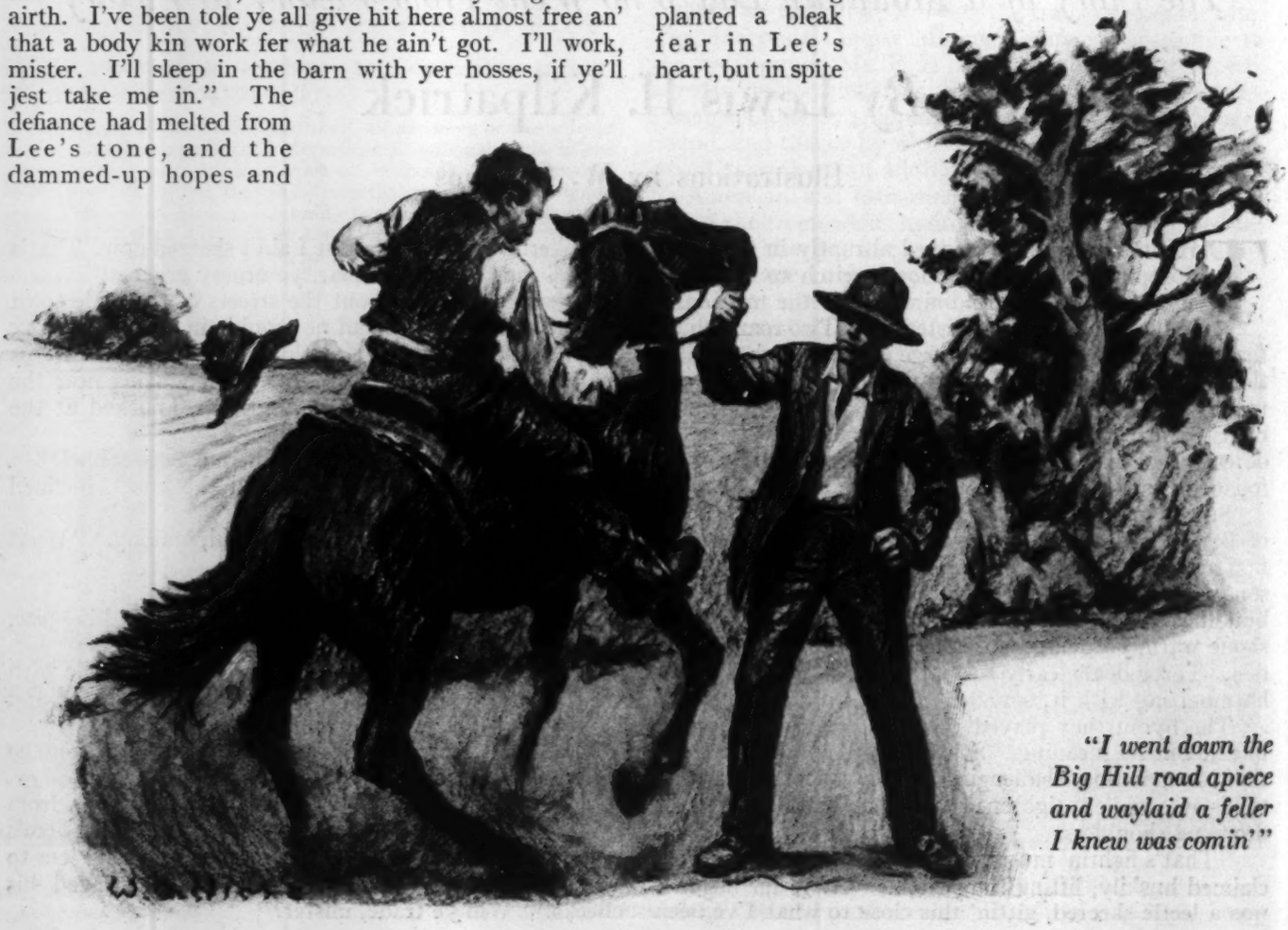
THE man glanced appraisingly at the two roan calves grazing on his lawn.

"You're sure those calves are yours to dispose of as you please?"

"They sartainly air, mister. That Dennis don't own ever'thing on our farm."

"But we'll have to recognize him as your guardian until you are twenty-one," said the president. "If he should come here for you, you'd have to leave the school. We couldn't keep you against his wishes."

The warning planted a bleak fear in Lee's heart, but in spite



"I went down the Big Hill road apiece and waylaid a feller I knew was comin'"

of it he smiled, as he looked up at the man beside him.

"Ye mean ye're a-goin' to take me in!" he exclaimed. "Ye'll let me stay and work and git book larnin'?"

The president nodded thoughtfully.

"It isn't quite fair to those we have refused, and I'm stretching a few rules to do it," he admitted. "But when a boy survives home discouragement and a beating, walks sixty-odd miles, offers his all, and won't be turned away — well, Lee he's worth doing the impossible for. I think we're going to make that trade," he added, rising.

The "trade" was made, and Lee found that it did not mean that he would have to sleep in a barn. The dormitory to which he was assigned was a mansion compared to the shabby log cabin on Hopeless Creek.

At first he was confused and depressed by community life. Bred in primitive isolation, accustomed to few associates and much loneliness, he did not feel at ease among the hundreds who constantly surrounded him. Then, too, there was the discipline. He not only had to quit swearing, but to give up using tobacco, keep scheduled hours, obey the laws of personal hygiene, and submit to numerous other regulations that were opposed to his ideas of freedom.

But adjustment came with the passing months. Enrolled as a half-day student in the Foundation School, Lee was given work in the college dairy upon his boast that he could "draw milk even out o' a steer." He discovered that every student, whether the child of plutocrat or pauper, had to do a certain amount of manual labor. Many, like himself, were earning their way by their toil.

For a while he progressed slowly with his studies — the district school on Hopeless had taught him little. Then, of a sudden, his neglected brain awoke and began to clutch ravenously at every printed and spoken bit of knowledge within its reach.

Though happy now and at ease in his new environment, Lee Hathaway was constantly shadowed by a fear that increased as he became more attached to his work and his mind's horizon broadened. It was his one conscious link with the old life on Hopeless Creek.

"Lee, aren't you going home for the holidays?" inquired the dean, on the eve of the Christmas recess. "You have a small balance to your credit, enough to hire a horse for the trip."

The boy's lips tightened.

"I AIN'T got any home but here," he answered, after a moment. "Them folks on Hopeless don't concern me. I never want to sot eyes on 'em again."

"Those are rather selfish sentiments, Lee," the dean rebuked. "Berea doesn't mean to alienate any student from his people. Our ideal is to develop him so that he, in turn, can help them. You must never be ashamed of your own blood."

"I'm not ashamed of 'em," responded Lee. "I'm jest forgettin' 'em. They're travelin' their road, and I'm travelin' mine. All I'm askin' is that they leave me alone."

The truth was that Lee's pride of race, instead of having lessened, had grown with his knowledge of history. It now rested on the solid foundation of fact, rather than on provincial vanity. Leaders in both the spiritual and temporal worlds, he read, had been cradled in the valleys of the Kentucky highlands.

"Yes," Lee reasoned, "they was born up there, but they didn't 'mount to nothin' until they went down below. They wouldn't have been more'n clodhopper farmers, if they'd stayed amongst them hills and hollers. It's in the cities where men does big things."

Berea was the largest town Lee had ever visited, and from the neighboring knobs could be seen a vast panorama of the lowlands — tiled fields and blue-grass meadows, veined with roadways and steel tracks, that rolled north and west to the obscuring horizon.

When his duties permitted and the weather was fair, Lee climbed to the top of the highest knob and sat for long hours alone, his back turned to the mountains, his face to the plains. There he looked beyond Berea Ridge, dreaming youth's ambitious dreams, conquering and possessing.

Then, as those distant fields blackened under the plow and the meadows brightened to emerald, the fear that had stalked him ever since his first interview with the president suddenly materialized into actual danger.

IT was the college forester, Lee's chance host the last night before he reached Berea, who brought him the warning. Lee, while his guest, had told him his story, and the man remembered it.

"He's stopped down there at Big Hill," whispered the forester, calling Lee to the class-room door, "and he's drinkin' and cussin' and tellin' everybody what he's goin' to do. He's come from Hopeless Creek, he says, to shoot up the college and fetch you back home to put in the spring crops. He says you ain't of age yet and your work belongs to him. And I just reckoned you ought to know what's up."

Lee thanked him, and went at once to the dean. There was no time to lose. He asked to be excused for the afternoon; and, because he had never made such a request before, the dean granted it without question.

He was the more unprepared, therefore, for the spectacle Lee presented when he reappeared in his office at dusk. The boy's clothes were torn and spotted with blood; one eye was swollen and purpling; there was a gash in his forehead, and the knuckles of both hands were bruised and raw.

"Professer, I'm not waitin' to be reported and sent for," Lee began immediately, standing bareheaded and erect before the dean's desk. "I've done what I've done. I ain't sorry, and I'm here to get my punishment."

The dean leaned back in his chair and stared at him, hardly knowing what to say.

"You — you've been fighting?" he gasped. "You got the afternoon off just for that purpose, Lee?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied quietly. "I went down the Big Hill road apiece, and waylaid a feller I knew was comin'. First I tried to reason with him; then, when that didn't do any good, I made him get off his hoss, and give him the worst of a hard and fair fight. He was purty drunk when we begun, but he's cold sober now and on his way home. He won't make any more trouble, professer."

The dean was a strict disciplinarian, but he knew that discipline had its limitations.

"Do you care to make further explanations?" he asked.

"Just this, sir," resumed Lee. "The feller I speak of don't belong to Berea and nobody here belongs to him. He come a long way huntin' this trouble, of his own free will and meanness. I give you my word that I couldn't do nowise other than what I done. It was a personal, private matter I had to settle myself."

The dean met the straight, frank look of the uninjured gray eye.

"Lee, I believe you," he said. "I've yet to hear of your telling a single lie or being guilty of a single dishonorable act. Go to your dormitory, patch yourself up, and say nothing about this to any one else."

Thus, with the might of his two fists, Lee Hathaway

shattered his fear and broke the last link that bound the new life to the old. At least, that was what he believed. The road ahead seemed clear, and his every thought and effort were directed toward the future. He had neither time nor desire for retrospection. The Hopeless Creek farm, with its mud-chinked cabin, isolated, insanitary, poverty-ridden; the brutal stepfather, the illiterate mother, their tow-headed children, became but the setting and characters of a nightmare Lee wanted to forget.

Not even the president, appealed to by the dean, could persuade him to return to the mountains for his vacation. No, Lee preferred to stay in Berea, to work and attend the summer school. For sixteen years his brain had wandered undirected and unnourished among the crags and coves of Hopeless. Now, having found itself and its food, it was too greedy to pause even for rest.

"I'm comin', just you wait, I'm comin'!" he cried, standing on the pinnacle of his favorite knob and gazing out over the blue grass, symbolically his world of opportunity. "Just you wait a few years longer and I'll show you what I am!" He laughed aloud in the ecstasy of his self-confidence.

Wholesome food and work had added inches to Lee's height and proportion to his large-boned physique. Play and companionship and cheerful environment had erased the bitterness from his face, releasing a clean, rugged beauty of feature and expression. He had little money to spend for clothes, yet what he wore, he wore well, with a natural grace that made no distinction between broadcloth and homespun.

"The pure Anglo-Saxon shows in him, surely," declared the Foundation dean to the president. "The boy's unusual, and his isn't superficial brilliance, either, doctor. It comes from some wellspring deep within him. It's inborn, eternal; the driving force that makes a Corsican lieutenant a Napoleon, a country lawyer a Lincoln. After another year or two that driving force, concentrated, will tax all the skill of those who have to direct and develop it."

The president did not quite share the dean's enthusiasm.

"Ambition and genius alone aren't enough," he said. "They should be tempered with a spiritual quality which that boy lacks. Although he has hardly a demerit against him, heads his class, and is popular with his teachers and fellows, he still doesn't come up to my ideal of what he should be.

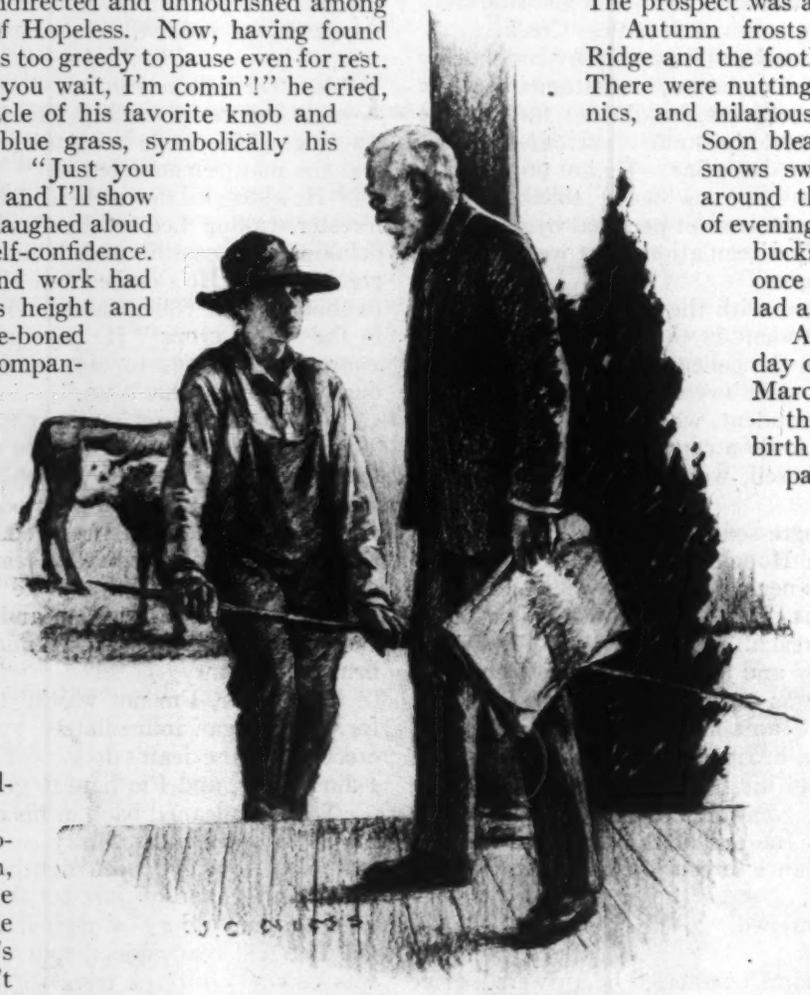
"I won't call his underlying fault selfishness in the usual sense of the term," he continued. "He's generous and thoughtful and even lovable, I know. But, professor, all his struggles and aspirations are for himself. His own interests are his only interests. That isn't just youthful ego; it's something that will grow and harden as he grows. It's the Napoleon in him, maybe, but there's nothing of Lincoln. What he has yet to realize is that man's greatest glory is in self-sacrifice, his willingness to give himself for others."

Unconscious of the fact that he was the subject of an unusual amount of comment and speculation among his superiors, at the end of his second year Lee Hathaway began to look toward graduation from the Foundation School, another summer of intensive work, and entrance that fall into the college. There a scholarship would be awaiting him, he was told, which meant much less manual labor and more leisure for study. The prospect was a dynamo to his spirit.

Autumn frosts again tinted Berea Ridge and the foothill valleys with color. There were nutting parties, campfire picnics, and hilarious cross-country hikes. Soon bleak winds and feathery snows swept the campus, and around the log-heaped hearths of evenings armored knights and buckskinned hunters lived once more in mountain ballad and legend.

Another Christmas holiday came. Then February, March, and an early spring — the season of beauty and birth and strong, sweet passions!

Lee Hathaway, standing on its threshold, was suddenly torn from his visions by the claw of naked reality. Its agent was a shabby mountaineer, an erstwhile neighbor, who had ridden for two days and a night to reach Berea and find the boy.



"Air ye the presi-dent o' this here college school?" asked Lee. The elderly man inclined his head

He was just finishing his Saturday afternoon duties at the milking barn when the mountaineer appeared. Their greetings were brief and restrained. Almost as brief was the message the man delivered, but it sent Lee stumbling dazedly out of town through the twilight toward the knobs.

THAT night a full moon climbed over the Cumberlands, purging the sky of all but its brightest stars and throwing the distant plains into mystic relief under its blue glow. Cowbells tinkled in the valley below, and from Berea, with what seemed to Lee scarcely an intermission, sounded the strokes of the lengthening hours. Far off to the westward a moving line of tiny points of fire marked a railroad train threading its way from the foothills to the citied world beyond.

Lee Hathaway, crouching on his knob, watched the disappearing train, and groaned. Until then his emotions had been numbed, and he could not think. Now, reacting, his spirit crumpled, unresisting, beneath its

weight of tragedy. The soft, luminous beauty of the night but emphasized it, mocking him. He threw himself to the ground and his body shook with racking sobs.

After a while he sat upright, his eyes dry and his teeth clenched, trembling now with anger. And for the first time in many months hot, bitter oaths leaped from his lips, defying and damning the calamity that confronted him.

"I won't go — I won't!" he cried. "It ain't my fault, what's happened. I'm not obliged to make up for it. Nobody has the right to ask me to, either. Go back and bury myself in those benighted hills just for *them?* Hell! Yes, that's what it would be, hell every day and forever until they buried me sure 'nough! No, I ain't goin'!" he shouted to the stars. "I don't owe 'em anything. They can live as best they can, and I'll keep on to where I've started. I'll not let nothin' stop me now. I've gone too far and fought too hard. I — I *won't* turn back!"

Then, as suddenly as it had flooded him, his passion ebbed. The black fever cleared from his brain, his taut nerves relaxed, and he was very, very calm. He locked his fingers about his knees and sat there, immobile, brooding into the shadowy void below.

Not until the moon's blue twilight had given way before the silvering sweep of dawn did he move. Then, his clothes wet with dew, his hair clinging in tangles to his broad forehead, he rose and stepped to the edge of the pinnacle. For several minutes he stood there, chin up, nostrils dilated, gazing out over the fertile plains. Like a Moses he stood, looking upon a Promised Land on which he was forbidden to set foot.

Slowly he turned away, descended the knob to the valley, struck the main road, and, reëntering the town, went straight to the president's house.

It was yet early, Sunday morning, and the president was at breakfast; but, as had happened almost two years before, he answered Lee's knock. He was surprised to see the boy — the more surprised when he noticed his disheveled clothes and haggard face.

"DOCTOR," Lee began abruptly, "I've come to try to thank you for all you've done for me, and to say good-by."

"Say good-by?" repeated the president. "Where are you going?"

"Home." The word sounded from his lips in a muffled boom.

"Why, Lee, I thought you were perfectly satisfied here!" the president exclaimed. "You've seemed happy; you've never complained."

A spasm of pain twisted the boy's features.

"I am satisfied, I ain't complainin'. I love it here, doctor, I love it! I'd give everything but what I'm holdin' on to now to stay! But" — he gulped to control his voice — "I can't."

The elderly man was puzzled, suspicious.

"What has happened?" he demanded, in a tone of authority.

"Dennis is dead," Lee explained. "A neighbor brought me the word late yesterday. He said Ma and the children are there on Hopeless Creek alone, with no other place to go and nobody to do a man's work on the farm. There ain't enough of it to rent out on shares and they can't afford to hire labor. They've either got to starve along by themselves, or I've got to go back and make the livin' for all of us. I'm goin'."

The president impulsively started to sympathize and search about for an easier solution to the problem; but he knew there was none and he withheld his sympathy for a reason.

"Lee, you're talking nonsense!" he ejaculated. "I never expected to hear such sentiments from you. Sacrifice yourself for that family on Hopeless? Return to hoeing corn, raising pigs, and existence in a two-room cabin for their sakes? Why, they mean nothing to you now. You don't care what happens to them. You've said that time and again, yourself."

He waved his arm toward the east, north, and west.

"Out there, Lee, is your world," he declared eloquently. "Many a man with less brain and ability than you has wrung from it wealth and fame. You can have more, if you'll keep on as you've begun. All you have to do is stay here, concentrate, work, put ambition before everything else — and, when you reach middle age, I sincerely predict that the name of Lee Hathaway will be known throughout this continent!"

AS the president spoke Lee's features became rigidly calm. Something of the old prematurity was there, but nothing of the old bitterness. He fixed his tempter with cold, determined eyes.

"Doctor, I went over all that and a heap more up there on the knobs last night," he answered. "I settled it. Dennis' widow is my ma and I'm bound to their four children through her. The talk I made about them not meanin' anything to me don't stand now. They're my folks and they're needin' me. Nothin' else matters.

"But it ain't only to make a livin' for them that I'm goin' home," Lee continued. "I aim to work and lay by what I can to send the four young 'uns here. That 'll make it a sight easier for them than it's been for me. I'll see 'em through with every cent I can scrape and every word of counsel I can speak. That's mostly what I'm thinkin' of, doctor. I'm givin' one education for four. What I could make of myself by stayin' here I can make of them four times over by leavin'. I'm goin' back to Hopeless to give those children their chance to get away."

There was no bombast in the statement, just a confession of purpose — of new faith and vision.

The president gripped his shoulders with hands that trembled, and looked deeply into the determined gray eyes.

"Lee," he said, "it's a proud day for us when we graduate a scholar, but it's a prouder day when we give the world a man."

They stood for a full minute face to face, not as teacher and pupil, but as man and man. Then, silently, they clasped hands, and Lee, turning, went slowly down the steps.

At the edge of the lawn he paused. Across the campus, high up in its tower above the leafing trees, the chapel chimes rang out. The hymn was that which once had thrilled a barefoot mountain boy with new courage, as he drove two roan calves toward the mart of learning.

"From victory unto victory ——"

Lee knew the hymn now and its words rang in his heart.

The early sun, sifting through the dew-gemmed branches, touched an uncovered head, bowed in worship.

"This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ——"

The uncovered head lifted; tears glistened on the boy's cheeks, but the resolute jaw was firm, and a faint smile played about his lips, as he whispered hoarsely:

"That's fightin' music, Lee Hathaway, that's fightin' music!"

An Adventure in Citizenship

West Virginia Comes Forward with a New Idea in Country Clubs, Where the State's Younger Generation Reigns Supreme

By Orville Merton Kile

YESTERDAY a vacant tract of land, once the site of Stonewall Jackson's home; to-day a tented city, already taking on features of permanency and providing a center of activity for thousands of the State's most alert youngsters; to-morrow a permanent institution, with commodious clubhouses for each county, well-equipped recreation grounds, pools, parks, and adequate facilities for assembling each year the brightest and most upstanding boys and girls for the purpose of intensive training for better citizenship.

This, in a word, is the progress one State has made in solving a much-discussed problem of to-day: namely, how to develop local leadership — how to produce the better citizens needed for a safe democracy.

William H. Kendrick, under whose leadership West Virginia has developed a wonderful new plan of outdoor training for boys and girls

The State that is taking the lead in this movement is West Virginia — the "Mountain State" — the "Switzerland of America" — the State we sometimes think of in the East as less progressive than some of its neighbors. But the people of West Virginia have been roused by the tremendous enthusiasm and untiring energy of two or three West Virginians who for years have harbored and nursed a vision of a new kind of education which the State owes its future citizens.

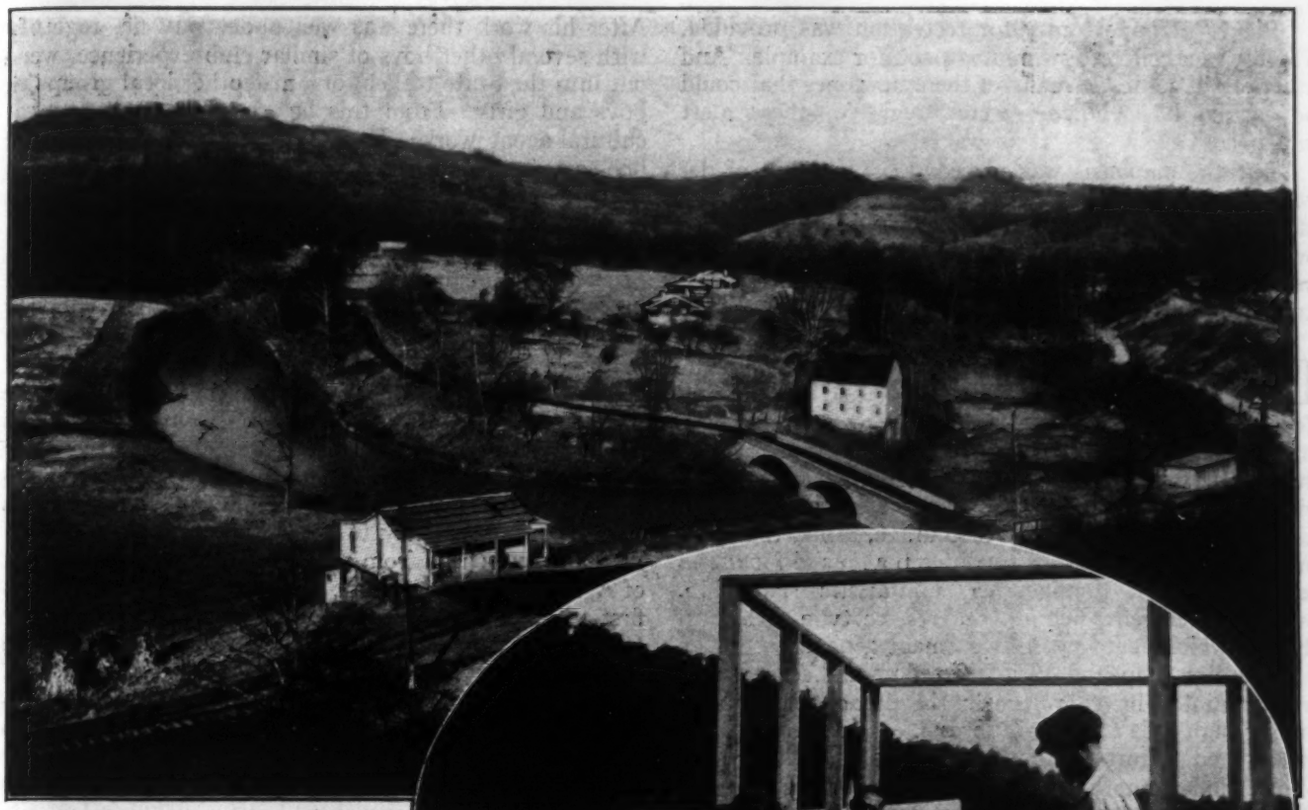
Instead of sending them into military camps to absorb ideas of war and conquest, their plan is to send the boys and girls of the State to summer camps where they will find inspiration and self-confidence that will make for enlightened leadership in their home communities.

For ten years William H. Kendrick has been conducting club work for boys and girls on a State-wide basis, in West Virginia. Kendrick is the kind of fellow who just can't keep from working with youngsters. There's nothing he'd rather do than to get a bunch of boys together around a camp fire or an agricultural demonstration plot and draw them out.

The old method of rewarding boys and girls for their work in the agricultural clubs was to offer a trip as a prize. Some States each year sent a dozen or more agricultural club members to Washington to see the sights, shake hands with the President, and receive personal commendation from the Secretary of Agriculture. Kendrick's idea was to make suitable rewards available to larger numbers, and at the same time to make the occasion productive of more lasting results. For a number of years he organized free trips to the State University during the first week in January, at which time a special program of instruction was carried out. Gradually, however, the State camp idea developed, and the legislature has now recognized this as a permanent institution, and voted substantial appropriations for maintaining it.

FIRST, the Monongahela Valley Traction Company donated a tract of five acres of land, beautifully situated in the bend of West Fork River and including the site of Stonewall Jackson's boyhood home. The old mansion burned a few years ago, but the venerable grist mill still stands — a picturesque reminder of the days that were. From this the vicinity takes its name — Jackson's Mill.

Next, the county court of Lewis County bought and donated thirty acres of land immediately adjoining Jackson's Mill. And finally the State legislature appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for improvements, and



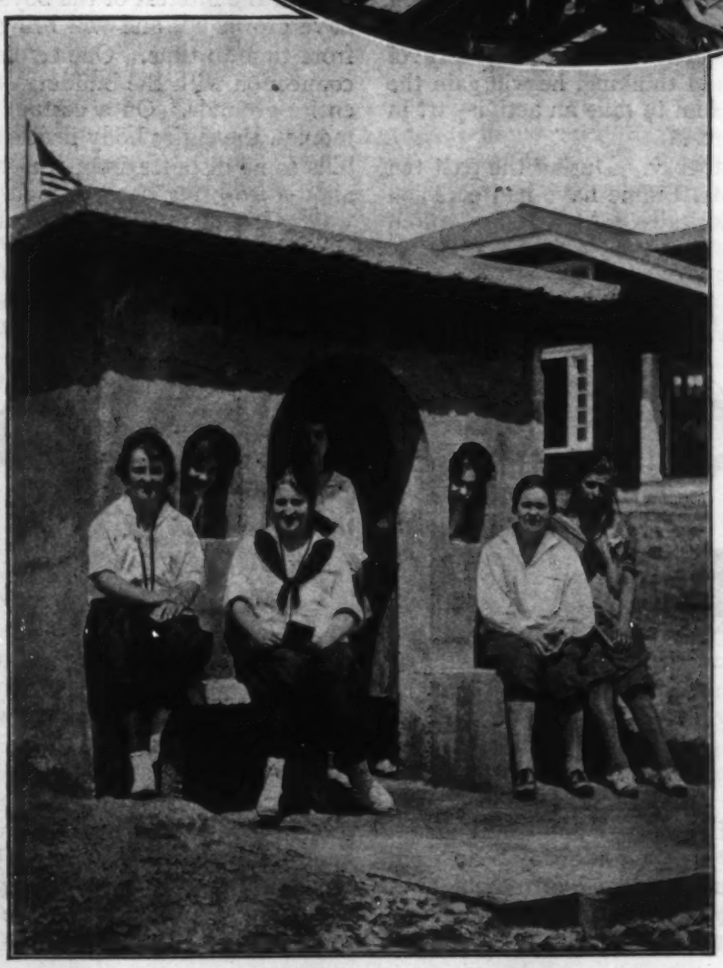
Above, camp site at Jackson's Mills, West Virginia, showing dormitories in distance and Stonewall Jackson's old mill (beside bridge); below, concrete spring house built by the boys themselves

A typical scene at camp

purchased an additional sixty acres of land. Even the athletic association of the State University some thirty miles distant coöperated by contributing a bathhouse — in return for the privilege of using the premises as training quarters for the football squad.

The various counties of the State are expected to provide their own clubhouses or "memorial dormitories." The boys and girls in Lewis County were so successful last year in their money-raising campaign that their house already stands on the grounds, completed at a cost of more than five thousand dollars.

One day last June, after years of planning and work, the first contingent of boys and girls arrived at Jackson's Mill. And a bright and active group



of youngsters they were — the pick of West Virginia's rural youth. Each county sent to the camp only those boys and girls who had shown unusual energy and ability in some line of club activity.

There was no shortage of "things to do" in the encampment. Tents had to be erected and certain temporary buildings constructed. All these are being gradually replaced by permanent structures now, but the campers found plenty to do during that first session. They received first-hand instruction in building fences, hanging gates, making roadways, building tables and benches — and one group constructed a concrete spring house that would have done credit to artisans of more mature years.

Plenty of opportunity for recreation was provided. There was a concrete swimming pool, for example. And a variety of games — many of them new ones that could be carried back home — were taught to these alert youngsters.

But the emphasis was placed upon the idea of developing leadership — awakening in these future citizens of the State the desire to do something to improve their own local communities; helping them to gain confidence in their ability to lead, and giving them, besides, the knowledge of what to do and how to do it.

IT will be recognized that these are the much-desired, but elusive, qualities which the usual school training does little to develop. In fact, the herding together of large numbers of pupils, the standardized rules of conduct, and the limited opportunity for expression of individuality, so characteristic of our modern city schools, have a repressing effect, and discourage, rather than promote, the development of qualities that make for *useful* leadership. Not domineering, militaristic leadership, but the intelligent, helpful, progressive type of leadership on which democratic government depends.

As a first step, the spirit of freedom and self-reliance was promoted by camp life in the broad open spaces, among high hills and virgin forests. Next, groups were encouraged to form a number of clubs or organizations of one kind or another. For instance, the boys and girls from a certain county might get together; those particularly interested in forestry or geology or other special subjects would naturally fall into units; and of course the boys would have their own organization, excluding the girls, and vice versa.

All this meant many officers, many lessons in the art of conducting and actually leading meetings, and much experience in free-and-easy, extemporaneous expression of ideas in public. The theory being that once a boy or girl learns that he can get up on the floor and express himself, and that he can sway others to his way of thinking, provided it is sound thinking, he will gain the confidence that will enable him to take an active part in community affairs back home.

And this is not merely theory. During the past ten years Mr. Kendrick and Mr. Frame have had occasion to test out this work practically. As an illustration, note the case of Carl Bibbee. He was one of the first club boys in the State and was one of the three boys who won the trip to the first "Prize Winners" week at the State University, in 1911. He won the prize for the best ten ears of corn in Wood County.

As a result of this recognition Carl began to produce Yellow Dent seed corn that won a reputation. By this means he earned the money to put himself through the Parkersburg High School, and in the meantime branched out into the production of soy bean seed. By the time he was graduated from high school both these farm projects were going strong and he was able to save enough money to start in at the State University. After his work there was well under way he, together with several other boys of similar club experience, went out into the State to help organize other local groups of boys and girls. From this he went into county agricultural-agent work. He is, of course, an enthusiastic booster of 4-H clubs for farm boys and girls.

Obviously, all the work of steering several hundred boys and girls through their paces for a period of ten days or two weeks cannot be done by Mr. Kendrick and his wife, although they live at the camp during these periods. County and district club leaders from all over the State are pressed into service. Each house or tent has its tent leader, or rather an "older pal."

Various organizations, such as the Rotarians, the Masons, and Chambers of Commerce from near-by cities occasionally come in and take charge of the program for an afternoon or evening. This not only enlists the interest of prominent adults in the movement, but brings inspiration and variety to the boys and girls.

Representatives from the United States Department of Agriculture were present to observe and assist at this first encampment. State club leaders from Maine, New Hampshire, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Virginia were on hand, also, to see how the plan would work out. The progress made in the development of better citizenship by this means has appealed to other States so strongly that, already, several are planning similar movements.

DURING the first encampment three girls were selected to go to the Eastern States Exposition, at Springfield, Massachusetts, in September, to represent West Virginia in the club activities held there. This was a sort of superprize that greatly stimulated interest.

Mr. Kendrick believes that a body of traditions can be built up around Camp Jackson's Mill that will serve to hold the interest of the boys and girls even after they have grown up, and will bring them back to the camp from time to time. One ceremony already started is in connection with the building of a stone wall around the entire grounds. On a certain night, after solemn ceremonies, the entire body makes a pilgrimage to the rocky hills some distance from the camp, and each member is allowed to bring back a single stone and place it in the wall. It will take a good many years to complete the wall in this way, but Mr. Kendrick's idea is that the boys and girls will all remember their part in making this wall, and will want to get back now and then to see how the wall is progressing.

A group of club girls and their leaders

The local clubs have come to be known as 4-H clubs, because they improve, "heads, hearts, hands, and health." In West Virginia last year there were about twelve thousand 4-H club members. They produced with their own hands products valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Their club literature says, "The 4-H club is the only organization that requires a boy or girl to do a part of the world's work in order to be a member."

Locoed

The Trail of the Cattle Rustlers was the Trouble Trail for Beak Leary

By Ledyard M. Bailey

Illustrated by Sidney H. Riesenberg

"Oh, a Ho-ome! A Ho-ome!
Where the Deer and the Antelope play;
Where seldom is heard an Unfortunate Word,
And the Sky is not cloudy by Day."

SO sang Mr. Leary as he rode. The spring round-up was over, two months' wages scorched his pocket, and there was a big dance coming off to-night at Old Man Simmons'. Mr. Leary was on his way. It was a trifling jaunt of twenty-odd miles by the cut-off through the rumpled gray hills to the north. Mr. Leary was pleased with life, at the moment. He sang with a full throat.

It was the Fool Hen that first smelled trouble. His ears pricked forward and his shuffling road gait quickened. Then Mr. Leary's high-arched nose caught the scent of unexpected water on sun-baked earth, and in another moment the Fool Hen planted his forefeet resolutely at the edge of a swirling yellow torrent.

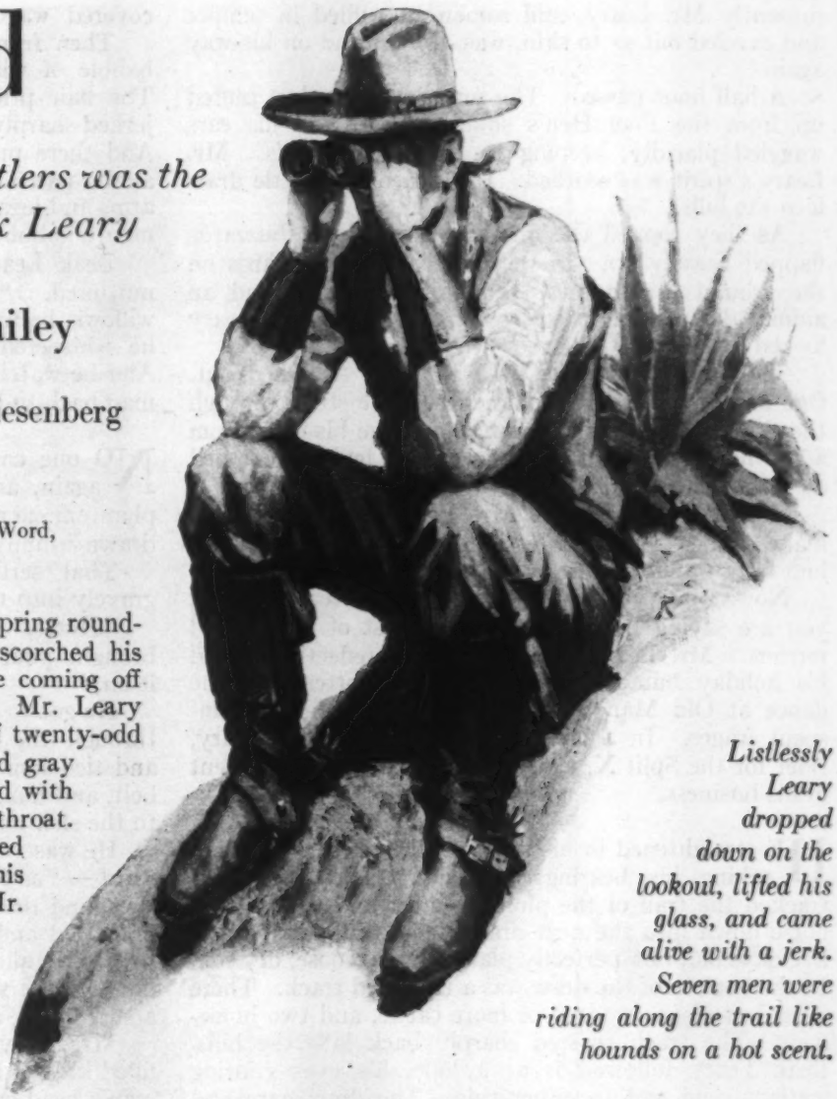
One could hardly blame the horse. There was something indecent, if not dangerous, in the mere presence of water in that draw. Mr. Leary flicked one disgusted glance toward the black cloud that squatted on top of the divide. Then he argued with the Fool Hen. It was a waste of time. Spur scratches and welts of the quirt were annoying, but not to be compared with the terror of what might lie at the bottom of that muddy water.

Mr. Leary considered. A cloud-burst might run off in half an hour, or it might run all night. And he disliked waiting. He had noticed that anything is liable to happen to him who waits.

He swung to the ground, pulled the reins over the horse's head, and untied the rolled slicker from behind his saddle. He spread it out flat, then he took off all his clothes, even to his boots, and wrapped them snugly in the slicker. He untied his rope, knotted one end carefully round the Fool Hen's neck, looped the other end about his wrist, tied the reins to the saddle horn, hoisted the bundle to his head, and stepped into the water.

Then he paused. After all, there might be quicksand. Sometimes a fool horse knew things. He laid the bundle down again and knotted the rope round his chest. Then, bundle on head and paying out rope with his left hand, he waded in. The stream was only about twenty-five feet wide.

The Fool Hen had followed these proceedings with scant interest. If the man chose to make a fool of himself, he saw no present need to interfere. He watched the straddling white legs sink into the water, then the straight flanks and the wide shoulders, until only the yellow bundle of the slicker moved upon the face of the waters. But when, into the brilliant sunshine of the farther bank, there suddenly emerged a white and glistening shape, he failed to recognize it. And when this apparition tossed its huge yellow head up on the bank, the Fool Hen instantly decided it was no place for him. He whirled, and passed away from there.



Listlessly Leary dropped down on the lookout, lifted his glass, and came alive with a jerk. Seven men were riding along the trail like hounds on a hot scent.

Mr. Leary followed his horse, although he ran what race-track reporters call a bad second. After a flight of several rods, under water, over gravel, and through sage brush, he managed to snub the brute down.

THERE ensued a painful interview. Mr. Leary's language was such that he dried off immediately. In fact, he steamed. But the Fool Hen, hearing the familiar voice, ignored the words and his fears left him.

Mr. Leary looked himself over. He also looked longingly at the yellow bundle on the farther bank. He did not know which he wanted most at the moment, his boots or his gun. With one more blistering remark to the horse, he swung up and gingerly eased his scratched legs into the saddle.

It had been perhaps five minutes since Mr. Leary had so abruptly parted with his bundle. But already the level of the River of Doubt had dropped a foot, and as man and horse paused again on the brink it sank away before their eyes. In ten minutes more even the Fool Hen saw no reason for further argument, and

presently Mr. Leary, still somewhat ruffled in temper and raveled out as to skin, was dressed and on his way again.

A half hour passed. The sun shone, the dust puffed up from the Fool Hen's shuffling feet, and his ears waggled placidly, keeping time with his hoofs. Mr. Leary's spirit was soothed. He turned up a little draw into the hills.

As they topped the first rise a couple of buzzards flapped heavily up. In the cow country, buzzards on the ground usually mean an animal down. And an animal down is of interest to a cowman. Mr. Leary looked into it.

The steer lay on his side, his head stretched out. One foreleg was crumpled and the bone stuck through the skin. There was a bullet hole above his eyes, from a gun held close. And a patch of hide had been ripped out of his left flank.

"Ha! Watson," said Mr. Leary, "what do you make of this? Busted a leg in a stampede, shot to keep him from wandering, and the brand cut out. Rustled!"

Now, when you say "Rustled!" to a real cowman, you are saying "Rats!" to the keenest of wire-haired terriers. Mr. Leary rubbed his nose reflectively, and his holiday humor ebbed away. Forgotten was the dance at Old Man Simmons' and the tingling of unspent wages. In a breath he became "Beak" Leary, rider for the Split X, a rising young cattleman, diligent in his business.

HE straightened in his saddle and looked about him, taking his bearings carefully. Then he backtracked the trail of the plunging steer and the running horse down into the next draw. The trail was four or five days old, but perfectly plain in that loose, dry soil. In the bottom of the draw was a trampled track. There must have been a dozen or more cattle, and two horsemen. The track twisted sharply back into the hills. Beak Leary followed it at a lope, his eyes glinting warily ahead and to either side. The draw narrowed and the sides rose higher and more steeply. The trail showed that the cattle and the riders had slowed down to a walk. Beak shifted his holster slightly and loosened the gun, but he did not check his horse.

He had ridden perhaps five miles before he came to the pole fence across the mouth of the box cañon. Here the cattle had been driven through and the gate closed, but the trail of the horsemen led on down a narrow gully.

Beak considered the sign intently. "Box cañon corral," said he. "Bunch 'em up here; change brands; give them time to heal; then drive the loot out to the railroad. Well handled, Watson. We are dealing here with a superior intelligence. Next, where's the house?"

He proceeded cautiously now, walking his horse and checking him at every turn for a look ahead. After a quarter of a mile of this he caught the glimmer of green willows, running across the narrow gully he followed. He slipped out of the saddle and went on foot, leading the horse and crouching low. His nerves were taut as fiddle strings, ready to run, fight, or hide, as the cards might fall. So he came, silent as a bobcat, up to the screen of willows.

It was plumb ingenious — it was so! Right across the mouth of that gully ran as innocent a little irrigation ditch as ever a nester dug. It was lined on both sides with thrifty green willows, higher than a man's head. And beyond it stretched a patch of alfalfa, its blooms already purple and fragrant. And a snug cabin of quaking asp poles, with a mud roof and chimney; and a saddle corral; and a stable. There was even a shabby, covered wagon in the corral. Not rustlers, surely.

Then from behind the cabin came a screech and a babble of wild, gobbling sounds — inhuman, horrible. The hair prickled on the man's scalp and the horse jerked sharply at the slack reins, snorting and plunging. And there pranced out into the still sunshine of that alfalfa patch a shape of fear — a mad thing with white arms and legs tossing aimlessly, red eyes rolling, twisted mouth gobbling curses.

Beak Leary drew a deep breath. "Locoed!" he muttered. "Plumb locoed!" Crouched behind the willows, he waited for the next move. "Fever, likely," he whispered. "Doesn't look like a booze fighter." And he watched to see some one come to lead the sick man back to his bed.

NO one came. The thing in the alfalfa screeched again, and chattered, shrinking away from some phantom enemy. From the stable came the shrill, long-drawn whinnying of a hungry, thirsty horse.

That settled it. Mr. Leary turned and looked gravely into the eyes of the Fool Hen.

"Horse," he said, "looks like we're elected! If you brought your Red Cross cap, now's the time to put it on."

He got to his feet and led the horse across the ditch, through the willows; walked directly to the corral, and tied him securely to the fence. He unbuckled his belt, and hung belt and gun on a post. Then he turned to the sick man.

He was very tall, "as long" — Mr. Leary said afterward — "as long as a piece of rope." He wore undershirt and drawers, nothing else. As Beak approached he stared and muttered, but made no move to run or fight. He allowed himself to be led to the door. Here, however, he suddenly twisted free, screeched something about water, and tried to run back toward the ditch.

Mr. Leary did not wait to find a dipper or cup. He filled his hat from the ditch, dashed the water over the man's head and shoulders, gripping him around elbows and waist, and lugged him into the house, his long legs trailing limply.

The shock of the cold water seemed to have cleared the man's boiling brain a little, and he went slack and helpless as a sleepy child. Mr. Leary rolled him into a bunk, pulled the blankets over him, and walked over to the water bucket on the bench. He did not fill the dipper from that bucket, after one look. He found another, filled it at the ditch, and gave the man a long drink.

MR. LEARY then stood up and took stock of this emergency hospital in which he had, offhand, become head nurse. The inside of the house did not look as innocent as the outside. Not nearly. There was a double tier of bunks along one wall, six of them. In one corner was a gun rack holding three or four rifles. The walls were of heavy planks, fairly bullet-proof at long range. In the corner below the gun rack was a clutter of branding irons. The two windows had heavy plank shutters. There was a good cook stove, a table, and a few heavy chairs. And a cupboard, well stocked with canned stuff, a sack of flour, bacon, coffee, and so on. A big coal-oil lamp swung from the ceiling.

"Upon my word, Watson," drawled Mr. Leary, "we do ourselves well — very well indeed!"

He looked at his patient. The man lay flat, his face deeply flushed, eyes closed, breathing quietly.

Mr. Leary went to the door and looked over the ground from that side of the house. The alfalfa patch covered about five acres. The house stood at the upper

The steer lay on his side, his head stretched out. There was a bullet hole above the eyes. "Ha, Watson!" mused Leary. "What do you make of this?"

end of a little flat with abrupt, bare hills on three sides. An honest-looking wagon track led up through it. The irrigation ditch curved round a shoulder of hill, leading no doubt to a hidden spring.

Mr. Leary considered this prospect. "All fair and open," he said, "and not much chance of surprise from a frontal attack."

He walked out to the stable, untied the stamping, whinnying horse, let him drink his fill at the trough, and filled his manger. He had apparently been ridden hard two or three days back. The dried sweat and dust were still caked on his flanks.

Then Mr. Leary looked after the Fool Hen and made him snug for the night. He lifted his belt and gun from the post, thoughtfully, and walked slowly back to the house. "The question now before the meeting," said Mr. Leary, "is which party gets here first: the rustlers or the posse? And if the rustlers come first, will they stop to consider that a nurse is a non-combatant? The matter is open for debate."

The sun was dropping now, in a blaze of desert color. Mr. Leary turned in the doorway and watched it for a few minutes — a little wistfully, perhaps. A breath of cool wind flowed down from the hills. He surprised himself by a slight shiver. Abruptly he spun round and set briskly about his housekeeping.

His patient was muttering and tossing now. He quieted him with another long drink of water. Then he made a fire in the stove. He found what he wanted in the cupboard, and cooked himself a good supper.

When he had finished he emptied a can of condensed milk into a bowl, diluted it with boiled water, and fed the sick man.

Then he lighted the big lamp, closed the door, and slid the heavy shutters over the windows. When this was done he shook out the blankets in the bunk farthest from the sick man; slipped his gun into the corner near his head; pulled off his boots, coat, and trousers. After he had done what he could to make his patient comfortable he stood staring down at the man. He certainly was not much of an excuse for taking long chances. Mr. Leary sighed — and yawned.

"Ho-hum!" he said. "Well, maybe he's got folks somewhere. Anyway, we play 'em as they lie, I guess."

He slid back the shutters, blew out the lamp, and rolled into his bunk.

Sometime in the night he was suddenly wide awake. There was no drowsy pulling himself up out of the depths of sleep, and groping for a clew to his whereabouts. He was wide awake and thoroughly himself. He did not move and he kept on breathing steadily, but eyes, ears, and nose were all working.

There was a whisper of sound from the gun rack, and the soft pad of a bare foot. Mr. Leary softly freed one leg from the blankets, and as the crouching white shape leaned forward, peering to locate his head, he swung his foot against its shoulder and kicked it under the table. The rifle clattered on the floor. The man screeched once, and his hands scrabbled on the planks.

The matches were handy, and when Mr. Leary struck one he found his patient considerably disarranged. He set the rifle against the wall, and lighted the lamp. Then he dragged the man out from under the table. His fever had come up again, he was gobbling in that unpleasant way he had, and rolling his head and eyes. Mr. Leary put him back in bed, and considered him carefully.

"I wonder now," he reflected, "I wonder if maybe he mightn't be so locoed, after all. He was sure plenty stealthy till I kicked him."

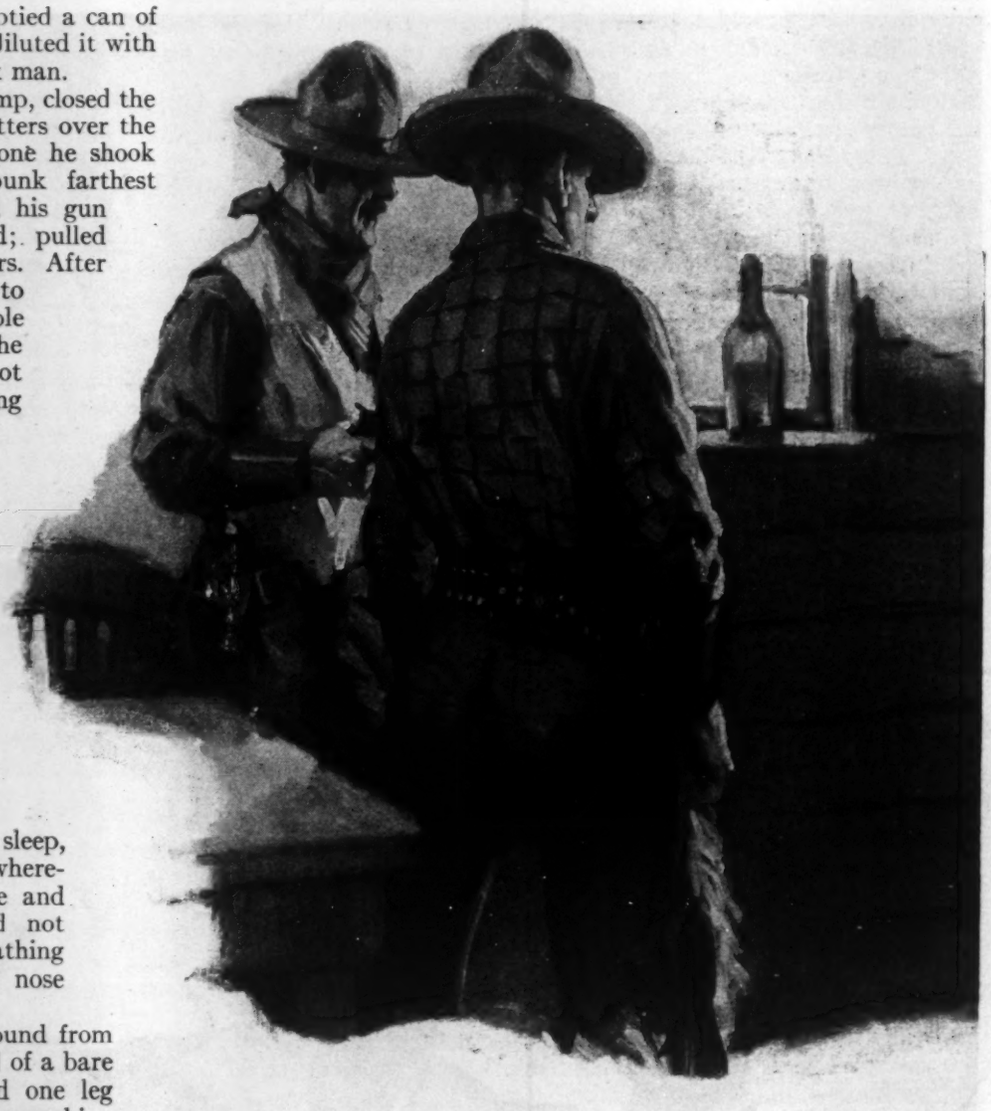
He picked up the rifle and stood over the man, making a show of trying the hammer and throwing a cartridge into the breech. He stuck the cold muzzle into the man's hairy throat, and threatened him with his eyes.

The sick man paid no attention. His head still rolled restlessly, his eyes were turned up, and he muttered a stream of words that made no sense.

Mr. Leary sighed, and put down the gun.

"If he's acting," he said, "he sure is an artist. I don't reckon Sarah Bernhardt could do it any better!"

He looked at his watch. It was nearly four o'clock. No use trying to sleep again. The house was chill with the cold of night in the desert hills. He made up the fire, dressed himself, put out the lamp, and sat where he could watch the sick man without being seen.



"Just back up against the wall, old timer, and keep Leary backed against the wall beside the

Time passed. The light grew, pale at first, then faintly pink with sunrise color. The sick man lay still, breathing deeply. Nothing happened.

WHEN the day was fully come Mr. Leary made up his fire, and set more water to boil. He watered and fed the horses, and when he came back to the house he brought a length of old lariat he had found in the stable. This he looped round the body of his patient, knotted it loosely, and dropped both ends between the bunk and the wall. Stooping, he drew the ends out and knotted them round the end post of the bunk. The man could move, roll over, use arms and legs, but he could not get out of bed.

"So!" said Mr. Leary. "No more sleep walking for you, *amigo;* nor any little barefoot dances in the pretty garden."

The sick man was sunk in a deep sleep or stupor. He made neither sound nor motion while all this was going on.

Mr. Leary made a good breakfast. While he ate his eyes ranged with minute attention all round the room. At last he found what he hoped for, hung on a peg in the dark corner back of the cupboard—a power-

'em up," drawled the man with the gun. And sick man's bunk—and kept 'em up

ful field glass. He tended and fed his patient and put the kitchen in order. Then he picked up his gun and the field glass, walked out to the stable, saddled the Fool Hen, and rode through the willows into the hidden gully.

AT the gate in the box cañon he studied the sign in the trampled, dusty earth. There was nothing new. Only two horses had trailed with the cattle, and, after passing the bunch through the gate, they had gone on to the house, as he had seen yesterday.

He passed through the pole gate, replacing it carefully, and rode quietly into the box cañon. About two hundred yards from the gate it widened out into a little park of perhaps twenty acres, fairly level, with low, water-worn cliffs all round it. There was a spring at the upper end, a few scrawny cottonwoods, and two or three acres of green, boggy-looking pasture. A number of cattle stood or lay about the pasture ground. Mr. Leary counted twenty-seven.

He rode slowly around the rim of the park, looking for another trail leading out. There was none. He found the ashes of the branding fire and the trampled earth where the animals had been thrown and branded. Several of them showed raw brands, all of the "window-sash" or checkerboard type. This is the easiest way to blot out an old brand. Also, it is the sure mark of a stolen animal. Mr. Leary took careful note of the state of the pasture. It was already much cut up in spots. He concluded that it would not feed this bunch more than ten days at the outside.

He rode soberly back to the house. His patient was restless, but not excited. He seemed weaker, and took what Mr. Leary offered without resistance.

Mr. Leary sat in the doorway, rolled cigarettes, and considered. He had picked up two useful facts in the box cañon. First, that there was only one trail, in and out. Second, that a bunch of cattle could not live there more than a few days at a time.

"FROM which we must conclude, Watson," he observed, "that our hosts, the owners of this fair domain, are certain to pay us a call within ten days. Also, that if we wish to see them first, we have only to watch two approaches: one through the gully, and one through the alfalfa.

"The alfalfa is easy. The faithful nurse has only to turn from the bedside now and then, and glance out of the door.

"The gully presents our chief problem. If the rustlers come first, they will likely sift in one or two at a time, that way. And after dark. Your true rustler is a shy bird. He shuns notice. If the vigilantes come first, they will be following the trail. They will come by daylight — and they will come a-running. Decidedly, the gully is our problem."

He got up, looked at his patient, slung the glass over his shoulder, and walked through the willows. He worked his way along the ditch bank, looking for something. Presently he found it: a faint foot trail, leading steeply up over the shoulder of the hill.

He climbed steadily, zigzagging uphill, and in a few minutes came out on the top of a pointed butte, three or four hundred feet above the house. From here he could look down into the box cañon and see about half the park. Also, he could trace the line of the sharp-cut draw in which the trail lay.

Then he gazed longingly over the sweep of hills beyond the cañon, where the sun shone on the tops of trees and shadows lay, dim and softly tinted, along the sloping sides. Desperately, Mr. Leary wanted to be riding those shadowy trails with the Fool Hen, fat and saucy, under him.

He sat down, rested elbows on knees, and carefully studied the draw through the glass. Again he found what he looked for. There were three stretches of the draw which ran almost straight in his line of sight, and with the glass he could make out the trail running along the bottom. He could pick up easily any rider moving through those stretches — if only he happened to be watching at the right time.

"Beautifully simple!" said Mr. Leary. "They keep a lookout here while they are working over the stuff in the corral, and there's no chance of a surprise."

He dropped down to the house again. It was still merely a question of which party got here first.

And this job of his, to which he found himself elected—it was not the kind of job he would have chosen, not by a long shot. But it seemed to him that he had it to do. And he kept on doing it.

THERE followed days of dull routine. Mr. Leary looked after the sick man with what skill he could muster. He kept himself clean, shaved, and well fed. He cared for the horses. And he waited. The deal was held up. There was nothing to do but wait. Every

day he spent what time he could on his lookout, watching the trail. Every night he drew the shutters as soon as the lamp was lighted.

No use offering a pot shot to any rustler who might slip up and look through the window at a perfect stranger making himself at home.

Mr. Leary did not enjoy waiting. It irked him. And he was not pleased with his patient's progress.

The man gave no more trouble. He was still out of his head most of the time. Now and then he fixed his eyes on his nurse with what looked like intelligence. But he neither spoke nor answered when spoken to. On the third day Mr. Leary took off the rope that tied him to the bed. His patient had grown too weak to stand.

Came the morning of the eighth day. Mr. Leary climbed heavily up toward his lookout. It had been a hard night. The sick man had come to himself about midnight. He had talked a little, in a queer, whispering drawl. It seemed he did have folks — back in Kentucky. Mr. Leary had promised to write to them at once.

Now he dropped listlessly down on his lookout, and lifted his glass. He came alive with a jerk. There was a haze of dust in the farthest stretch of trail. In a moment there flashed into sight in the second stretch two riders, then two more — seven all told. They were coming fast, like hounds on a hot scent. In half an hour, at that pace ——

Mr. Leary went downhill like a mountain sheep in a hurry, and without lifting his eyes from the trail. His wearisome job was over at last. He could send back a doctor from town to look after the sick man.

So, all full of good news and foolishness, he bolted into the house — and into trouble.

The trouble was one long-barreled forty-five gun, its wide, black muzzle looking him steadily in the eye. Two men were standing beside the table. One of them held the gun, and grinned unpleasantly.

"Just back up against the wall there, old timer," he said, "and keep 'em up. Now, tell us about it. Why all the hurry? Wasn't you brought up to knock before you opened the door?"

Beak Leary backed against the wall beside the sick man's bunk, and kept 'em up. His own gun was at the head of his bunk, doing him just as much good as if it had been in Cheyenne. He looked at his visitors, and thought fast. They must have come up by the road through the alfalfa, in broad daylight, and he had not seen them, being all excited about those riders in the trail. Fine little lookout, he was! And they did not seem at all pleased to see him. His job now was to try to hold them until the vigilantes rode in — and to try to keep alive while he was doing it. It looked like a real busy morning ahead of him.

"Well," drawled the man with the gun, "cat got your tongue this morning, sonny?"

He had a mean, murdering sort of face, this man had, and he handled that big gun real careless. Only one thing helped: they certainly were not expecting any raiding party this morning. When they suspected that, the shooting would begin. The thing to do was to talk — fast and foolish.

"I was hurrying back to look after this man," said Mr. Leary. "He's been right sick, you know."

"He sure looks it," said the man with the gun. "How came he that way? He was all right when he left us. About ten days ago, I reckon it was."

"He was plenty sick when he got here," said Beak. "Too sick to tend his horse, even. Left him tied up, with no water or feed. And crazy himself; plumb locoed. That's how come I horned into this game. Heard him screeching and ghost-dancing, and the horse calling for water. They would both of 'em been dead if they'd waited for you."

He was talking fast and nervously; he wanted to act as if he was scared silly. Perhaps they would go

Enchantment

By Patrick O'Shea

I FEEL the soft embracement of the wind;
The garden's mingled attars gird me round;
And there are swirls of melody, dim-defined,
Ripples of slumberous sound.

The starlight folds me, and the silken night
Wraps me in purple meshes, unseen bands;
Dreams touch me, shadowy dreams of lost delight
In long-forgotten lands.

Why all this subtle witchery, and whence,
That thrills me and exalts me? . . . O most dear,
It is some love-communicable sense
That tells me you are near!

easier if they thought that. He glanced down at his patient. The man lay on his left side, facing the room. His eyes were half closed, but Mr. Leary could see that they were gleaming like bits of glass. He was conscious and he was watching and listening intently; seemed to be waiting for something.

The other man spoke now, for the first time. He was older, slim, well-built, well-dressed, with a cold, dangerous eye. Looked as if he might be the brains of the outfit.

"PUT down your gun, Jake," he said quietly. Then, to Mr. Leary: "Stick your thumbs in your belt and keep your hands in plain sight. And talk straight. When I think you're lying, I'll shoot you first and question you afterward. Who are you?"

Mr. Leary told him the truth.

"Split X?" said the man, and looked hard at his companion, who answered the look hurriedly.

"No, chief," he protested, "never touched that brand. It's too close, like you said."

The chief's eyes glinted.

"Less of it!" he snapped. Then he turned to Leary again. "How long have you been here?"

Again Mr. Leary told him the truth. It seemed safer, and it helped to pass the time. Those riders were due any minute. He stood at ease now, his thumbs in his belt, and balanced lightly on his feet, but he was careful not to make any restless motions.

"Had any callers?" the chief went on.

"No," said Mr. Leary. "But that reminds me. This man needs a doctor and he needs him right quick."

The sick man stirred slightly and his eyes turned up toward Mr. Leary. They looked uncommonly bright. What was he waiting for?

The door still stood wide open, as Mr. Leary had left it when he bolted into the house like a runaway yearling. There was a little sound outside now. The chief turned, and glanced through the nearest window. He whirled round again to Beak Leary, his face contorted.

"You dirty spy!" he spat out savagely, and fired from the hip. There was no chance to dodge, but the sick man sprang up on his left arm, sudden as a lizard, his right hand held out.

"No, Randall! No!" he screamed. The shot roared across his scream, and he flopped heavily back.

INSTANTLY the room was full of men, and both windows crashed as others stuck their guns through from outside. It was smartly done, the odds were too heavy, and the rustlers put up their hands and turned face to the wall at the command which the leader of the raiders barked out.

Beak Leary bent over his patient for the last time. The bullet — that bullet meant for himself — had gone right through the man's bony chest, high up. He was done for, but his eyes were still bright — almost cheerful. He moved his right hand and Beak gripped it, leaning close.

"Tell them — tried — square it," he whispered. And so was dead.

A heavy hand fell on Mr. Leary's shoulder and whirled him round to stand against the wall again.

"Didn't you hear me tell you to put 'em up?" demanded the leader of the raiders. He was a solid, square-built man, with a black scowl. Mr. Leary didn't like his manners, or his gun, or his face, or anything at all about him.

"I was busy," he answered shortly, "with my friend, there. He's shot."

He rubbed his high nose reflectively, and looked over the roomful of men. Strangers mostly; must have come from over east. One or two of them might perhaps ——

One of the younger men, who had been busy disarming the rustlers and tying their hands, turned round now and pushed to the front.

"Shucks!" he said. "I know that nose. You're Beak Leary of the Split X. How come you're in this mess?"

Mr. Leary sighed, and lowered his hands.

"You have a good eye for noses, son," he said. "I sure do admire a quick eye."

Then he told them the truth again. He was getting used to it by now, and it came quite easy for him. As he told it the men eased out of their tense attitudes and put up their guns. They watched him, a little puzzled, but friendly enough. Even the leader smoothed that black scowl away and looked almost human.

The two rustlers, their hands tied behind them, were seated back to back on the table. As Mr. Leary finished, the one they called "Chief" spoke up.

"That's the same story he told me. Do you men mean to tell me he's straight, and that you didn't know he was here?"

THEY assured him it was so. He looked hard at Mr. Leary, and his eye did not seem so dangerous now.

"I'm glad I didn't get you, after all," he said quietly. "And I take back the 'dirty spy'."

Mr. Leary nodded.

"Fair enough," he said. "Give him one credit mark for that, boys."

At the word the vigilantes were recalled to their business. Their leader pointed to the dead man.

"Who was he?" he asked.

"Name was Gentry — Thomas Gentry," said Mr. Leary slowly. "Came from Kentucky."

The leader of the vigilantes turned to Mr. Leary again.

"You better drift along now," he said. "We have business with these men, and it's no business of yours. And one other thing — just see how good you are at forgetting faces. *Sabe?*"

"Sure," said Mr. Leary gravely. "I shouldn't be able to recognize one of you gentlemen, not if I was running for Congress."

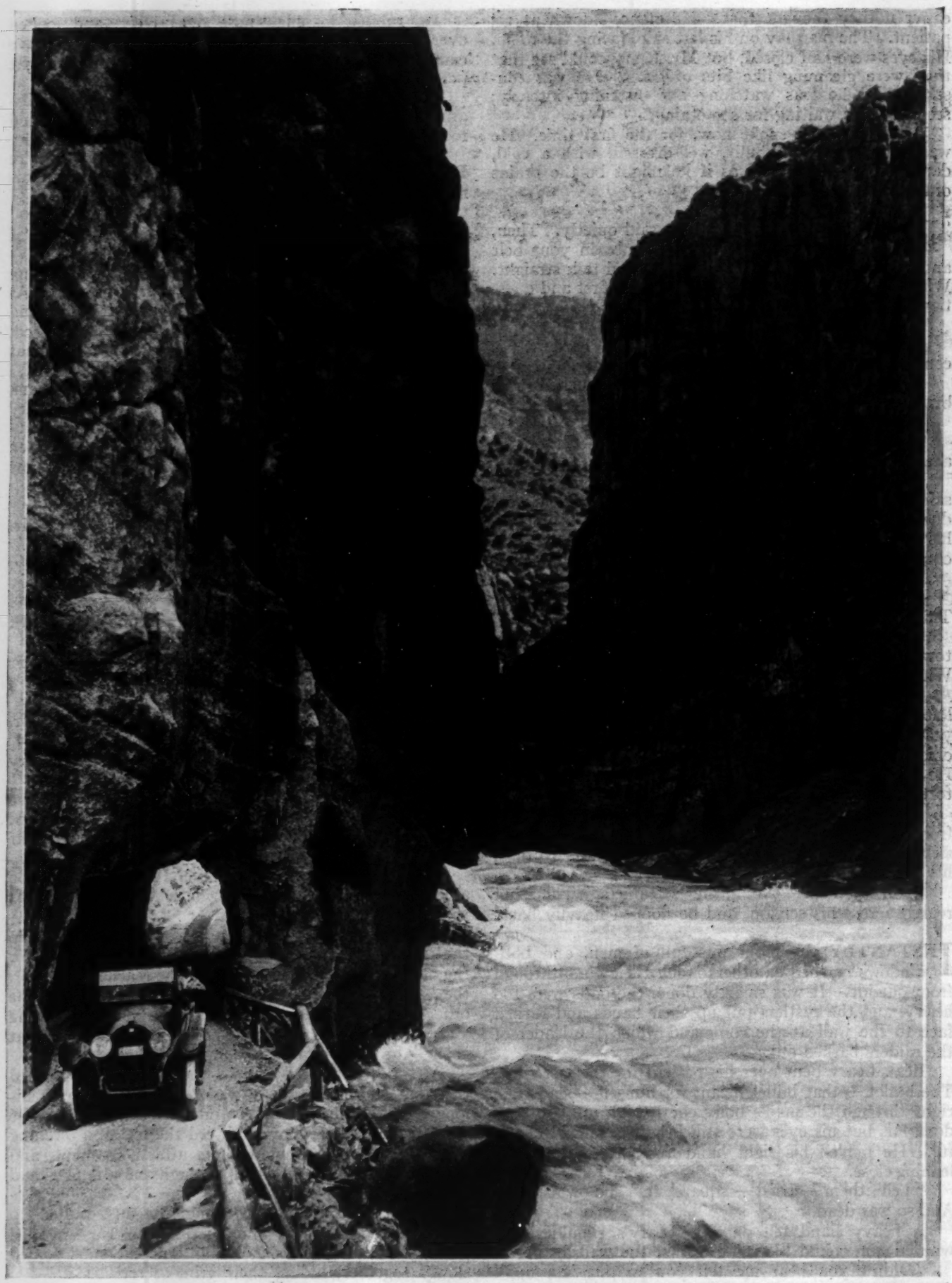
He picked up his gun from his bunk and turned to the door. The men shook hands with him, one after the other, in dead silence. Only as he reached the door, the "Chief" called out softly, "Good luck, son." The other rustler sat with his head on his chest, shivering and muttering. The yellow showed in him. But that chief — he was one bad *hombre*, but game.

Mr. Leary walked out to the corral and saddled the Fool Hen. The horse was fat and saucy with his long rest, and he pitched two or three times, just to be friendly. Mr. Leary sure enjoyed the feel of a pitching horse again, but he quieted him after a moment, and rode soberly down the road through the alfalfa — and he never looked back.

Time passed. The sun shone, the dust puffed up from the Fool Hen's shuffling feet, and his ears waggled placidly, keeping time. Behind him the hills folded slowly together, hiding their grim secret.

Mr. Leary sang once more that wistful little song that runs round the evening camp fire:

"Oh, a Ho-ome! A Ho-ome!
Where the Grass and the Water abound;
Where seldom is heard an Unfortunate Word,
And no Poisonous Herbage is found."



A New Gateway to the Yellowstone

Motorists planning a tour of the West this summer will find the new Cody Road to Yellowstone National Park a wonderful route, indeed. The above photograph shows one of the most picturesque spots along the highway—the Shoshone River rapids, in Shoshone Cañon.

In his first poker game with two detectives and a suspect, "beginner's" luck was with the parson

A Parson Turned Detective

The True Story of a Tennessee Minister's Strange Adventures Trailing a War-Time Crook for the Secret Service

By Sam K. Cowan

Illustrations by Lejaren Hiller

"COME to Washington at once. You are needed.—McDowell."

As he fingered the telegram from an assistant chief of the United States Secret Service, the Reverend William Maxim Stone experienced an unaccustomed thrill. Surprising, how the brief message made his blood tingle; startled him out of the uneventful peace of the Tennessee parsonage. He had expected a reply from McDowell, of course, but hardly such a peremptory summons. The letter he had sent to the Secret Service officer simply had asked the advice of an old boyhood friend.

"I want to help," the parson had written. "Where can I do the most good? I wanted to go to France, but

NOTE.—The author of this article vouches for the basic facts, but has for obvious reasons changed the names of persons and places mentioned.

they refused to take me into active service. Where can a minister best serve his government in war?"

And here in his hand was the reply; an urgent call; an order. Again the parson read the words on the little yellow slip.

Of course he would go.

Three days later a slender man in the garb of a clergyman stepped from the train at Washington, and made straight for the office of Assistant Chief John McDowell of the Secret Service. In his carriage was eagerness; in his manner a thoroughgoing deference, even as he handed his card to the office boy.

HE found McDowell deep in the rush of war business. And while he waited he saw men coming and going in a steady stream, and heard fragments of strange conversations. When McDowell finally turned to him the meeting of the two old friends was brief and to the point.

"What is it you want with me?" asked the minister. "What can I do?"

"We want you to go on the adventure of your life. There's a man by the name of Raymond Kennedy, an international crook, whom we are holding on a pretense in a hospital in New York. We want you to handle him for us."

"How handle him, John?"

"Rope him!"

"What's that?"

"Get in with him! Make him tell you what he is up to!" explained McDowell.

The minister winced. Disappointment and dismay were written on his face.

"You want me to become a detective?"

"That's it, exactly."

"No, no! I would be living a lie. I can't do that!" he protested.

"But you said you wanted to help your government." McDowell's words cut sharply. "Every day America is sending men to France, asking them to give up their lives. Do you want to pull back?"

"But ——"

"No need to decide now." The officer's voice had resumed its old friendliness. "Give me your answer to-night."

When the door had closed behind the Reverend Stone, Phil Padgett, an associate officer, turned abruptly to McDowell.

"Mac, why feed this inexperienced minister to a man whom you consider one of the cleverest crooks the department has tried to handle?" he asked.

"Simply because I think a soft-hearted minister is just the kind of man Kennedy will welcome with open arms at this point of his play at the hospital. There's Kennedy, rushed from jail by the doctors because his heart was 'acting up,' lying on a hospital cot — and waiting his chance. You know how he can make his heart misbehave whenever he wants to, with a little dope. In two weeks he'll have my good old friend the minister praying over him and running errands for him. Just wait! Sooner or later the heart patient will make a slip that will land him."

"BUT what about this minister? Can he play the game?"

"Don't worry about him," said McDowell. "He's a real man in broadcloth. I've seen him under fire. I've seen him in a terrific gulf storm at New Orleans — right at the front in the work of rescue. Danger couldn't stop him. In action he's resourceful. And he's adaptable — always the kindly minister, sympathetic and tolerant. Just the man to handle Kennedy, it seems to me," the speaker concluded, and turned to other matters.

It was nearly midnight when McDowell entered the minister's room at the hotel. The clergyman was in his shirt sleeves, stretched upon the bed. On his face were traces of the mental struggle through which he had passed. But he had reached a decision. McDowell had won.

There followed weeks of intensive training before the Reverend William Maxim Stone was ready to "handle" Kennedy. During this period the parson learned how to shadow suspects, to anticipate their actions, and to follow their trails. The concise accuracy of his reports won the commendation of his chief. Soon he found real enjoyment in his work — a certain satisfaction in knowing that here was an opportunity to help misguided men. For, as an officer of the law, he was the startling exception. Always his sympathies were on the side of the suspected criminal. To him there was good in every man. And this belief remained unshaken. While he performed his duties faithfully, his official reports became so intermingled with sympathetic appeals that one day McDowell said to him:

"Bill, won't you please put the facts into your reports, and leave your pleadings for a separate letter?"

Yet his sympathy and his sincerity made "The Parson," as they called him, beloved by every member of the force.

The minister's first big assignment was to go to New York and from there escort to Philadelphia a Belgian accused of appropriating relief funds. The man had come to this country from Antwerp and his credentials were unquestionable. It had been proved that while he was a Belgian by adoption, he was German born, and for a while he was thought to be a German spy. But it developed he had been lured to America by the flow of gold from the generosity of the public, and was just a common thief. Prior to the war, he had been a man of supposed respectability in Antwerp.

HE had not been arrested, but was in the net of Secret Service men at the New York hotel at which he was stopping. The arrest was to be made upon the parson's arrival. In the room with the Belgian was a Pennsylvania banker, one of a number of men of prominence and affairs who during the war went to the aid of the Secret Service without their connection ever being suspected. The banker was apparently acquiescing in the man's plans for a new Belgian relief campaign in the interior of Pennsylvania, and it was he who had secured from the supposed Belgian the facts upon which the arrest was to be made. In Philadelphia the man was to be confronted with the evidence of his guilt, and McDowell was to be in that city when the parson and his captive arrived.

The assistant chief had no sooner reached the Philadelphia office than he received a long-distance telephone call. It was the minister, speaking from the Pennsylvania Station in New York.

"John," he said, "you surely have this fellow all wrong. He's a nice man. And I'm afraid a terrible mistake is about to be made."

"But, Bill ——" began McDowell.

"I know what you're going to say, John," the minister interrupted. "But he has shown me his passports, his letters: official letters of identification from Belgium; personal letters from people here whom everybody knows. He has exerted a real influence in the effectiveness of this great work. He only wants ——"

"Are you going to prove a disappointment to me?" McDowell asked.

"No, John; but if we should be wrong a great injustice will be done. He has important appointments for this morning. I've verified them. If we come over on an afternoon train ——"

"Bill, you were sent to bring that man in. See that you do it!" said McDowell firmly. "And, on the train, be careful he doesn't pass your watch and pocketbook to some confederate."

"But, John, will you never believe in ——"

"Where is he now?"

"He's stepped over to get some cigarettes. Wait just a minute."

But several minutes passed, and McDowell, suspecting what had happened, hung up the receiver.

The minister had lost his man.

Perhaps it was bewilderment, perhaps it was a boyhood recollection that a hunted fox runs in a circle and comes back to the starting place, that induced the baffled parson to confine his search to the station. Out through the exits and back again he hurried, in an exciting, maddening search. At last, just outside the building, he saw his man making for a subway entrance. With a surging sense of relief, the minister overtook him.

As the parson laid his hand upon the Belgian's shoulder, a man a few paces behind them stopped and began to glance through some letters he had taken from his pocket. He was a Secret Service agent who had been quietly stalking the escaping suspect. He was under orders from McDowell not to lose sight of the swindler until he and the parson were safely on the train.

That near-get-away was one of many soul-trying ordeals through which the preacher-detective passed in the course of rigid training prepared by McDowell to break him in for the big adventure. The goal of it all was Kennedy. Through danger, hardship, and adventure the minister, still holding fast to his faith in men, was a good soldier. Only once did he rebel. That was when his chief called upon him to don his ecclesiastical robes, and to work secretly and deceptively under their cover. Even the underworld has a special term for the man who "ropes" them in the guise of a minister. He is a "gow."

TO McDowell, the minister was to be summoned to duty because of an especial fitness to accomplish an object. Just a sharpshooter, called because of his efficiency. But the Secret Service man saw he must bring the clergyman to his point of view. His decision was to shock the minister, argue it out with him, and be done with it.

The habiliments of a Lutheran clergyman were "planted" in the window of a pawn-shop near by and the parson was told to purchase and wear them upon a trip

The wounded soldier lunged toward the escaping Kennedy, and caught him in a vicelike grip.
"Back to that cot and off with those clothes!" he ordered

he was to make to Norfolk, Virginia, within a few days.

"Look here, John," the parson protested, "you ask me to desecrate the cloth!" He made the protest as a man injured in his pride rather than shocked, and McDowell was relieved.

"If a man were preparing to plant a bomb in an outgoing ship" — McDowell was set for an argument — "where lives would be sacrificed by the dastardly plot, and you could prevent it by wearing your ministerial garb, would you hesitate? Would that be desecrating it?" the officer demanded.

"No," he acknowledged. "But isn't there some other way?"

"Parson, the men in the Secret Service are actors. They have a part, an important rôle in the great tragedy of this war. They must be actors — pretenders — so that they may move with those who work in deception. When good is accomplished, does it matter what 'make-up' a man wears?"

But the parson was not inclined to carry on the discussion.

It was only a short while afterward that Padgett entered McDowell's office, laughing.

"Mac," he said, "the parson says he's going home."

"Well," said McDowell, "all we can do is to wait and let him mull it over."

The next morning the parson came into the office dressed as a Lutheran minister.

Finally, to round out his training, the parson was introduced to poker. One night in Philadelphia, partly in a spirit of fun and in part as a matter of discipline, McDowell made him take a hand in a game.

ONE of the Secret Service agents was "getting in" with a suspected government employee. To prove the thorough unscrupulousness of the man and to remove any possibility of suspicion against himself, the agent had arranged a poker game in which by crooked plays they were to "skin" McDowell, a supposedly wealthy lumberman in search of government contracts.

McDowell suggested the minister as an additional member of the party, describing him as a Southern planter who recently had inherited a large sum of money and was in the East for a view of the primrose path.

When the plan was outlined to him, the Reverend Stone volubly protested his ignorance of all poker plays. He scarcely knew the sequence of the cards. Yet in the end he obeyed and "sat in," much to the amusement of his chief.

Playing with a beginner's luck, he lasted longer as a gambler than they had expected. But when the first five-dollar stack of checks was gone he arose, declaring he would play no more. McDowell saw his earnest determination, and dared not oppose him.

But the minister had enacted his rôle, and his dejected departure added to the merriment of the party, allowing McDowell and his agent to become so confidential with the government employee that in a few days he made a full confession. Then the fingers of the law closed around him and he did his turn at time out at Leavenworth.

And now the time had arrived for the preacher to play his stellar rôle — as the roper of Kennedy. During the morning after the poker game McDowell broke the news to him.

"Parson, you have been playing with minnows. I'm going to send you now after a big fish. If you handle this man as I expect, you will make a reputation throughout the department. You have a chance to do as much for your country as any other man in the Service. This man Kennedy," McDowell continued, "is a confidence man; one of the smoothest we have run across. We know his record before the war when he was a problem to the Secret Service of both this country and England. We are holding him under a trumped-up charge of using the mails to defraud. He knows we don't want him for that, and he doesn't believe we've got a line on his work since the war broke out. He is right. We know only a part of it.

"All his efforts now are to get away to carry out his plans. When he realizes that his plans for escaping have failed, he will become desperate to reach his associates. We want you to find out who these men are."

"TELL me all you know about him," the parson urged.

"That's just what I don't want to do. I want you to find out for yourself, and to report to us every fact about him that comes to you, no matter how unimportant it may seem. If you knew his story, unconsciously you would give him a lead on you. You might make some reference to his past, or show that you knew some fact about him you had no reason to know. Instantly he would be done with you. We want you to be yourself — innocent where you are innocent, and surprised when the unexpected happens. No one but a real minister with his sympathies undulled would get by with such a man. You are free to do as you wish, to form your own opinion in regard to Kennedy — only, report to us."

McDowell paused to let his words sink in before he continued:

"The man is shrewd. He is an expert evader. He will even risk his life in order to gain his freedom. He makes judges lenient with him. He has the ability to distort the muscles of his face to make identification almost impossible. He has one of the most successful alibis the Service has found.

"He works with a confederate who is almost his double. So striking is the resemblance that the casual witness cannot distinguish between them. This double engages in legitimate business and assumes the rôle of a respectable citizen. Kennedy's game, when he finishes a job, is to lead his trail across the path of his respectable double and then disappear. The confederate always has some difficulty in disentangling himself, but, of course, he succeeds. Then he, too, disappears. Where he is now we do not know. But we want to know — and that's where you come in."

What McDowell really wanted, though he made no reference to the fact, was to have the minister draw a repentant confession from Kennedy.

In the weeks that followed the Reverend Stone, in clergyman's frock, made daily visits to the hospital where lay Kennedy, the "heart disease" patient. The kindly parson, passing from cot to cot, talked with the patients, many of whom were disabled soldiers. He carried flowers and magazines to the invalids, and often he would sit by a cot for hours reading. Each day he passed close to Kennedy, yet never did he pause to speak to him.

"LET Kennedy make the advance," had been McDowell's instruction.

At first Kennedy was indifferent to the minister's presence; then he began to watch him. Finally, as the parson was leaving one day, Kennedy called to him.

"Why is it you never stop and speak to me?" he asked curiously.

"You have never seemed to want me," the parson answered. "And the doctors say you need quiet."

At the inspector's words Kennedy sat upright. "Is that preacher a 'gow'?" he cried, and added bitterly: "He wanted me to go straight!"

There was the opening. It led to longer and longer visits at Kennedy's bedside.

The chief officials of the hospital knew of the minister's connection with the Secret Service, but to the internes and the nurses he was a clergyman of independent means who had come to New York to do whatever he could for the returning soldiers who had been wounded.

The first week of the developing friendship revealed one fact of interest to the parson. Each day, when the newspaper was given to him, Kennedy turned to the shipping news. He seemed interested in the announcements of arrivals and departures of ships. This, of course, was reported to McDowell.

Further discoveries followed. A young woman, expensively dressed, was visiting Kennedy every week. She was understood to be his niece, but she left no address. The minister's caution prevented him from making inquiries, but he had managed to obtain an introduction to her. His opportunity to learn more about her came when Kennedy asked him to telephone to her concerning a small purchase. Then the parson learned that a dashing young man in the uniform of an officer of the Air Service had taken up his lodging at the boarding house where the girl was staying. This youth, he discovered later, was another Secret Service agent.

Kennedy talked freely to the Reverend Stone about his aged mother, who, he said, lived in West Virginia. She had been an invalid for years, he confided, too ill to be told of her son's predicament. He even showed the minister two of his mother's letters, which the mystery girl had carried to the hospital in her hand bag. Neither letter was inclosed in an envelope, and neither bore a postmark.

THE parson's reports to his chief included the story of Kennedy's war service—as Kennedy had related it to him. And so far as the story went, it was true. Kennedy, it seemed, had joined the government's shipbuilding force as an experienced lumberman, and had proved to be a man of such ability and initiative that his advancement was rapid. He had attracted the attention of his superiors by the dispatch with which he relieved congestion of material in the war-time lumber plant at which he was stationed.

But what Kennedy did not tell the parson was that the war work of which he boasted was done under the name of Thatcher, and not as Kennedy. Nor did he recount that his continued efforts to be transferred to the purchasing department of the Shipping Board had brought about an investigation which resulted in the exposure of his criminal record and ultimately caused his downfall.

He did, however, say his discharge was due to unjust charges, a case of mistaken identity, brought against him by a man by the name of McDowell of the Secret Service, and the parson had gleefully reported, "You see, John, he's on to you."

MONTHS passed, and still Kennedy divulged no fact of clinching importance. He was concentrating his efforts on attempts to gain his release. At the time of his arrest, McDowell had attached his bank account, under the name of Thatcher, so that the fund would not be available for bail. McDowell was trying to drive Kennedy to appeal to the men whom the Secret Service suspected. He sought to establish the fact that these men had reasons for aiding Kennedy. Why these friends would not give a cash bail, or allow the mystery girl to make the deposit for them, was a puzzle to the Secret Service chief. If they were "double-crossing" him, Kennedy would be sure to "squeal," he figured. But Kennedy proved more difficult than they had expected. He kept his associates under cover, forcing McDowell to wait because of his silence.

By this time the sympathetic parson firmly believed that Kennedy had nothing incriminating to confess.

"He may have been a bad man, but now he's a seriously ill man — a man without friends," he told McDowell. "Isn't it inhuman to keep the man confined where he will surely die?" he protested.

Nor had the young Secret Service man, posing as an aviator and associating daily with the girl, been able to make any progress. The situation caused McDowell to tighten his net.

The girl, unsuccessful in her efforts to have Kennedy's bail reduced and denied further permission to visit the hospital, now reached out for the parson as the means of communication. That the Reverend Stone should "fall for her," and defend the delivery of what he believed were harmless messages, was a contingency for which McDowell and Padgett had prepared. The minister was shadowed on his trips to and from the hospital. And at length, when the girl attempted to speak to him on the street, the "shadow" intervened and warned her that a repetition of the incident would cause her detention. The isolation of Kennedy was to be complete.

When Kennedy was informed of this incident by the minister, he realized that he had been cut off from communication with the outside world, and he sought impatiently for some explanation of the new restrictions. He observed that his guards were increasing their vigilance. He observed, too, that in the movement of hospital cots all the men placed near him were wounded soldiers. He expected little aid from them. "A German spy," he overheard one of them saying.

And now there appeared on the scene a new character, bearing the name of "Walter Steadman." At frequent, though irregular, intervals, he visited the hospital to inquire about Kennedy, or to leave some message about Kennedy's mother. Then, one day, a young man, who explained that he was "secretary to Mr. Steadman," came to the minister with the information that Kennedy's mother was dead.

The news touched the parson's heart, already softened toward the man on whom he was spying.

"Even if Kennedy is a criminal, he is now only a pitiful wreck," he pleaded with McDowell. "Surely, John, some leniency should be shown him. He has asked only that he be allowed to attend his mother's funeral. Surely you will let him go."

"All he wants is a chance to escape," was the chief's curt reply.

"John, your connection with criminals has left you without a heart. I want the district attorney to appoint me one of his deputies," the parson pleaded. "I will take Kennedy to the funeral and will be personally responsible for his return. He has made a heartbroken, pitiful promise that if I will help him in this, he will prove to me that I shall never regret my confidence in him. The man is so earnest in his pleading."

"Did the suggestion of this trip come from you or from Kennedy?"

"It came from him, but ——"

"Bill, if any other man in the Service made such a proposal, he would lose his job. Promise me you will not appeal to the district attorney or I shall wire him to refuse any request you make," said McDowell sternly.

Depressed and rebellious, the Reverend Stone returned to the hospital, knelt beside Kennedy's cot, and prayed. It was a devout prayer. He prayed that the sins of Kennedy be forgiven, that he be led to repentance and renunciation of the life he had been leading.

FOR days Kennedy and the minister talked of religion. And at length the sick man grew penitent. He unfolded the story of his past life.

"Once out of this trouble," he said, "I'll never return to the old life." If released, he offered to go to South America, to begin life anew. And so the parson made an earnest effort to obtain a parole for him.

And then one day Kennedy read in the paper that a certain ship had arrived in port. He asked the minister to telephone to the ship's captain that he was ill in the hospital.

When "Captain Bruce" of the lately arrived vessel called at the hospital a few days later, the parson, who met him in an outer room, was amazed at the resemblance of the two men, despite the stranger's weather-tanned face and his unkempt beard.

"I wonder if this could be Kennedy's missing double," he said in his report to McDowell that night.

In due time the papers scheduled the departure of

"Lieutenant X" Writes Again In McCLURE'S Next Month

THE series of articles by Lieutenant X and Major Russell, appearing in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE have been among the outstanding features of popular interest in the entire periodical field for the past year.

Never has the American public been given so vivid an insight into the workings of the Secret Service.

The accompanying article by Sam K. Cowan offers an amazing glimpse of Secret Service work in this country during the war. Next month Lieutenant X will again hold the stage with a new real-life romance of detective work in France.

The July article will be followed by still other Secret Service disclosures from the pens of both Lieutenant X and Major Russell.

Captain Bruce's ship. Two days before the vessel was to sail Kennedy suffered one of his "heart attacks" — an attack so violent that the attending physicians feared for his life. Deeply concerned, the parson wired McDowell to come, as a personal favor, to see the condition of the sick man.

Kennedy lay in a state of coma. Screens were placed about his cot and he was left in quiet, save for the nurse's periodical visits.

Late in the second night, from out a seeming stupor, Kennedy slipped from his cot, fully dressed. In an interval between the rounds of the nurse he had appropriated the clothing of a neighboring patient, and had dressed beneath the bed covering.

As he crept stealthily from behind the screens that inclosed his bed, a wounded soldier arose silently from a cot near by. The soldier did not reach for his crutch, nor did he wince as his swathed foot touched the floor. Instead, he lunged toward Kennedy, caught him in a viselike grip.

"Back to that cot, and off with those clothes!" he ordered.

Surprised and thwarted, Kennedy, his lips curled in a sneer, crept back to his bed.

"So you are one of them, too!" he muttered. "Well, it's a lazy life I've been leading you!"

The next morning McDowell, apparently responding to the minister's appeals, arrived in New York to interview Kennedy. The patient was moved into a private ward, where a detectaphone had been installed. The parson and a stenographer were in an adjacent room listening at the other end of the wire. To McDowell, the procedure was simply a part of the final closing in on a suspect; but the parson was tense with suppressed excitement.

"SO, after all, you're just a cheap grafter, are you?" It was McDowell's first question as soon as he and Kennedy were alone.

"Big chance I've had for sailing around collecting graft on ship supplies," Kennedy muttered. "Where is your detectaphone?"

"Right there — at the head of your bed!"

"You'll need witnesses to twist any information you get to suit your own purpose."

"Want them in here? I only thought we'd grow more confidential if they were not hanging around. Let's see now" — McDowell was making a pretense of mental calculations — "your share of the booty should be about nine thousand dollars. Isn't that right?"

"You bring good news," Kennedy assured him.

"I knew I would. You haven't had any for some time. You've nine thousand dollars — that is, if you and Captain Bruce split fifty-fifty."

Kennedy raised his eyes to McDowell's — very slowly.

"Are sea captains giving money to strangers now?" he asked.

"Didn't he tell you he was to go under the name of Bruce?" demanded McDowell.

"Who?"

"Your old partner."

"From the way you can keep me locked up, I must not have a partner. Tell this Captain Bruce to add another thousand to my share, and I'll have bail money."

"But I want that. I want to credit it to the government for the expense of keeping you locked up."

"Oh, well! This is just something else that didn't go through for me."

"And your little game the other night when the soldier grabbed you didn't go through, either, did it?" McDowell retorted. "Tried to reach Bruce's ship, did you? He was to hide you, and you were to make a clean get-away!"

"What a partner you would make!"

"But if you had reached the ship, you would have found a surprise there for you."

"What?"

"Another captain in charge."

"Where's Bruce?"

"Interested in him, are you? What's the use, Kennedy? I know that Bruce is your old double, so why hold out on me? Bruce is under arrest."

"I suppose you want me to ask questions," said Kennedy calmly. "Why was he arrested?"

"FOR doing two things — one clever, the other stupid. At a Norwegian port, sea water got into the fuel-oil tank of the ship Bruce was running. He reported the oil a total loss, but he really salvaged six hundred tons of the ship's capacity of one thousand tons. He charged the government for the thousand, and pocketed the difference."

"I seem to have trained him well."

"Yes; too well. Not satisfied with this, he began padding the cost of repairs on his ship."

"That *was* stupid. But I'm interested. How did you spot him?"

"He called here to inquire about you. Once we were on his trail, the rest was easy. We paid the price to the right seaman, and got the story. The best part of it all was that we found out how both of you were able, in the past, to make such clean get-aways. You put to sea on a tramp schooner that he sailed."

"Then he did *two* stupid things," said Kennedy. "The second was to show sympathy for me."

"We would have got him, anyway. Your foot slipped once."

"More news!" Kennedy's tone was sarcastic. "But not so good this time."

"You asked Mr. Stone to telephone Bruce."

Kennedy sat upright.

"Is that preacher a 'gow'?" he cried, and added bitterly: "He wanted me to go straight!"

"He would have helped you," said McDowell, "but you wouldn't let him. You just lied to him all the time. If you want to get out, here's your chance."

"What's the proposition?" For the first time Kennedy discarded his smile of indifference.

"We want you to help in the prosecution of Winstead and the men in that lumber deal."

"Who is Winstead?" Kennedy drawled.

"Cut it! And come clean!" McDowell snapped at him. "We know now the whole game from the time you tried to get into the purchasing department of the Shipping Board. The lumber was sold last week — and not to your gang. You'll not get a dollar out of it," McDowell added triumphantly.

"Maybe I know that."

"YOU do know it. You used the condition of your mother's health as a code of communication. What a scoundrel you are!"

"If *I* said that to a sick man, you'd call it rough stuff."

"Even worked the minister by pretending your old invalid mother was dying. Kennedy, your mother died in Detroit, in 1899, over twenty years ago! And you know that I know it!"

"Had to tell him something — and he lapped that up." Kennedy smiled.

(*Continued on page* 125)

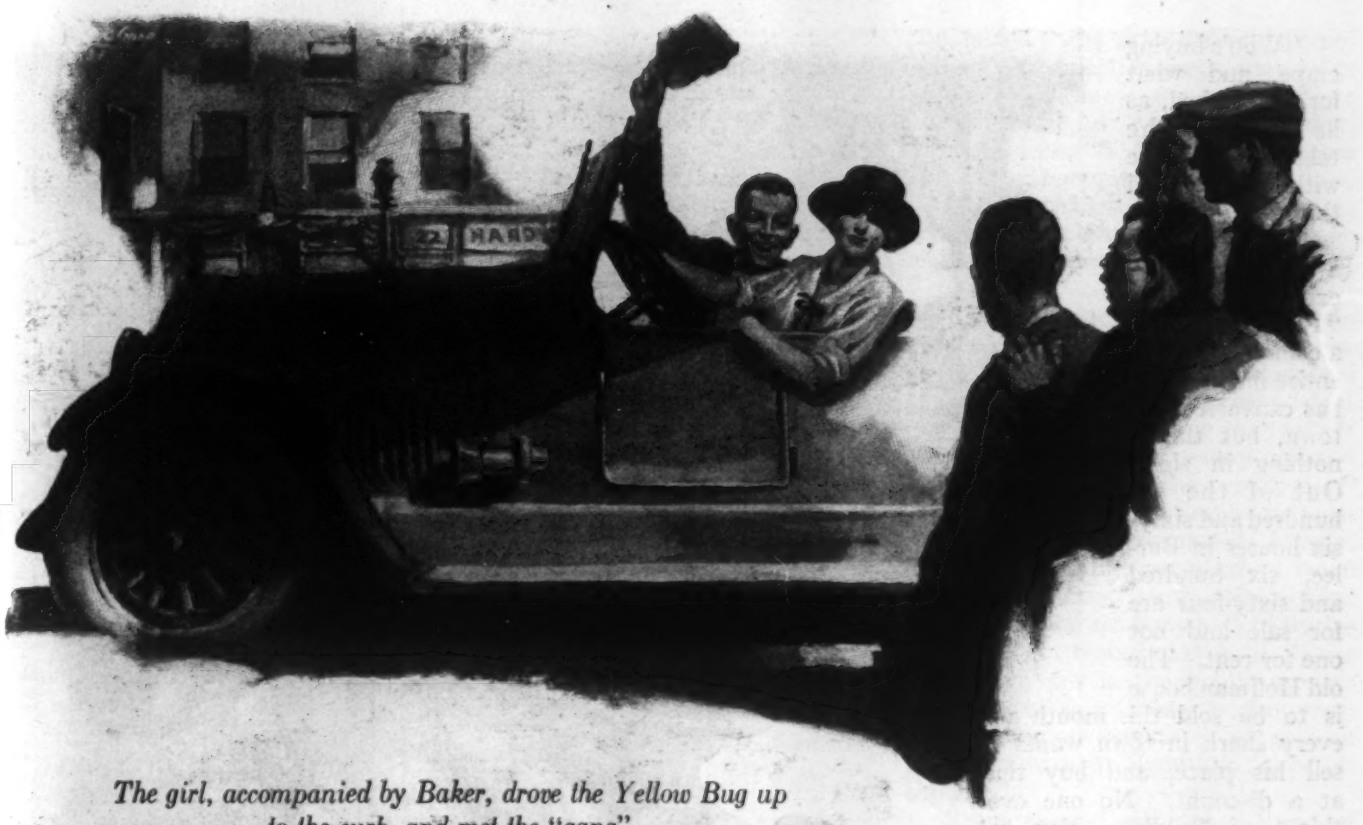
From photos and map by Henry Woodhouse

Captain Amundsen in Arctic Costume

The Greatest Adventure of the Century

UNDERTAKING an exploit that for sheer heroism has few parallels in the history of exploration, Captain Raold Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, is planning now to conquer the North Pole by air. Late in June, if all goes well, he hopes to make a non-stop flight in a metal monoplane from Point Barrow, Alaska, across the pole to Spitzbergen — a distance of 1950 miles. News of his take-off on this extraordinary voyage may be carried to the nearest radio station by a chain of huge signal fires along the coast.

If Captain Amundsen's plane fails him there is slight chance of his ever being heard of again. The above map shows his contemplated route and the location of his icebound ship, the *Maud*, which is now being carried toward the pole by the arctic drift. The *Maud* will perhaps take five years to make the trip that Captain Amundsen hopes to make by airplane in less than twenty-four hours.



The girl, accompanied by Baker, drove the Yellow Bug up to the curb, and met the "gang"

She Buys the Town

And In the Buying Lil Hampton, Apostle of Service, Wakes up Sleeping Burlee

By George S. Harney

Illustrations by Theodore Van Gorp

THE Carrol Henderson Post, American Legion, of Burlee, was holding its irregular meeting at the regular place, the back shop of the Little Palace Cigar Store.

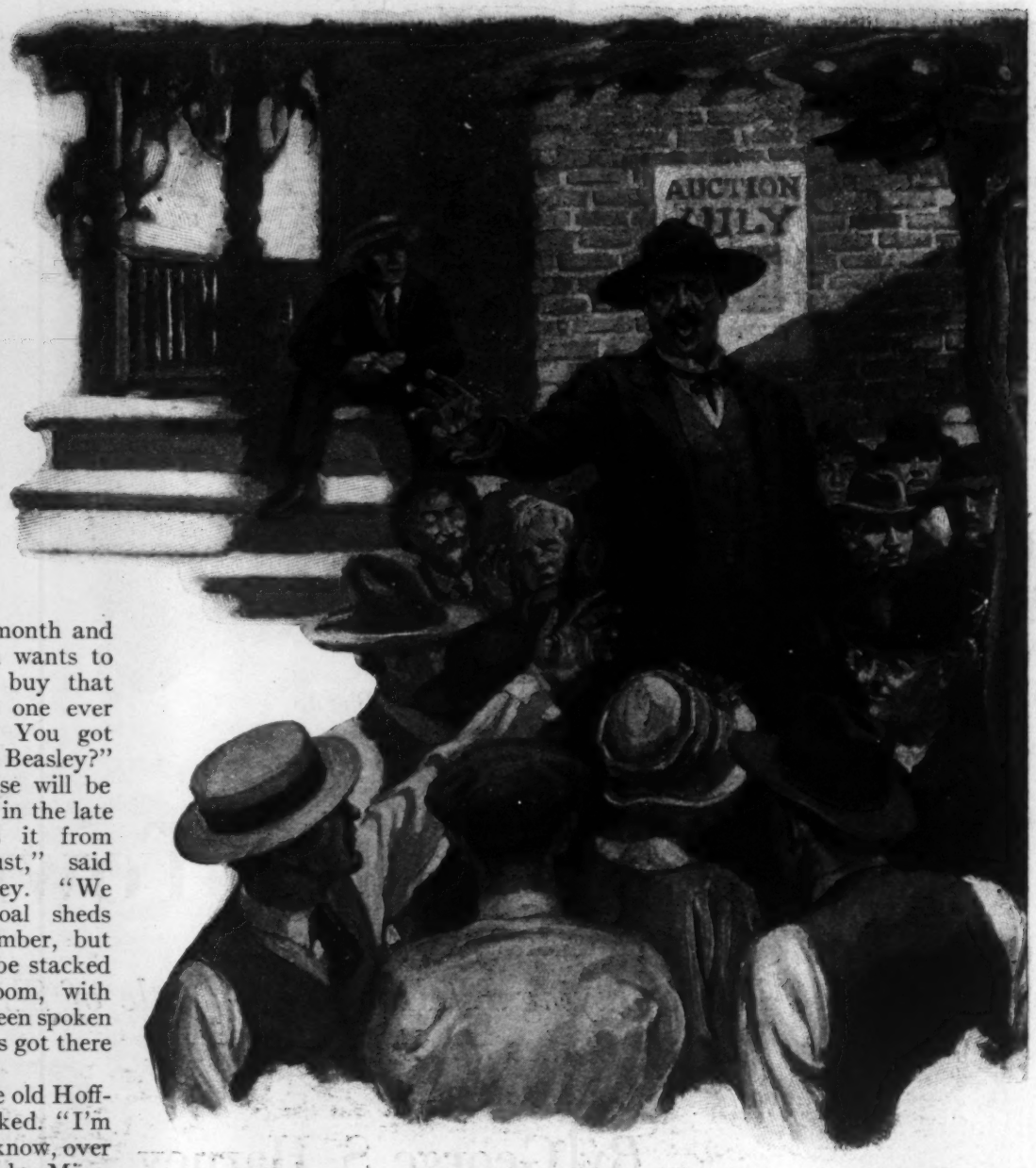
Glader, proprietor and clerk, had lighted the lamps, arranged the boxes — lately containing Connecticut wrapper or Havana filler — in a semicircle around the workbench, and notified the gang out front that the meeting could begin.

The post roster held eighty-one names. Eleven were present. "Mugsy" Baker made it an even dozen as he crutched in and stacked his sticks in the corner. Colter, post adjutant, had been for reading the burial service for the post out in the open.

"The dying ought to have all the air possible, and the Graves Registration Bureau can mark the spot right here in the street, so that the public can keep it in mind how it's treated us," he explained. "Quite a contrast, I'll say, to the pretty picture drawn by Spellbinder Bloodgood, the night we organized at the court house a little more than a year ago, wasn't it, fellows?

"Then Burlee was to vote us a memorial building, Parian marble, with a hospital annex and a gym, knee-deep carpets and Spanish-leather lounges. It sure was a dream of a speech — and a dream of a building, as we know now. We've tramped the town over ever since, cutting down our first estimates and cutting out conveniences until it looks now like Blake's cowshed would make a dandy post quarters, if the cow would only die and Bill would tear out the partition. I say we tie crape around the charter and hang it in the post office, with to-night's date on it. I reckon this'll be the post's last session."

"Mugsy" Baker had just arrived in town, the same Mugsy who won the 1917 pennant for the "Grays" and a try-out on the Cardinals in the spring of 1918, an engagement indefinitely postponed for a more pressing matter, involving most of America's young men. Later, a German *minnenwurfer* in Belleau Wood attached him to crutches, probably for life.



"Who's buying crape, and what for?" he asked, as he tamped the tobacco in his pipe with a practiced thumb.

"We can't find a meeting place," explained Colter. "For three months a committee of the entire membership has canvassed this town, but there's nothing in sight. Out of the six hundred and sixty-six houses in Burlee, six hundred and sixty-four are for sale and not one for rent. The old Hoffman house is to be sold this month and every shark in town wants to sell his place, and buy that at a discount. No one ever thinks of building. You got anything to report, Beasley?"

"Sibley's ice house will be all right for meetings in the late fall, but he wants it from December to August," said Quartermaster Beasley. "We could use Hall's coal sheds from May to September, but after that coal is to be stacked there. One lodge-room, with walls and doors, has been spoken for. The other fellows got there first, unfortunately."

"Why not buy the old Hoffman place?" Baker asked. "I'm keeping time, as you know, over at the Swallow Fork Mine. Just home for some clothes, and to attend this meeting. But it looks to me as if we could get hold of that house at the sale."

"Buy a house?" snorted Beasley. "We couldn't buy a cheese sandwich! We owe Glader the money advanced to Nicky Sowers to get him to Hot Springs. We owe the band; we owe Simpson for printing — and we've got four dollars in the treasury. The Salvation Army has been sending a weekly dun for the twenty-five we subscribed to its State budget last fall. We couldn't buy a bird cage. Get out the rituals. Let's read the Service for the Dead, and have it over."

"But hold on, fellows!" Baker reached for his crutches to sustain his position, if not his argument. "Let's cut out this surrender stuff for to-night, anyway. I came all the way down here, full of pep and a scheme to put over, and you get out your hammer an' shovel before the doctor pulls down the eyelids. We sure will be ashamed all the rest of our days if we let a little thing like this bump us off."

"What's your scheme?" asked Colter.

"Why, I'd like to see this post give honorary membership to a girl — the Hampton girl over in Madden Valley. Oh, I know you can find forty rules against the move, but I'd rather be thrown out for doing something, than die of dry rot. With her on the committee, we could buy or build a home, increase the membership and attendance, raise the dues, give a circus or a minstrel show, elect all the county and city officers ——"

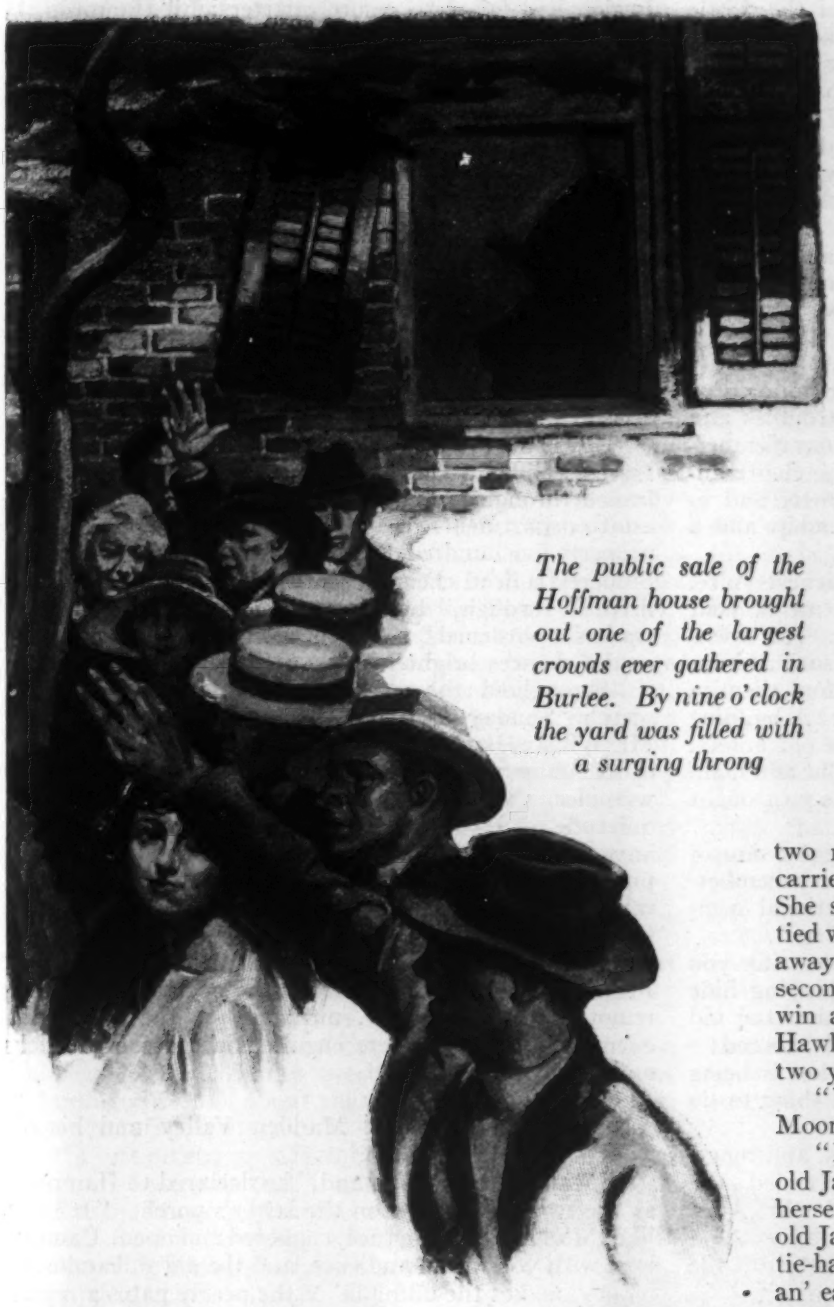
"AN' raise one corner of hell and put a block under it," interrupted Beasley. "It sounds all right — sounds like a year ago. But, maybe she won't join the post; maybe she won't perform like you say!"

"How would you initiate her?" yelled "Rabbit" Moore, above the rabble of questions hurled at Baker. "Like you did me? Well, I guess not!"

"She's the girl who drives the Yellow Bug around here on Saturdays; I know her," said Beasley. "She's strong at the First National."

"She's strong at all the banks in this part of the State," said Baker. "The Swallow Fork and Blue Jacket pay her enough in royalties to keep one bank busy makin' the change, to say nothing of the money she gets from her farms and timber."

"I know that girl; her name's Lil Hampton," said Longly. "She's done more for the ex-service men than everybody else put together, not leaving out the government. Why she found Len Houston a job, after sending



The public sale of the Hoffman house brought out one of the largest crowds ever gathered in Burlee. By nine o'clock the yard was filled with a surging throng

him up to St. Louis for repairs; she's got 'Slats' Galloway in the hospital right now, and they're almost ready to lift that gas cloud that's bothering him. Lucas and Terry are working on her farms; 'Fluty' and 'Old Fifty-seven-variety' Smith she sent to Hot Springs."

"WE'VE got over two hundred ex-service men in this county, and I'll bet she helps or encourages half of them," said Baker. "She doesn't talk; she just does! She wouldn't know a bonus bill from an Airedale, or a bureau from a howitzer. 'Hospitalization' and 'compensation' aren't in her vocabulary, but with one person like Miss Hampton in every county, we'd have all the problems worked out while the 'expert' was figurin'. Say, fellows," Baker went on enthusiastically, "this girl is just lookin' for a broken-down, crumpled-up, disheartened group like this one of ours for a plaything to practice on."

"Well, we won't pull any parlor stuff," said Colter. "Let's bring her right in here, set her down on a box of Horseshoe, and tell her the whole truth. It's no reflection on us that the old town has turned pirate, and is flyin' the skull an' crossbones. And it's no reflection on us that we're broke. Of course we can't initiate her, or make her an actual member. She'll understand that. But we *can* give her an honorary membership, and make her chairman of the building committee, and all stand ready to go when she throws her into 'high'."

"I'LL see her to-morrow and explain that it'll enlarge her sphere of action to accept an honorary membership in the post," said Baker. "And that's about all we've got to give. If she falls for it, I set Tuesday night — and right here — for the ceremonies."

"If she comes, let Colter do most of the talking," suggested Longly. "And you, Rabbit, put a safety valve on your initiation stuff! She's wise. She went to the academy here in Burlee and she's got more books in her house than we've got in the public library; more 'jack' right in her pocket than we've got in our banks. That girl can get about without being told, cited, or shown."

"Sure thing," said young Rand, of the Burlee Trust. "She draws contracts, signs checks, leases land, runs two mines, owns stock in the smelter, and carries the biggest bank balance of any depositor. She saved the Wilson boys when they got hog-tied with Baldwin and his mortgage; took Benny away from the sheriff; made the boys give her a second mortgage on the land; surrogated Baldwin and his mortgage; leased the land to the Hawkins mines, and paid the whole thing off in two years."

"Where did she get her start?" asked Rabbit Moore.

"Her mother died when she was a baby and old Jack Hampton, her father, just let her bring herself up," answered Baker. "She played with old Jack's dogs, scrapped with the hill-billies and tie-hackers, and had 'em all followin' her round an' eatin' out of her hand."

"And when she got big enough," put in young Rand, "she took over the management of old Jack's land. He owns about everything around him — mineral land, timber land, bottom land — but it all had to be leased, cleared, and cultivated. She did it. My aunt lived out there. Old Jack didn't draw many visitors, and the girl grew up as shy as a quail. It was only when she butted in at the academy here, with her poke bonnet and hickory aprons, that Burlee folks found out there was such a person. But you bet they're finding her out now."

"I'll say they're findin' her out!" said Baker. "Tommy Kane found out she had a sixty-horse-power engine buried under the hood of that awful boat of hers. One day he drove along in front of her on the Florence pike, and teased her into tryin' to pass. She was givin' him her dust after the first quarter — and Tommy wears goggles an' drives a racer. And —— "

"Tuesday night'll be all right as far as I know," Colter interrupted. "You fellows get here sharp at eight."

On Tuesday night, promptly at eight o'clock, the girl, accompanied by the enthusiastic Baker, drove

the Yellow Bug up to the curb in front of the Little Palace Cigar Store, met the gang, and walked into the back room, to a seat in the circle. Her composure relieved the post, especially Longly, who asked her some questions, requested the candidate to stand while Colter administered an informal oath, and called for the post to be seated when the ceremony was over.

Lil Hampton had stood, with her escorts on either side, during the proceedings. She was taller than Whitted and somewhat heavier than the lanky Blake, yet one could not say she was "mannish." She took her seat on an empty tobacco box when the chairman rapped his gavel.

"AND now, Miss Hampton, you're it," complimented Colter. "Baker's told you of our troubles and we're inviting you to share them along with your membership. If you will, we want you to accept the chairmanship of our "Searching-for-a-home" Committee and to help us in this move for a bigger membership and a better organization."

"I hope I can help," she said in an earnest voice. "At least I'll try. When Mr. Baker told me of your troubles I was sure I could find a way out. All towns the size of Burlee ought to take care of such things; I believe they will, if the matter is laid before them in the right way — and I think I know a way. A building with a hall in it, or, better still, one of these old homes, properly fixed up, ought not cost much. But the main thing is to see that folks are waked up. The post ought to make this a big thing."

"Well, we're willing to make it the biggest day of the year!" exclaimed Longly. "We'll put on a membership drive, have a barbecue, invite the national commander, the governor, or even Marshal Joffre."

"I wasn't thinking of what was to happen after you get your home," said the girl, her smile playing hide and seek with a dimple. "My plans are that the old town shall be jolted, hit, booted, and floored — and then waked up. All this while the dicker is being made. Burlee needs a jolt, and I haven't a thing to do for a full month but to see that it gets it.

"But I must look around for a few days, and renew acquaintances. You know, when I attended the academy here a few winters back, I stayed with Aunt Polly Chute. She put up with my hickory aprons and sun bonnet in those days, and set me right with the principal when I was called up for fighting with the boys about a ball game that I thought ought to have been won by our side. Aunt Polly was good to me then, and I'm sure she'll take me in again."

The Legion was of the opinion that Burlee was past all aid. "Show me a finished town, and I'll show you a dead town" is the slogan of the efficiency expert. Burlee was a finished town.

The old city was existing, it had existed for fifty years apparently for the sole purpose of raising a crop of youth to scatter and sow in more fertile places. The young men and women of Burlee lived in the old nest only while pin feathers and coverts strengthened for the flight to busier marts.

No one ever built a house in Burlee. With no buildings added and none for rent, the problem of handling the newcomer was trimmed down to the question, "How much money has he got, and how badly does he need a house?" So that trading for any chance place on the market, buying one on the day of a forced sale, and selling it to the newly elected county officer, the new preacher or teacher as soon as possible thereafter, was the chief business of a la ge number of the city's leading citizens. In Burlee, under described conditions, the Legion had failed to secure quarters; Lil Hampton, of Madden Valley, had promised to solve the problem.

For a week or more the girl was seen driving about the town in the yellow roadster, or footing it across suburban acres. She converted the "spare room" down at Aunt Polly Chute's into an improvised office. She made lists, not only of the suitable properties, but of all the available ones as well.

In her trips to the half dozen real-estate offices of Burlee she gave out the information that she was seeking a home for the local Legion, and might aid them financially if a suitable place could be found. She interviewed residence owners in their homes and on the street. In two days it was known, even in remote quarters, that a "prospect" was in sight, and wits were whetted accordingly.

Down at the Burlee Trust Company, Lemuel Isgrigg, alive to the fact that there was game afoot, leaned through the wicket to inform Gore, of the real-estate department, that he had raised the price on his property five hundred dollars. "She's got the money, my property is dead cheap at the price, and I believe I can drive it through," he boasted. Several other uptown traders "hardened" prices in a kind of tentative pool as the chances brightened.

Throughout the week Lil Hampton continued her search. Sunday she spent with her father and his guest, Mr. William Bacon, late of Mexia, Texas, and previously of the ranges of the southwest. "Bacon Bill," roper, wrangler, chuck-wagon expert, had sought peace and quietude at his own ranch near Burkburnett, only to have his solitude broken by oil jacks, drillers, derricks, pipe-lines, and royalty checks. From this clutter of rabble and riches he fled to Mexia, but Nemesis in the form of oil — crude, smelly oil — still pursued. The new Bacon acres overlaid the rich Woodbine oil sands. For a few months he withstood the onslaught, yielding remote acres grudgingly, until at last the corral and even his own shack were engulfed in a sea of derricks and production.

IN despair, he sought Madden Valley and his old crony, Jack Hampton.

"Madden's my last stand," he declared to Hampton, as the two were seated on the latter's porch. "It looks like I'd whipsawed the turn, coppered and open. Campin' here with you for an audience, and the gal to handle my money, makes the unfoldin' of the pearly gates a regrettable instance. My notion of heaven don't differ from this a particle. If this oil jinx follows me here, it's all off. Before I'd thrust the misery of riches on any one else, I'd buy a boat and anchor it in the middle of the gulf and defy it to do its worst."

During the day Lil Hampton held frequent consultations with Bacon Bill.

"Shore I'll help yer," he said with a chuckle, when she explained her plan. "I ketch yer drift. Soul and roll, I'm in the play to the limit. Monday'll find me on the job, dickerin', bickerin' — en lickerin' — if it was back a few years. I'll drap in on 'em as silent as an autumn leaf and outwolf any lobo ever tracked into Brewster county."

On Monday morning Lil Hampton was back in Burlee. In the forenoon she handed single slips of paper, with specific directions thereon, to each of the five real-estate dealers of the town. In the afternoon she called on Longly and requested that he and four other members of the post should meet her at the Chute home that evening. Later she called at houses which were for sale, and closed deals for options on the properties, due to be exercised in fifteen days. She paid fifty dollars down

on each contract, carefully read the property descriptions and asked for full signatures.

In the evening she canvassed her lists with Longly and the four men who accompanied him. Each man selected two sellers, and promised to close deals with them early the next morning.

"Here are five hundred dollars," she said, producing the cash. "Pay each one fifty when he signs and after you see that the property is fully described in the proper place. The options are to be made out to William Bacon. He is to be trustee until the post has a chance to pick out the best house. There's nothing like having things down in black and white, and nothing like having them safely tied up."

TUESDAY morning Lil Hampton spent fifteen minutes with Mr. Isgrigg in an attempt to beat down his price on what was really one of the best houses in the city. But Isgrigg was obdurate, and she finally closed the deal by the payment of fifty dollars for an option, to be exercised on or before September twentieth.

By noon she had options on seven of the best homes on East Main Street. At the Burlee Trust Company, Gore reported that he had accomplished his mission on West Main. The Scott & Cox Company had taken care of their assignments in the Hawley Heights district. Cade and Atchison gave the same report in regard to their dispositions on South Deering and Kehoe hill. The J. K. Akers Realty Company reported the closing of options on the Jackson home and the Linton place, with its available trackage on the railroad. Mr. Akers also told her that Mr. Bacon had been in and seemed greatly pleased with the site.

"Mr. Bacon is down at the hotel now," he said. "Do you happen to know anything about his plans?"

"Not a thing that he wants told," replied the girl promptly. "Mr. Bacon may be going to drill for gas or build an airplane factory, as far as I know."

Down at the hotel, an hour later, Mr. Bacon, in a resplendent suit of gray tweeds, was telling a group of "leading citizens" about the possibilities of Burlee as a manufacturing center.

"I just picked up a factory site down here on the tracks that I ought to turn over to the Mowery Manufacturing Company," he volunteered. "It has good water, a big timber supply, a good outlet, and it's close to coal. The Mowery people would be glad to move a hundred families down here, in order to increase production. I may turn it over to them; that is, if I don't take some notion about it myself." The men of Burlee were impressed.

Just then Lil Hampton came into the hotel lobby. "This is goin' to be a dandier play than the Lincoln County Court House war," Bacon exulted, drawing her aside. "How many options to date?"

"Fifty-four, not counting yours," said the girl.

"Well, you can add three more and this hotel and that block over there. Both look worth the money, outside of any rebates or comebacks."

"Well, it's all over now," said Lil. "In fifteen minutes you won't be able to get close enough to a home owner in this town to hand him an ice cream cone. I just saw Mr. Isgrigg going up Main Street looking for Mr. Harrison; and soon afterward I passed Mr. Harrison going down Bartle Avenue looking for Isgrigg. Each has optioned his home and wants to dicker and stall for the home of the other, without letting it out that he has tied his own property up with an option.

"The town is sold out," she went on. "There's only one vacant home, the Hoffman house, and I bought that right at the jump; but I mean to go right on with the sale, to get folks keyed up to my pitch. We'll eat lunch here at the hotel, and then I'm going home for a few days. Keep moving your money up here from Forth Worth and Dallas; place it in the First National, so the local banks can get a line on your credit. Then be ready for the big blow-off September twentieth."

LIL HAMPTON was right in her estimate of the time it would take for the news to spread — the startling news that most of the best homes in Burlee were optioned, along with a factory site and the Carr department store building. Lack of exact information and figures added zest to the wildfire of gossip that swept the town.

Gore, of the trust company, made a careful check-up of the deals. As far as information could be obtained, it was estimated that fully two hundred and fifty thousand dollars must be involved. The news was slow, at first, owing to the disinclination of property owners to disclose their positions before a retrenching coup could be made. But as man met man, as agent met agent to trade gossip over each one's secret deals, the truth came out. Burlee, for once, was waked up.

At the Little Palace Cigar Store, the Carrol Henderson Post, American Legion, held an informal meeting. Longly and the four men associated with him in the optioning of some of the properties were

The snake dance led past the new post headquarters

questioned at length. Was the post interested in any of the deals? Which property was the post to get? How much were they to pay, and who was to pay it?

"Anyhow," said Rabbit Moore, after they had threshed out the matter for an hour without reaching a satisfactory solution, "I hope they put old Pete Louther out in the street. He's the gink who asked me why we didn't get a tent when I talked to him about renting his house."

THE general public had only a detached interest in the wholesale buying up of property, but fifty or more citizens had a special interest in it. Included in the fifty were some of Burlee's shrewdest traders. Had they been tricked by a girl? Was the "big buy" a hoax? Who was this William Bacon, seemingly in the market for houses enough for a regiment? Inquiry revealed that he was quartered at the Hampton home out Madden way; rumor added that he was wealthy enough to do as he pleased. The Hampton girl herself, they knew, was able to buy up Burlee, but, they argued, if she wanted to help the local Legion, why didn't she do it in a regular and orderly way?

The general public may have been curious, but the fifty or more were confused and seriously troubled.

The public sale of the Hoffman house at ten o'clock Thursday, on the premises, brought out one of the largest crowds ever gathered in Burlee. By nine o'clock the yard was full, and the two streets, for a square or more either way, were filled with a surging throng.

The old brick house, located on a large lot in the square west of the court house, was one of the substantial landmarks of Burlee. It was being sold under an order of court to settle the estate, and must either bring the appraised value of four thousand dollars at private sale or be exposed to public vendue. Lil Hampton had bought the property at the appraised price, but had arranged that the auctioning should proceed as planned.

Isgrigg made the first response after the announcement of the terms and call for bids. His bid was thirty-five hundred, which was quickly covered by one for four thousand from some unknown source. Another bid for forty-one hundred was immediately followed by one for forty-five hundred. Lulls in the bidding followed these bigger raises; boosts of fifty were slow, raises of five hundred were prompt. At the end, the fall of the gavel proclaimed a sale to Mr. Bacon at eight thousand, five hundred dollars. "And Heaven knows what he wants with it at that price," said the auctioneer.

The general public of Burlee was now in possession of a bone of gossip that might be gnawed for days to come. The Hoffman home had been sold at more than double any price heretofore offered for it. The general public might revel in gossip, but what was the status of those who had exchanged their homes for a mess of pottage? The menfolk might snicker, and guiltily acknowledge themselves victims of a trader's trick; but to the women the case had other aspects.

"Jim Haines, do you realize what you've done?" asked Mrs. Haines, as her husband presented himself for supper on the day of the sale of the Hoffman home. "Sold the only roof you've got, and we'll be put out in the street — feather beds and all — inside of a week! And where are we to go, with winter coming on and not another house in the town?"

Jim tried to stem the torrent with soothing words.

"Never mind, Emma, we'll get along. We'll have either the home or the money. And if we have the money, we can build."

"Build a house in seven days? Jim, you're crazy! We'll be in the street, I tell you — and what will become of all my pretty quilts and rugs, to say nothing of the children and the chickens?" The sentence ended in a burst of tears.

The next morning Haines telephoned the office of the Burlee Lumber Company.

"About what would be the cost of the materials for a cheap five-room frame house," he asked in a subdued voice.

"Eleven hundred and sixty-five dollars and thirty-eight cents, not including the brick for foundations and porches, and *in*cluding boxed window frames," was the prompt reply.

"You seem to be Johnny-on-the-spot with your figures down there," commented Haines.

"Yes. Fourteen people have asked exactly the same question over the phone this morning."

On the morning of September nineteenth Lil Hampton's Yellow Bug was parked in front of Aunt Polly Chutes'. Inside Lil herself was telephoning the men who had been involved in the real-estate deals.

Mr. Bacon, she told each one, would be at the hotel that afternoon for the convenience of those who might want their money. He was prepared to redeem his options, so the parties should have their deeds ready, and be prepared to surrender possession. Mr. Bacon had really optioned more homes than he wanted or had present use for, but they might come in handy later on. Or he might sell them all, later, in one parcel.

To the eager question, "Could the present occupants buy back their houses, and, if so, at what price?" Lil Hampton replied carelessly:

"Why, it *does* look as if they ought to have the preference. I think I can state for Mr. Bacon that if the sellers will pay the twenty per cent profit that Mr. Bacon figured on in the deal, the options might be surrendered and no deeds required."

Bacon Bill, late of the saddle, and later of Madden Valley, sat in his improvised office at the Arlington, deep in the mysteries of blue prints and plans.

But if things were quiet around the hotel, there was plenty of stir around the real-estate offices. Rogers, Blake, Hatley, Ferguson, and Simms made eager deposits of the twenty per cent profit on the options, demanded by Mr. Bacon, before they joined the little groups of protesters hanging about the court house.

"It's a darned swindle, and I knew it from the start," growled Isgrigg. "I ain't goin' to stand for it."

"BUT what'll you do?" queried Haines, who had already paid. "You signed, didn't you? You took his money. How are you goin' to kick out?"

"Well, if it wasn't for my wife, I'd show 'em," retorted Isgrigg. "And to think I added a shade to the first price, and stood out for the full amount, whereas I'd be money in pocket if I'd weakened just a fraction."

Sam Louther found that a thirty-five dollar bonus had been added to his twenty per cent.

"What's that for?" he growled to Scott.

"It's something about a tent," replied Scott. "Young Moore gave the Hampton girl a song and dance about a tent. You'll have to see him about it."

But Louther did not see young Moore. He remembered his remark about the tent.

Lil Hampton called a meeting of the Housing Committee of the Carrol Henderson Post for the evening of September twentieth, in the back room of the Little Palace Cigar Store. And because the happenings of the past few days had been closely followed by every member, there was a full attendance.

Glader pushed the show case back against the bar, and the gang helped him tear out the government-

required partition between the salesroom and the factory. They expected a big night.

Longly had trouble in keeping order, and a reserved seat for the chairman.

"Line up along the wall, like you were waiting for chow, and leave room for the adjutant to write the minutes," he directed. "An' bring that box of Horseshoe back, just where Glader set it. There's luck in a horseshoe whether you wear it or sit on it. And don't any of you rough-necks start any applause stuff," he added.

Longly was satisfied with the gang's behavior as the Chairman of the Housing Committee came into the back shop, and took a seat on the box of Horseshoe.

"Has the Searching-for-a-home Committee anything to report, Miss Hampton?" asked Longly, as soon as the meeting came to order.

"Why, I called the committee together to ask if the Hoffman home would be suitable for post quarters," replied the chairman.

"It would make a peach of a headquarters," said Longly, "if we could get it."

"Well, fellows, I'm here to say that you've got it," said Lil Hampton. "And you'll have enough money to fix it up," she added, when the pandemonium that followed her announcement had partially subsided. "I had to get into the real-estate business myself," the chairman explained. "Every community should be willing to finance these little matters of community interest, if they are properly presented. And the matter of a house for the Carrol Henderson Post was presented somewhat forcibly, I'll admit.

"In the beginning I promised myself that the post should get all the profits of this deal, so I didn't hesitate to bear down on some of the reluctant ones," the girl went on finally. "But the money was willingly paid, and by those who could afford to pay it. The entire deal, after expenses and commissions are paid, will net the post the old Hoffman home and about twenty thousand dollars in cash and good notes."

The speaker continued to hold her ground, in spite of the storm that threatened the walls of the shop.

"Tear out a few partitions, spend a thousand dollars on new floors and porches, paint and paper, and you will still have the home and eighteen thousand dollars at interest to pay for heating and lighting."

Following the snake dance that led around the court house square past the new post headquarters, the gang wound up with a bonfire in front of the Little Palace Cigar Store.

"Where's old Mugsy Baker?" yelled some one.

"He and Mr. Bacon are deep in plans for building a spoke and rim factory on the Linton tract down by the railroad," answered Lil Hampton. "He begged to be excused to-night."

"Three cheers for Mugsy!" called Rabbit Moore. "It was Mugsy who suggested that we ask you to join the post, Miss Hampton. And now, fellows," he said, "let's cheer the best little home-finder in the old U. S. A!"

And the shout that followed again woke up Burlee.

The Most Beautiful Photograph of Mount Shasta

A scenic high light on the road from Rainier National Park to San Diego—where the bold picturesqueness of Mount Shasta is reflected in the clear waters of a small lake

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European Peasant Family Waiting at the Gateway of America

The Island of Babel

Queer Happenings Next Door to the Statue of Liberty

By Stephen Allen Reynolds

Former Immigration Inspector at Ellis Island

PART II

Because Ellis Island, the mouth of the melting pot, is a place of many tongues, there is confusion. The immigrant is frequently frightened because in Europe he has found officialdom seeking only a chance to get his little hoard of money.

His surprise at being helped and not being robbed stirs his gratitude and here again he is childlike more often than not. In this, the second part of a remarkable narrative of experiences at Ellis Island, the author tells how he was often embarrassed by the gratitude of those he had aided in the course of his duties as keeper of the gateway to America.—The Editor.

GRATITUDE on the part of newly arrived immigrants at Ellis Island and their friends is shown at times in unusual forms, and it behooves the careful immigrant inspector residing in Greater New York to keep his name and address out of the telephone book and to conceal his official position and connection with the service.

An Italian grocer, whom I patronized for olive oil and Parmesan cheese, in some way got wind of my Ellis Island affiliation and appeared early one morning at my apartment. He complained bitterly that his two sisters who had arrived were being held on the Island, and would be sent back to Italy unless I should intercede. The excited man tried to thrust a twenty-dollar bill into my pocket, but we compromised on a cigar.

Nine o'clock next morning found my Italian friend awaiting me on the government ferryboat which plies between the Battery and Ellis Island, and not many minutes after arriving at the station I discovered the sisters and turned them over to the brother. They had been detained as all unescorted girls are detained. There was absolutely nothing against them, and had the brother used the usual channels in calling for them he might have saved his cigar.

When I reached my apartment that evening I found a shabby Italian expressman waiting for me with some packages. He hastened away, ignoring my questions, and I found myself in possession of a large section of Parmesan cheese, a five-gallon demijohn of most excellent wine, and a box of cigars.

The grocer, when taxed with the crime, denied it. Twice I had the goods returned to him, and twice they were redelivered to me.

Equally embarrassing was the gratitude of another family of Italians to whom I rendered a slight service. At the end of a busy day, while I was aboard the ferryboat bound for the Battery, a hysterical young woman drew my attention. When I inquired why she was crying, she told me that her aged parents were to be sent back to Italy. For years, together with her three broth-

ers, she had been toiling to save money and provide a home in America for the old people. And now she had been waiting all day in a room at the Island.

A glance at her pass told me she was required to return next day. Apparently the Boards of Special Inquiry, glutted with work, had not reached the case of her parents. I explained all this, advised her to assemble all the brothers, and to fetch with them to the Island their bank books, as evidence of ability to support.

Still the woman would not dry her tears. She supplemented the history of her misery with a footnote to the effect that while in the witness room on the Island she had lost her pocketbook containing thirty dollars, a pair of gold earrings, and a recipe for making meat balls as the Americans make them "with the yellow part of an egg." That, it appeared, was the final straw.

A Case of Overwhelming Gratitude

ON the city side I bade her follow me, and from our boarding division in the Barge Office I telephoned a cleaner at the Island to have a look under the settees in the various witness rooms. In less than three minutes the answer came. There was a pocketbook. It held thirty dollars. There were earrings of gold. Yes, there was a paper with something written on it. I turned to the woman at my side, and gave her the good news.

"Stop your crying now and go home," I concluded, "and maybe to-morrow you can take your father and mother home along with your pocketbook."

The family made such a good showing the next day that the Board considering the case let the old couple go home with their children. And there, I thought, the matter ended.

But not so. Some traitorous gateman or interpreter must have yielded my house address, for on my next day off duty, which fell on Sunday, there came a ring at my door and soon a small army trooped into my apartment. It was my Italian family — fourteen of it! And in the van, as an altar boy precedes a priest, marched one of the third generation bearing a tray of generous dimensions piled high with Italian confections, weird in shape and wondrous and suspicious in color.

I met the plasterer, the cutter of stone, the carpenter, the husband of the woman who cried, the various wives and *bambini;* and brave in a new corduroy suit of snappy magenta hue, the toothless head of the family sat and grinned at me while holding the littlest American grandson, also toothless and grinning, on his lap. They stayed about half an hour, and after I had made it plain that I would accept no money and was sorry even that they had

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They come tagged through to their destination

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Stairsteps to a new home—a typical Ellis Island group

brought the candy, the stonecutter grabbed me in a friendly embrace which threatened the cigars in my vest pocket and declared:

"You good-a man! Big-a da heart! I like-a you. You no take-a mon'? All right! You got some fella no like-a you, some fella you no like-a *you'self*. You show me. I *keel*-a him for you — dam' quick!"

The stonecutter dropped me to beat his breast with a huge fist, and with the other hand whipped out a stiletto showing a blade some seven inches in length. I doubt not my new-found friend was sincere, for it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to pocket his sticking implement on the plea that I had no enemies in the immediate neighborhood, and that I preferred to do all my killing personally.

A Murderer Arrives

IF it may be so expressed, the unusual is commonplace at Ellis Island.

For example, there is in the archives of the Bureau of Immigration information to the effect that the enterprising board of guardians of a certain foreign almshouse conceived the plan of getting rid of some two-score of their charges by wishing them off for life on the already overburdened taxpayers of the United States, and actually put it into operation.

Each immigrant was provided with clothing, money to be handed to him just before debarking, and the older and feebler of the paupers were furnished with fictitious American "relations" and bogus affidavits of ability and willingness to support.

Several of these paupers were detected at Ellis Island, and deported. Whether the board of guardians found the venture worth while on the whole, I am not in a position to say.

Another wholesale effort to empty, at American expense, an entire prison was made not many years ago by certain authorities of a European kingdom. Many of the convicts released and shipped by ones and twos to New York had been convicted of serious crimes involving moral turpitude, and the authorities were generous to the point of equipping each burglar and forger with the equivalent of fifty dollars, a second-cabin passage, and tasteful clothing.

But some one spilled the beans, and a confidential notice circulated among the inspectors put the latter on their guard. For several months second-cabin passengers of the nationality in question were scrutinized with extra care, and many of the undesirable ex-convicts were apprehended, ordered excluded, and subsequently deported.

On one occasion, with my eyes wide open and knowing what I did, I permitted an Italian murderer and blackmailer to pass me unhindered and practically unquestioned.

Detective-Lieutenant Petrosino of the New York police force, murdered later in Italy, and famous for his activities against the Black Hand and other vicious secret societies, was responsible for my unusual action.

A Stowaway Financier

INTRODUCED to me, and his request given the official "O.K." by my immediate superior, Lieut. Petrosino told me he was preparing a net for a gang of blackmailers and murderers. It was of the utmost importance that an immigrant shortly due to pass through my line should be inspected and passed, unsuspecting, to New York. The name and manifest number were given me.

From the gallery over the registry division the man hunter watched me give the murderer the once-over and pass him to the ferryboat, and there, I understand, other operatives took up the "tailing." The murderer was a mild-mannered, smiling fellow, but there was a bulge in his right hip-pocket and a hunted gleam in his roving brown eyes. I learned later that his path led directly to the lair of some much-wanted individuals who were keeping under cover. Once his usefulness had been outlived, the Black Hander was arrested, and deported.

As I look back upon my years at the Island I often wonder what became of a youthful stowaway who arrived penniless, with neither friend not relative in America to appear in his behalf, and who was excluded by a board of special inquiry and ordered deported.

It is my firm belief that if this young man had been permitted to land he would to-day either be behind bars or a capitalist of no small order. For, while awaiting the return sailing of the steamer which had brought him to America buried in its coal bunkers, the young stowaway in five or six days made dimes and dollars grow where none had grown before.

Still in the quaint costume of their homeland

In the prisonlike "Excluded Room" at the Island, in a wing of the station used for the custody of male undesirables awaiting deportation, missionaries circulated free reading matter printed in various languages. Since it is a human weakness to despise that which is free, dozens of copies of papers and magazines lay neglected around the room.

Our stowaway turned newsboy and by evening of his first day had netted thirty cents or so in copper coin. Now that a price had been set on them the papers had become desirable. With his thirty cents he bought from a Roumanian a nickel-plated watch which would not tick, and by doing little favors for an old Austrian watchmaker he induced

the latter to go over the timepiece. To a Russian-Pole he sold the watch for four rubles, and persuaded one of the gatemen to exchange the Russian money for American silver.

Among the silver he received were some new dimes. These caught the fancy of many of the excluded immigrants, and were exchanged for miscellaneous coin at profits ranging from 50 to 100 per cent. The youth now "pyramided" these profits and became a daily customer by proxy at the official money exchange. Nothing but bright new dimes would suit him, and these he continued to sell as souvenirs to the floating population of barred immigrants until his own steamer day arrived.

It may be just as well that this stowaway financier was not permitted to land, for a boy who can clear up fifty dollars in five or six days, without even a shoe string start, might have developed into a predatory plutocrat of intolerable plundering proclivities. I often wonder what he became in his own land.

I think, too, of the East Indian merchant and philanthropist who strode majestically down my line one morning and bowed gravely to me.

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An industrious grandmother turns her time on the Island to good account

An East Indian's Magic Words

HE was a big man, with the face of a philosopher, the beard of a patriarch, the bearing of a Richelieu. I admit that I stared at this alien from Bombay via Liverpool and wondered why he was traveling third class. Instantly, as if reading my mind, the East Indian explained in the purest of English:

"I have taken the cheaper means of reaching your country, that I may conserve the more to spend in raising money for my unfortunate people. Famine and pestilence wipe them away periodically, and they are sore beset. I have met with but little success in England, and so I come to America to see your Mr. Morgan and your Mr. Rockefeller, for we must have an immense fund with which to dig canals, to drain and irrigate and provide means of inland communication, to plant thousands of acres in rice and food stuffs. My plan provides for the sanitary education of the masses, the gradual setting aside of caste and religious barriers which have for so long a period obstructed progress.

"I am a retired merchant. Every rupee I have made I have put into the furtherance of my ambition. Of course I have a little money for traveling expenses and the cheaper hotels. I do not need much money personally, for the years left to me are few in number. But, sir, before I die I want to see the beginnings of a better India."

For an instant I felt very small and insignificant. And then I wondered if the man bore letters of introduction, and if by any chance he imagined he could walk into Mr. Morgan's office and gain instant audience in the inner sanctum.

No, the East Indian hadn't the slightest conception of American business usages. He had simply a childlike faith that the very rich of our land would, at his bidding, pour forth a golden flood.

I volunteered some brief advice, recommended a cheap hotel in Greenwich Street, where the meals were wholesome and the rooms clean, and let it go at that. But there was a sequel.

About a week later when I was in the city, investigating an official matter, I encountered the East Indian striding with dignity beneath the dingy "L" structure, and about to enter his hotel. Hoodlums eyed in wonder the immaculate turban and flowing beard, and were awed to forbearing annoyance.

With a smile the old man greeted me and told me that he had had as yet no success. Pocantico Hills had not received the imprint of his sandals. The assistant secretary of the confidential man of one of the junior partners was as far as he had penetrated into the House of Morgan.

I had ten minutes to spare. I explained what a multigraph was. At a paper stand near by I purchased for this grand old babe-in-the-wood a newspaper almanac containing election returns, much other matter, and "Names and Addresses of More than 1000 American Millionaires."

"Now," I said, "you're a graduate of Oxford. You know more about English than I do. Boil your proposition down into three hundred words. Have some neat multigraphing done. There are your addresses. Go to it!"

If I had snatched the man from beneath the wheels of a trolley he could not have been more grateful. I tore away from him after promising to be his guest at dinner one e ening in the future.

The evening of the dinner engagement arrived. We talked of curries and chutney, although plebeian pot roast decked the hotel table.

And at last I ventured to ask my host how his circular letters were panning out.

"I have some encouragement from two sources," was the reply. "Last week I talked with your President Roosevelt, in Washington. He was very kind to me. And *you* also have been most kind. I shall reward you, not with money, but with that which is infinitely more precious. My son," he said, "if you will attain wisdom, sleep always on your right side. Drink each day at least ten glasses of the purest of water. Think no evil. And now the most important: when in mental distress, when in trouble, for immediate relief fix your thoughts on the Sublime, and speak these three words."

The magic words? I tried them once on a peevish traffic person whose signal I had misinterpreted.

"Don't you swear at me!" the copper said grimly.

I left ransom money at the station.

I have never used them since.

A typical Canadian lumber camp in winter—where Robert Dollar hewed his way to fortune

Lost In the North Woods

My Most Thrilling Adventure as a Pioneer Lumberman

By Robert Dollar

President of the Robert Dollar Company

AS the vacation season approaches, thousands of Americans seek summer recreation in the Georgian Bay and Muskoka districts of Canada. But how many vacationists give thought to the pioneers of half a century ago who faced starvation and death to win these districts from the wilderness for future generations?

In this article Mr. Robert Dollar, famous lumberman and shipowner, deseribes an exciting north woods adventure typical of the hardships that were endured by the woodsmen of fifty years ago in the virgin forests.

I HAVE been cut off from the world for months at a time through the dead, white winter. I have journeyed for scores and even hundreds of miles over trackless ice and through equally trackless forests. At times I have penetrated the wilds farther than white men ever before had ventured, going up rivers in which dangerous rapids and falls were not infrequent.

Such are the adventures that come back to me with the glamour of memory when I think of my pioneer days in the north woods. For twenty-seven years, from 1861 to 1888, in Canada and the northern peninsula of Michigan, I learned much about those hardships of frontier life which we Americans of to-day are all too likely to forget. In the year 1876, I had eight lumber camps in the Muskoka district of Ontario, Canada. Besides these, I had a solitary camp on one of the islands of Georgian Bay near Parry Sound, Lake Huron. In the latter camp I went through an adventure which may give a vivid idea of what the men who tamed this continent for the present generation had to endure in the early lumbering days in the virgin forests.

My camp on the island in Georgian Bay was accessible only in summer. One fall in the '70's, before the Bay was frozen over, we sent there by steamer a gang of men, together with sufficient supplies, as we thought, to last them and their animals until spring.

But early in March of the next spring an Indian who had managed to cross on the ice brought me a letter from the foreman, in which he said that he was short of fodder for the horses, and unless some was sent to him the animals would undoubtedly starve.

I went immediately to Midland, Ontario, and bought four loads of feed. I hired four teams of horses to take it out from the shore of Georgian Bay over the ice to the camp, which was sixty miles distant in the direction of Lake Huron.

The relief party that I organized left Midland on the twentieth of March. About three o'clock in the afternoon

a slight snow began to fall. Presently, without the slightest warning, a terrific gale swept down upon us with such force that it took one team off its feet. By the time we got the horses up a hurricane was blowing, and we were blinded by the snow.

Before the storm set in we had passed out of sight of land, and I was piloting the party with my compass and chart. But now the gale made it impossible to proceed, so we got the loads together and made a hollow square of the wagons with all the horses and ourselves in the center. Even with this partial protection, it seemed doubtful whether we could live through the bitter-cold night.

A study of my chart showed that there should be a small island or rock about a mile directly to windward of us. I started out to find it, hoping it would afford us some shelter. But after proceeding about a quarter of a mile, I found I could go no farther. The terrific wind and the fine, driving snow were choking me. I turned back to rejoin my men and teams.

When I left them, the wind had been directly against me; therefore, in returning, I proceeded with the wind directly at my back. But when I had gone back a distance that seemed to me sufficient, I could not see them.

It was impossible to stand still with the gale at my back, so I lay down on the ice and called with all my might, hoping the men would hear me, and reply. But the whirling snow again choked me, so that my calling was of no avail. I started again, completely mystified at having lost myself in this way, but after a short time I decided that the wind must have shifted. And that was exactly what had happened. For a while I was driven along with no idea as to where I was going. At times I thought I might be headed for open water.

I was already exhausted when suddenly I fell, striking the back of my head. The fall stunned me, and I lay there unconscious. I was revived finally by the snow which fell on my face, but I made no attempt to get up. It seemed futile to struggle against the elements.

"I can't get out alive," I told myself, "so I may as well die right here."

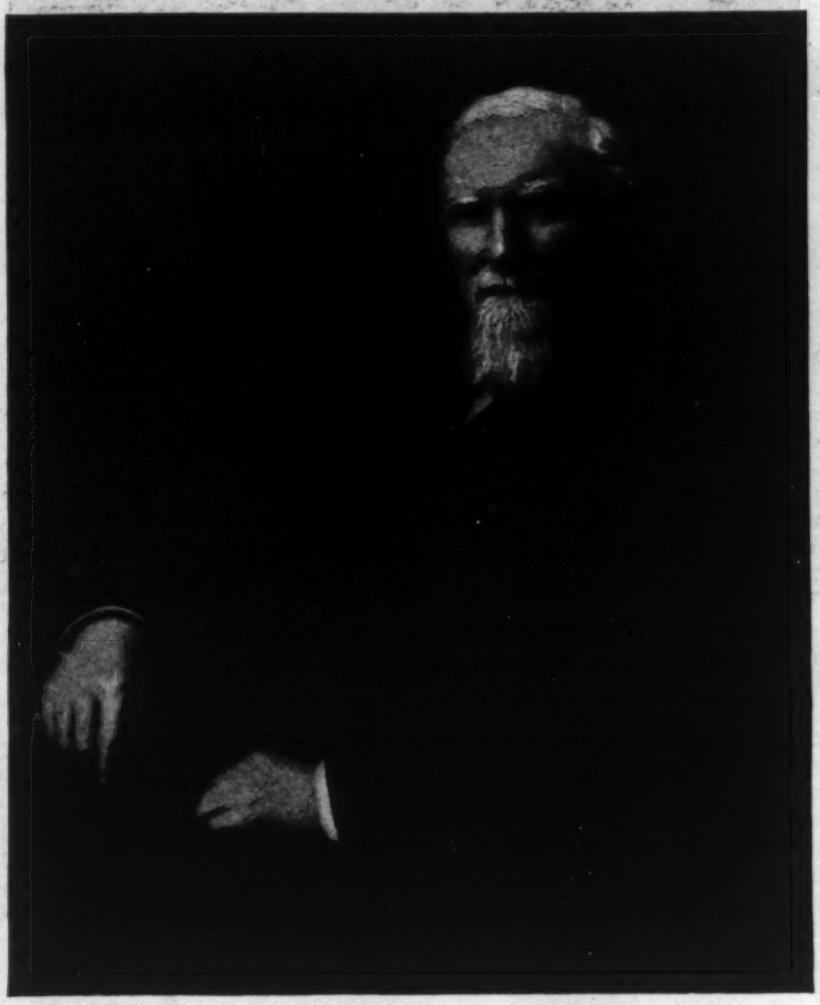
But after a time I felt somewhat rested and I decided to try it again. I lifted myself on my elbow, and, to my great surprise, I saw land not more than fifty feet from me!

Immediately I felt as if there was nothing in the world the matter with me, and I quickly jumped up. Land, there, proved to be a barren, inhospitable shore, and I doubt if there was a habitation within fifty miles. At that, I was well pleased with it. I walked into the woods far enough to get out of the wind, and there I cut some wood. For, despite all my stumbling about on the ice, I had never let go of my axe!

Wet as I was, and chilled, I knew I could not live through the night without a fire.

I reached for my matches. My clothes were frozen so stiff that it was only with great difficulty that I could get my hand into my pocket. And when at last I did get out my match box, I found there were only two matches left! Hence, I took the greatest precautions. I got behind a perpendicular rock, out of the wind. I was pleased beyond measure, for the first match I struck started the fire!

I managed to keep a good fire going all night, and to



"ROBERT DOLLAR was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1844. Fourteen years later the Dollar family emigrated to Canada. Robert's life in the north woods began in 1861 when he secured a job in a lumber camp, as assistant to the cook. At the age of twenty-two he was put in charge of a camp of forty men, and within six years he went into lumbering on his own account. His first venture ended disastrously, but he profited by his mistakes and his subsequent enterprises were successful. He moved to California in 1888, and subsequently became one of the outstanding figures of the Pacific coast, in shipping and foreign trade. Mr. Dollar, who began work in a machine shop at the age of twelve, is still vigorous, at seventy-nine, and continues the management of his enterprises. In an interview not long ago he remarked: 'When I retire it will be life's end.'"

thaw out and dry my clothes, but I did not sleep. At daybreak I started back to the ice. The morning had dawned calm, bright, and clear.

All through the night I had been thinking of the men out on the ice. I was sure they must have perished, and that I was the only one of the party still alive. But they, I learned later, were just as sure I had died. And so, at dawn, they hitched up their horses and started for home. But, as I had been the only guide in the expedition, they did not know which way to go. They finally decided on a direction which proved entirely wrong.

Cut off from the world through the dead, white winter

Meanwhile, I started out to find them, and as I tramped along I came upon the tracks I had made the night before. Apparently I had traveled more than three miles, parallel with the shore, yet never more than five hundred feet from it.

After trudging through the snow for eight or ten miles, I caught sight of the teams a long way off. In the distance they looked like a single dot on the ice field. I walked as fast as I could, and, fortunately, in a short time the men saw me, and waited.

During the night, they told me, they had started a fire and had burned about one load of the hay, and that had saved their lives. We had lost nearly all our provisions, and the only food we could scrape together was bran mash, without salt. By the time I reached them it was about noon, so we built a fire and each one had a small portion.

When we had finished the men wanted to start for home at once, but I urged them to keep on. And at last I was able to persuade them not to give up.

That night it was not so cold, and we found shelter on a small island where the woods were thick. The next day, after dark, we reached the place where I had believed my camp was located. The snow had been falling all day and there were no tracks to guide us. Finally I left the men and started to the place where the camp had been the previous fall.

It was dark by this time, and I set off on the run, but when I got to the old camp I found it had been abandoned months before. Then I tried to go back to the teams. But they and the men, as well, were gone!

However, I followed their tracks, and soon found them. The men at camp had seen the fire, had gone to investigate, and had guided them to the camp.

The whole adventure was an unforgettable experience, typical of the pioneer woodsman's life.

Over a floor of ice such as this, Mr. Dollar drove his team through a blinding blizzard

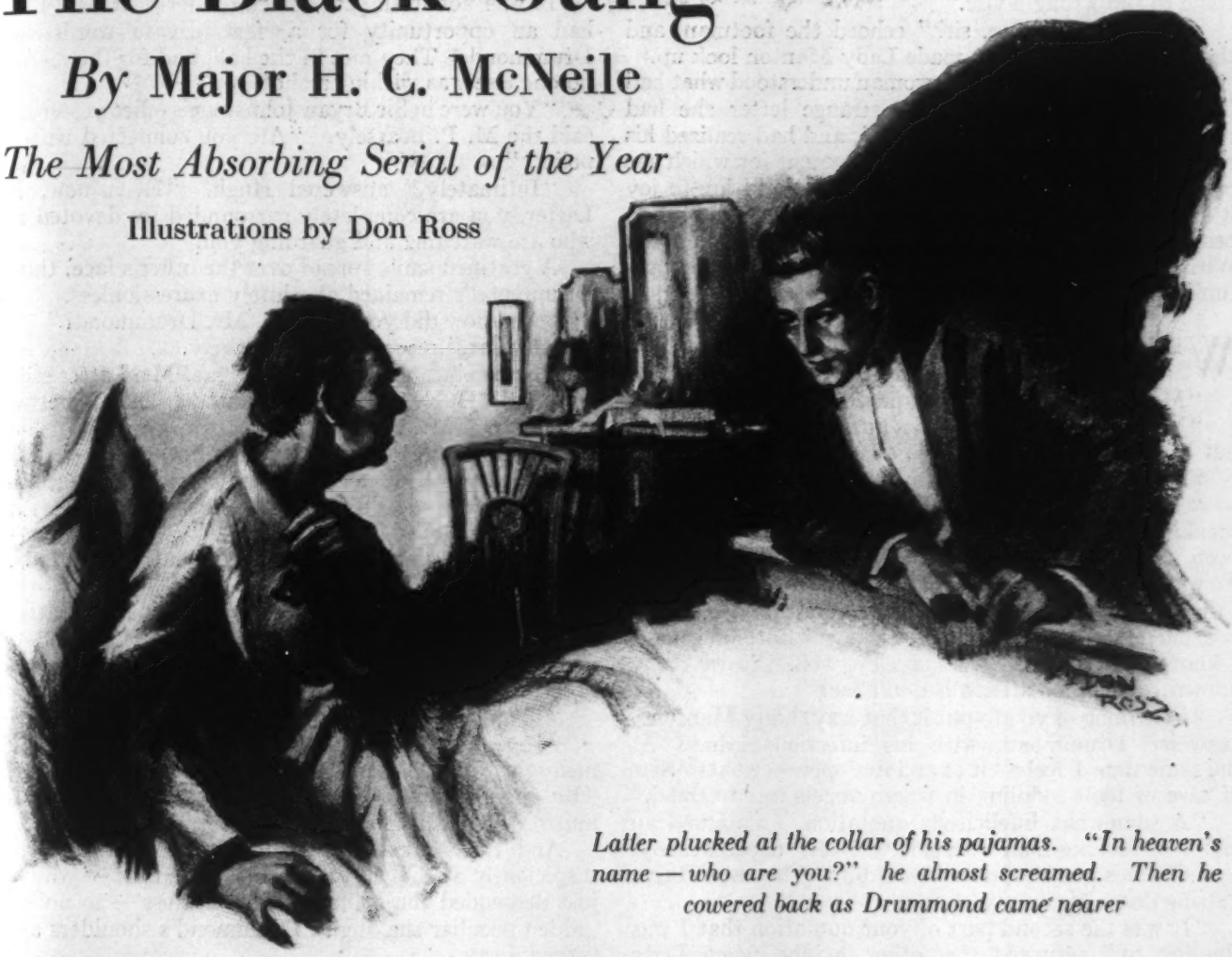
Bulldog Drummond, Waging Private War with the Agents of Social Chaos, Meets Europe's Arch-Terrorist in a Duel to the Death

The Black Gang

By Major H. C. McNeile

The Most Absorbing Serial of the Year

Illustrations by Don Ross



Latter plucked at the collar of his pajamas. "In heaven's name — who are you?" he almost screamed. Then he cowered back as Drummond came nearer

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

AT dusk of a dreary day, in a forsaken spot near London, a secret meeting of Bolshevists is rudely interrupted by the sudden appearance of a huge figure, cloaked in black, accompanied by other figures similarly attired. The terrified leaders of the meeting, after being questioned, are bound, drugged, and spirited away. Then the black-clad gang disappears — to the utter amazement of the police who are on hand to capture the Bolshevists, and who receive, at the hands of the intruders, the same treatment accorded the trouble-makers.

Chief-Inspector McIver, in particular, is outraged by the proceedings and reports the incident to his chief, Sir Bryan Johnstone, of Scotland Yard. Johnstone, interested in the Black Gang, whose activities had been brought to his attention before, determines to learn the identities of its members, and delegates this duty to McIver. Meanwhile, Hugh Drummond, known to his associates as "Bulldog" Drummond — of phenomenal strength and little wit, according to McIver — reports to Sir Bryan, whose friend he has been since schooldays. Hugh, it appears, had witnessed some of the events of the preceding evening, and had seen two of the men who, presumably, had been concerned in the drugging and capturing of the police.

While the three men are discussing the mysterious business Charles Latter, M. P., is announced and, on being admitted to the office, produces for Sir Bryan's inspection a warning note from the Black Gang which states that he, too, will disappear. Sir Bryan, puzzled at the tone of the message and somewhat suspicious of Latter, asks McIver and Drummond to accompany the frightened M. P. to Lady Manton's in Sheffield, where he is going for the week-end.

Upon leaving Sir Bryan's office, Latter visits Count Zadowa, a sinister-looking hunchback, whose henchman he is, to receive further instructions regarding the business which is taking him to Sheffield. In the midst of their conversation an unusual interruption occurs. The men are startled by the hooting of an owl, in the passageway outside. The Count, opening the door, sees a huge, motionless figure, which stares at him for a long moment and then disappears through a door, locking it behind him. The figure, to the Count's horror, is draped in black from head to foot.

CHAPTER 5

DRUMMOND arrived at Drayton House just as the house party was sitting down to tea in the hall. A rapid survey of the guests, as the footman helped him out of his coat, convinced him that, with the exception

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of Latter, he didn't know a soul: a second glance indicated that he could contemplate the fact with equanimity. They were a stodgy-looking crowd, and after a brief look he turned his attention to his hostess.

"Where is Lady Manton?" he asked the footman.

"Pouring out tea, sir," returned the man, surprised.

"Great Scott!" said Drummond, aghast. "I've come to the wrong house."

"The wrong house, sir?" echoed the footman, and the sound of their voices made Lady Manton look up.

In an instant that astute woman understood what had happened. The writer of the strange letter she had received at lunch-time had arrived, and had realized his mistake. Moreover, this was the moment for which she had been waiting ever since, and now to add joy to joy it had occurred when her whole party was assembled to hear every word of her conversation with Drummond. With suitable gratitude she realized that such opportunities are rare.

WITH a charming smile, she advanced toward him, as he stood hesitatingly by the door.

"Mr. Drummond?" she inquired.

"Yes," he murmured, with a puzzled frown. "But — but I seem to have made some absurd mistake."

She laughed, and drew him into the hall.

"A perfectly natural one, I assure you," she replied, speaking so that her guests could hear. "It must have been my sister-in-law whom you met at Wiltshire Towers. My husband was not very fit at the time, and I had to refuse the Duchess' invitation." She was pouring a cup of tea as she spoke. "But, of course, I know your cousin, Lord Staveley, well. So we really known each other after all, don't we?"

"Charming of you to put it that way, Lady Manton," answered Drummond, with his infectious grin. "At the same time I feel a bit of an interloper — what! Sort of case of fools toddling in where angels fear to tread."

"A somewhat infelicitous quotation," remarked an unctuous-looking man with side whiskers, deprecatingly.

"Catches you too, does it, old bird?" boomed Hugh, putting down his empty cup.

"It was the second part of your quotation that I was alluding to," returned the other acidly, when Lady Manton intervened.

"Of course, Mr. Drummond, my husband and I insist on your remaining with us until you have completed your business in Sheffield."

"Extraordinarily kind of you both, Lady Manton," answered Hugh.

"How long do you think it will take?"

"Three or four days. Perhaps a little more." As he spoke he looked quite casually at Latter. For some minutes that worthy pillar of Parliament had been staring at him with a puzzled frown; now he gave a slight start as recognition came to him. This was the enormous individual who had snored in Sir Bryan Johnstone's office the previous afternoon. Evidently somebody connected with the police, reflected Mr. Latter, and, glancing at Drummond's vast size, he began to feel more reassured than he had for some time. A comforting sort of individual to have about the premises in the event of a brawl; good man -- Sir Bryan. This man looked large enough to cope even with that monstrous black apparition, the thought of which still brought a shudder to his spine.

Drummond was still looking at him, but there was no trace of recognition in his eyes. Evidently they were to meet as strangers before the house party; quite right, too, since some of the guests themselves might even be members of this vile gang.

"It depends on circumstances outside my control," Drummond was saying. "But if you can do with me for a few days——"

"As long as you like, Mr. Drummond," answered Lady Manton. "And now let me introduce you to my guests."

It was not until just before dinner that Mr. Latter had an opportunity for a few private words with Drummond. They met in the hall, and for the moment no one else was within earshot.

"You were in Sir Bryan Johnstone's office yesterday," said the M. P. hoarsely. "Are you connected with the police?"

"Intimately," answered Hugh. "Even now, Mr. Latter, you are completely surrounded by devoted men who are watching and guarding you."

A gratified smile spread over the other's face, though Drummond's remained absolutely expressionless.

"And how did you get here, Mr. Drummond?"

"By car," returned Hugh gravely.

"I mean into the house party," said Mr. Latter stiffly.

"Ah!" Hugh looked mysterious. "That is between you and me, Mr. Latter."

"Quite: quite. I am discretion itself."

"Until two hours ago I thought I was the biggest liar in the world — now I know I'm not. Our hostess has me beat to a frazzle."

"What on earth are you talking about?" cried Latter, amazed.

"There are wheels within wheels, Mr. Latter," continued Hugh still more mysteriously. "A network of intrigue surrounds us. But do not be afraid. My orders are never to leave your side."

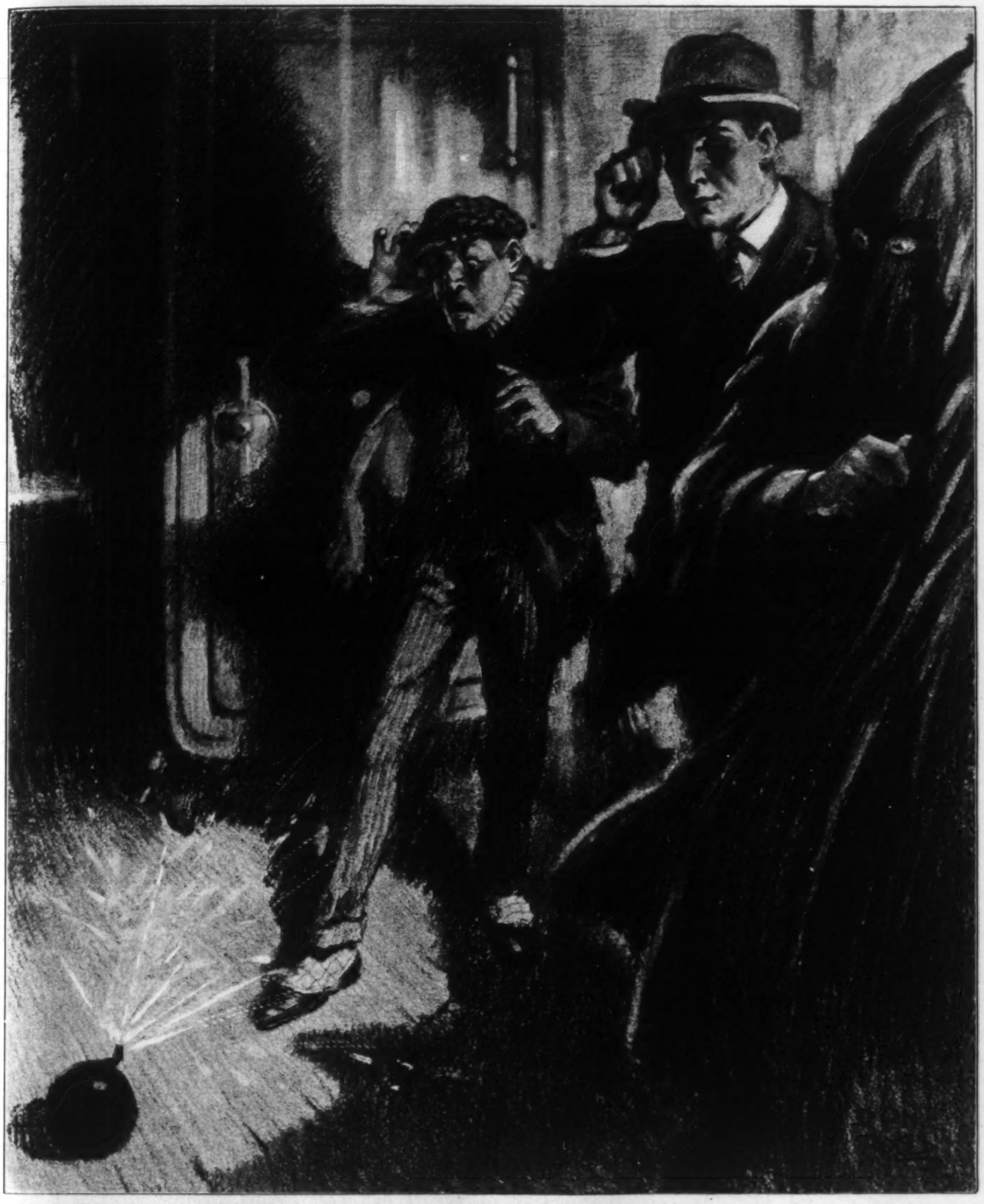
"By Jove, Mr. Drummond, do you mean to say ——"

"I mean to say nothing. Only this one thing I will mention." He laid an impressive hand on Latter's arm. "Be very careful what you say to that man with the mutton-chop whiskers and the face like a sheep."

And the startled M. P. was too occupied staring suspiciously at the worthy Sheffield magnate — who had just descended the stairs with his hostess — to notice a sudden peculiar shaking in Drummond's shoulders as he turned away.

MR. Charles Latter was not a pleasant specimen of humanity even at the best of times, and that evening he was not at his best. He was frightened to the core of his rotten little soul, and when a constitutional coward is frightened the result is not pretty. His conversational efforts at dinner would have shamed a boy of ten, and, though he made one or two feeble efforts to pull himself together, he was unable to do so. Try as he would his mind kept reverting to his own position. Over and over again he weighed the points of the case until his brain was whirling. He tried to make out a mental balance sheet where the stock was represented by his own personal safety, but there was always that one unknown factor which he came up against — the real power of this mysterious gang.

Coming up in the train, he had decided to curtail his visit as much as possible. He would carry through what he had been told to do, and then, having pocketed his thousand, he would leave the country for a few months. By that time the police should have settled matters. And he had been very lucky. It had proved easy to find the man Delmorlick, and, once he had been found, the other more serious matter had proved easy, too. Delmorlick had arranged everything, and had brought three other men to meet him in a private room at one of the smaller hotels.



Suddenly something was thrown into the room — something which hissed and spluttered. For a moment Drummond gazed at it uncomprehendingly. Then he gave a tense order. "On your faces — for your lives!"

Like all the Count's schemes, every detail was perfect, and once or twice exclamations of amazement interrupted him as he read on. Every possible eventuality was prepared for, and by the time he had finished reading Delmorlick's eyes were glowing with the enthusiasm of a fanatic.

"Magnificent!" he had cried, rising and going to the window. "Another nail in the coffin of Capital. And, by heaven, a big one!" His tone was exultant.

He had stood there, his head covered with a shock of untidy hair, staring with somber eyes at the street below. And beside him had stood one of the other men. After a while Latter joined them, and he, too, for a moment had looked down into the street, where little knots of men lounged round doorways with their hands in their pockets, and the apathy of despair on their faces. A few

women here and there mingled with them, but there was no laughing or jesting — only the sullenness of lost hope. The hope of work and plenty that had once been theirs was dead; there was nothing for them to do — they were just units in the vast army of unemployed.

Occasionally a man better dressed and more prosperous than the others would detach himself from one group and go to another, where he would hold forth long and earnestly. And his listeners would nod their heads vigorously or laugh sheepishly as he passed on.

For a few minutes Delmorlick had watched in silence. Then, with a grave earnestness in his voice, he had turned to Latter.

"WE shall win, Mr. Latter, I tell you. That" — with a lean forefinger he pointed to the man outside — "is going on all over England, Scotland, and Ireland. And the fools in London prate of economic laws and inflated currencies. What does an abstract cause matter to those men? They want food."

Glancing at Delmorlick, he had found the eyes of the other man fixed on him gravely. He had hardly noticed it at the time — he had been too anxious to get away; now, as he sat at dinner, he found strangely enough that it was the other man's face which seemed to have made the biggest impression on his mind. A new arrival in the place, so Delmorlick had told him — but red-hot for the cause of freedom and anarchy.

He made some vague remark to his neighbor, and once more relapsed into moody silence. So far, so good; his job was done — he could leave to-morrow. He would have left that afternoon but for the fact that he had sent his baggage up to Drayton House, and it would have looked strange. But he had already arranged for a wire to be sent to him from London the following morning, and for the night — well, there were Drummond and the police. Decidedly, on points he appeared to be in a winning position — quite a comfortable position.

And yet — that unknown factor —— Still, there was always Drummond; the only trouble was that he couldn't quite place him. What on earth had he meant before dinner? He glanced across the table at him now: he was eating salted almonds and making love to his hostess.

"A fool," reflected Mr. Latter, "but a powerful fool. If it was necessary, he'd swallow anything I told him."

And so, toward the end of dinner, aided possibly by his host's very excellent vintage port, Mr. Charles Latter had more or less soothed his fears. Surely he was safe in the house, and nothing would induce him to leave it until he went to the station next morning. No thought of the abominable crime he had planned only that afternoon disturbed his equanimity; as has been said, he was not a pleasant specimen of humanity.

Charles Latter was unmoral rather than immoral; he was a constitutional coward with a strong liking for underhand intrigue, and he was utterly and entirely selfish. In his way he was ambitious: he wanted power, but, though in many respects he was distinctly able, he lacked that essential factor — the ability to work for it. He hated work; he wanted easy results. And to obtain lasting results is not easy, as Mr. Latter gradually discovered. A capability for making flashy speeches covered with a veneer of cleverness is an undoubted asset, but it is an asset the value of which has been gauged to a nicety by the men who count.

And so, as time went on and the epoch-making day when he had been returned to Parliament faded into the past, Mr. Latter realized himself for what he was — a person of no account. And the realization was as gall and wormwood to his soul. It is a realization which comes to many men and they take it in different ways. Some become resigned; some make new and even more futile efforts; some see the humor of it, and some don't. Mr. Latter didn't; he became spiteful. And a spiteful coward is despicable.

It was just about that time that he met Count Zadowa. It was at dinner at a friend's house, and after the ladies had left he found himself sitting next to the hunchback with the strange, piercing eyes. He wasn't conscious of having said very much; he would have been amazed had he been told that within ten minutes this charming foreigner had read his unpleasant little mind like a book, and had reached a certain and quite definite decision.

In fact, looking back on the past few months, Mr. Latter could not explain how things had reached their present pass. Had he been told when he stood for Parliament, flaunting all the old hackneyed formulæ, that within two years he would be secretly engaged in red-hot communist work, he would have laughed the idea to scorn. Anarchy, too; a nasty word, but the only one that fitted the bomb outrage in Manchester, which he had himself organized. Sometimes in the night he used to wake and lie sweating as he thought of that episode ——

And gradually it had become worse and worse. Little by little the charming Count Zadowa, realizing that Mr. Latter possessed just those gifts which he could utilize to advantage, had ceased to be charming. There were many advantages in having a Member of Parliament as chief liaison officer.

There had been that first small slip when he signed a receipt for money paid him to address a revolutionary meeting in South Wales during the coal strike. And the receipt specified the service rendered: An unpleasant document in view of the fact that his principal supporters in his constituency were coal owners. And after that the descent had been rapid.

Not that even now Mr. Latter felt any twinges of conscience; all he felt was occasional twinges of fear that he might be found out. He was running with the hare and hunting with the hounds with a vengeance, and at times his cowardly little soul grew sick within him. And then, like a dreaded bolt from the blue, had come the letter of warning from the Black Gang.

Anyway, he reflected, as he turned out his light after getting into bed that night, the police knew nothing of his double life. They were all round him, and there was this big fool in the house —— And then, for a moment, his heart almost stopped beating. Was it his imagination or was that the figure of a man standing at the foot of the bed?

THE sweat poured off his forehead as he tried to speak; then he sat up in bed, plucking with trembling hands at the collar of his pajamas. Still the shape stood motionless; he could swear there was something there now — he could see it outlined against the dim light of the window. He reached out fearfully for the switch; fumbled a little, and then with a click the light went on. His sudden scream of fear died half-strangled in his throat; a livid anger took the place of terror. Leaning over the foot of the bed and regarding him with solicitous interest, lounged Hugh Drummond.

"All tucked up and comfy, old bean?" he asked cheerfully. "Bed socks full of feet and all that sort of thing?"

"How dare you — how dare you come into my room like this!" spluttered Latter.

"Tush, tush," murmured Drummond, "don't forget my orders, old Latter, my lad. To watch over you as a

The Reverend Theodosius sprang forward, his face diabolical with fury, and gripped the Count by the throat. He shook the hunchback as a terrier shakes a rat, cursing horribly under his breath

crooning mother crooneth over the last batch of twins. By the way, my boy, you skimped your teeth pretty badly to-night. You'll have to do better to-morrow. Most of your molars must be sitting up and begging for tooth paste, if that's your normal effort."

"Do you mean to tell me that you were in here while I was undressing?" said Latter angrily. "You exceed your instructions, sir; and I shall report your unwarrantable impertinence to Sir Bryan Johnstone when I return to London."

"Exactly, Mr. Latter. But when will you return to London?" Drummond regarded him dispassionately. "To put some, if not all, of the cards on the table, the anonymous letter of warning which you received was not quite so anonymous as you would have liked. In other words, you know exactly whom it came from."

"I DON'T," replied the other. "I know that it came from an abominable gang who have been committing a series of outrages lately. And that is why I applied for police protection."

"Quite so, Mr. Latter. And as — er — Fate would have it, I am here to help carry out that rôle."

"What did you mean when you gave me that warning before dinner? That man is one of the leading citizens of Sheffield."

"That was just a little jest, Mr. Latter, to amuse you during the evening. The danger does not lie there."

"Where does it lie?"

"Probably where you least expect it," returned Drummond, with an enigmatic smile.

"I shall be going to-morrow," said Latter, with attempted nonchalance. "Until then I rely on you."

"Precisely," murmured Drummond. "So you have completed your business here more quickly than you anticipated."

"Yes. To be exact, this afternoon before you arrived."

"And was that the business which brought you to Sheffield?"

"Principally. Though I really don't understand this catechism, Mr. Drummond. And now I wish to go to sleep ——"

"I'm afraid you can't, Mr. Latter. Not quite yet." For a moment or two Charles Latter stared at the imperturbable face at the foot of his bed; it seemed to him that a strange tension was creeping into the conversation — a something he could not place which vaguely alarmed him.

"Do you think this mysterious Black Gang would approve of your business this afternoon?" asked Drummond quietly.

Mr. Latter started violently.

"How should I know of what the scoundrels would approve?" he cried angrily. "And, anyway, they can know nothing about it."

"You feel quite confident of Mr. Delmorlick's discretion with regard to the friends he selects?"

And now a pulse was beginning to hammer in Mr. Latter's throat, and when he spoke his voice was thick and unnatural.

"How do you know anything about Delmorlick?"

Drummond smiled. "May I reply by asking a similar question, Mr. Latter? How do you?"

"I met him this afternoon on political business," stammered the other, staring fascinated at the man opposite, from whose face all trace of buffoonery seemed to have vanished, to be replaced by a grim sternness the more terrifying because it was so utterly unexpected. And he had thought Drummond a fool!

"WOULD it be indiscreet to inquire the nature of the business?"

"Yes," muttered Latter. "It was private."

"That I can quite imagine," returned Drummond grimly. "But since you're so reticent I shall tell you. This afternoon you made arrangements, perfect in every detail, to blow up the main power station of the Greystone works." The man in the bed started violently. "The result of that would have been to throw some three thousand men out of work for at least a couple of months."

"It's a lie!" said Latter thickly.

"Your object in so doing was obvious," continued Drummond. "Money. I don't know how much, and I didn't know from whom — until last night." And now Latter was swallowing hard, and clutching the bedclothes with hands that shook like leaves.

"You saw me last night, Mr. Latter, didn't you? And I found out your headquarters ——"

"In heaven's name — who are you?" His voice rose almost to a scream. "Aren't you the police?"

"No — I am not." Drummond was coming nearer, and Latter cowered back. "I am not the police, you wretched thing: I am the leader of the Black Gang."

Latter felt the other's huge hands on him, and struggled like a puny child, whimpering, half sobbing. He writhed and squirmed as a gag was forced into his mouth; then he felt a rope cut his wrists as they were lashed behind his back. And all the while the other man went on speaking in a calm, leisurely voice.

"The leader of the Black Gang, Mr. Latter; the gang that came into existence to exterminate things like you. Ever since the war you poisonous reptiles have been at work stirring up internal trouble in this country. Not one in ten of you believe what your preach; your driving force is money and your own advancement. And as for your miserable dupes, those priceless fellows who follow you blindly because — God help them! — they're hungry and their wives are hungry, what do you care for them, Mr. Latter? You just laugh in your sleeve, and pocket the cash."

With a heave he jerked the other to the floor, and proceeded to lash him to the foot of the bed.

"I have had my eye on you, Mr. Latter, since the Manchester effort when ten men were killed, and you were the murderer. But other and more important matters have occupied my time. You see, my information is very good — better than Delmorlick's selection of friends. The new devoted adherent to your cause this afternoon happens to be an intimate friend of mine."

Drummond was busying himself with something that he had taken from his pocket — a thick, square slab with a hole in the center.

"I admit that your going to the police with my note surprised me. And it really was extraordinarily lucky that I happened to be in the office at the time. But it necessitated a slight change of plan on my part. If dear old McIver and his minions are outside the house, it's much simpler for me to be inside. And now, Mr. Latter — to come to business."

He stood in front of the bound man, whose eyes were rolling horribly.

"We believe in making the punishment fit the crime. This afternoon you planned to destroy the livelihood of several thousand men with explosive, simply that you might make money. Here" — he held up the square slab — "is a pound of the actual gun cotton, which was taken from Delmorlick himself before he started on a journey to join my other specimens. I propose to place this slab under you, Mr. Latter, and to light this piece of fuse which is attached to it. The fuse will take about three minutes to burn. If you can get free during the three minutes, so much the better for you; if not — well, it would be a pity not to have any explosion at all in Sheffield, wouldn't it?"

For a moment or two Drummond watched the struggling, terrified man, and his eyes were hard and merciless. Then he went to the door, and Latter heard it opened and shut, and moaned horribly. His impotent struggles increased. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the fire burning nearer and nearer. And then all of a sudden something seemed to snap in his brain ——

Four minutes later Drummond came out from the screen behind which he had been standing. He picked up the burnt-out fuse and the block of wood to which it had been attached. Then he undid the ropes that bound the other man, removed the gag, and put him back into bed. And after a while he nodded thoughtfully.

"Poetic justice," he murmured. "And it saves a lot of trouble."

Then, after one searching look around the room, he turned out the light, and stepped quietly into the passage.

"An extraordinary thing, McIver," said Sir Bryan Johnstone, late on the afternoon of the following day. "You say that when you saw Mr. Latter this morning he was mad?"

"Mad as a hatter, sir," answered McIver, turning for confirmation to Drummond, who was sprawling in a chair.

"Absolutely up the pole, Tum-tum," agreed Drummond.

"Gibbered like a fool," said McIver, "and struggled wildly whenever he got near the foot of the bed. Seemed terrified by it, somehow! Did you notice that, Mr. Drummond?"

"My dear old lad, it was only ten o'clock, and I was barely conscious," yawned that worthy, lighting a cigarette.

"Well, anyway, you had no trouble with the gang, McIver," said his chief.

"None, sir," agreed the inspector. "I thought they wouldn't try it on with me twice. Just before I caught the train I heard some fool story about one of the night watchmen at a big works who swears he saw a sort of court-martial — he was an old soldier — being held on three men by a lot of black-masked figures. But a lot of these people have got this yarn on the brain, Sir Bryan. It's spread a good deal farther than I thought."

Sir Bryan nodded thoughtfully.

"I must say I'd like to know what sent Charles Latter mad!"

Drummond sat up lazily.

"Good heavens, Tumkins, don't you know? The house party, old son — the house party. They had to be seen to be believed."

CHAPTER 6

TAKE a garrulous night watchman and an enterprising journalist; bring them together over one, or even two glasses of beer, and a hard-worked editor feels safe for a column every time. And since the night watchman at Greystone's Steel Works was very gar-

rulous, and the journalist was young and ambitious, the result produced several columns of the sort of stuff that everybody likes to read, and pretends he doesn't.

Mr. Day was the night watchman's name, and Mr. Day was prepared to tell his story at a pint a time to any one who cared to listen. It differed in detail, the difference depending entirely on the number of payments received during the day, but the essential part remained the same. And it was the essential part that was first published in one of the local Sheffield papers, and from there found its way into the London press.

Mr. Day, it appeared, had been making his hourly tour of the works, according to his usual custom. It was about midnight, or perhaps a little after, that he thought he heard the sound of voices coming from the central power station. As he approached it had seemed to him that it was more brightly lighted than it had been on his previous round, when only one electric light had been burning. He was on the point of opening the door to go in and investigate, when he heard at least half a dozen voices speaking angrily, and one in particular had stood out above the others. It was loud and convulsed with passion, and, on hearing it, Mr. Day, remembering his wife and four children, had paused.

"You damned traitor! As sure as there's a God above, I'll kill you for this some day!"

Such were the words which it appeared had given Mr. Day cause for reflection. At any time, and in any place, they would be apt to stand out from the ordinary level of bright chat; but as Mr. Day remarked succinctly, "They fair gave me the creeps, coming out o' that there place, which was hempty, mind you, not 'alf an hour before."

And there are few, I think, who can blame him for his decision not to open the door, but to substitute for such a course a strategic move to a flank. There was an outside flight of steps leading to a door which opened upon the upstairs platform, where stood the indicator board. And halfway up that flight of stairs was a window — a window through which Mr. Day was peering a few seconds afterward.

IT was at this point in the narrative that Mr. Day was wont to pause, while his listeners drew closer. Standing between four huge dynamos, which supplied the whole of the power necessary for the works, were ten or a dozen men. Three of them had their hands lashed behind their backs, and these were the only ones whose faces he could see. The others — and here came a still more impressive pause — were completely covered in black from head to foot. Black masks, black cloaks — the only difference between them being in height. He couldn't hear what was being said — ever since the Boer War, Mr. Day had been a little hard of hearing. But what it reminded him of was a drumhead court-martial.

The three men whose hands were lashed behind them were the prisoners; the men in black, standing motionless round them, the judges. He heard vaguely the sound of a voice which went on speaking for some time. And since the three bound men seemed to be staring at one of the masked figures, he concluded that he must be the speaker. Then he saw the masked men surround the other three closely, and when they stood back again Mr. Day noticed that the prisoners had been gagged as well as bound.

It was at this moment, apparently, that a hazy idea of going for the police penetrated his brain for the first time, but it was too late. Powerless in the hands of their captors, the three men were forced to the door, and shortly afterward Mr. Day affirmed that he heard the sound of a car driving off. But he was unable to swear to it; he was still flattening a fascinated nose against tne window; for two of the masked men had remained behind, and Mr. Day wasn't going to miss anything.

These two gathered together into bundles a lot of things that looked like wooden slabs — also some stuff that looked like black cord. Then they walked carefully round the whole power station, as if to make sure that nothing had been left behind. Apparently satisfied with their inspection, they went to the door, carrying the bundles they had collected. They turned out all the lights except the one which had originally been burning, took one final look around to make certain that everything was as it should be, and then they, too, vanished into the night, leaving Mr. Day to scratch his head and wonder if he had been dreaming.

IN fact, but for one indisputable certainty, it is very doubtful whether Mr. Day's story would have been received with the respect which it undoubtedly deserved. When he first recounted it there were scoffers of the most incredulous type; scoffers who cast the most libelous reflections on the manner in which Mr. Day had spent the evening before going on duty. And it was not until the fact became established, two or three days later, that three men who should have come to work the next morning not only failed to appear, but had completely disappeared, leaving no trace behind them, that the scoffers became silent.

Moreover, the enterprising journalist came on the scene, and Mr. Day became famous, and Mr. Day developed an infinite capacity for beer. Was not he, wildly improbable though his story might be, the only person who could throw any light at all on the mysterious disappearance of three workmen from Sheffield? Certainly the journalist considered that he was, and proceeded to write a column of the most convincing journalese to proclaim his belief to the world at large, and Sheffield in particular.

Thus was the ball started. And no sooner had it commenced to move, than it received astonishing impetus from all sorts of unexpected directions. The journalist, in his search for copy to keep his infant alive, discovered to his astonishment that he had unearthed a full-grown child. The activities of the Black Gang were not such a profound mystery as he had at first thought. And though he failed to get the slightest clew as to the identity of the men composing it, he was soon absolutely convinced of the truth of Mr. Day's story. But there he stuck; the whole matter became one of conjecture in his mind. That there was a Black Gang, he was certain; but why or wherefore was beyond him.

Men whom he encountered in odd places were noncommittal. Some obviously knew nothing about it; others shrugged their shoulders and looked wise.

He questioned one group of youngish men about the matter. They were standing at the corner of the long street which led from Greystone's Works, muttering together, and their conversation ceased abruptly as he sauntered up.

"Journalist, are you?" said one. "Want to know about this 'ere Black Gang? Well, look 'ere, mister, I'll tell you one thing. See them furnaces over there?" He pointed to the ruddy, orange light of Greystone's huge furnaces, glowing fiercely against the evening sky. "Well, if me and my mates ever catch the leader of that there gang, or anybody wot's connected with it, they goes in them furnaces alive."

"Shut up, yer blasted fool!" cried one of the others.

"Think I'm afraid of that bunch!" snarled the first speaker. "A bunch wot's frightened to show their faces!"

But the journalist had passed on.

"Don't you pay no attention to them young fools, mate," said an elderly, quiet-looking man, who was standing smoking in a doorway a few yards farther on. "They talks too much and they does too little."

"I was asking them about this so-called Black Gang," said the searcher after news.

"Ah!" The elderly man spat thoughtfully. "Don't profess to know nothing about them myself; but if wot I've 'eard is true, we could do with a few more like 'em."

And once more the journalist passed on.

The police refused point-blank to make any communications on the matter. They had heard Mr. Day's story, and, while not disposed to dismiss it entirely, they would not say that they were prepared to accept it completely; and since it was a jolly day outside, and they were rather busy — the door was along the passage to the left.

Such were the ingredients, then, with which one, and sometimes two columns daily were made up for the edification of the inhabitants of Sheffield. Brief notices appeared in one or two of the London dailies, coupled with the announcement that Mr. Charles Latter had suffered a nervous breakdown, and that this well-known M. P. had gone into a nursing home for some weeks. But beyond that the matter was too local to be of great importance, until a sudden dramatic development revived the flagging interest in Sheffield, and brought the matter into the national limelight.

IT was nothing more nor less than an announcement purporting to come from the leader of the Black Gang himself, and sent to the editor of the Sheffield paper. It occupied a prominent position on the front page, and was introduced to the public in the following words:

The following communication has been received by the editor. The original, which he has handed over to the proper authorities, was type written; the postmark was a London one. The editor offers no comment on the genuineness of the document, beyond stating that it is printed exactly as it was received.

The document ran as follows:

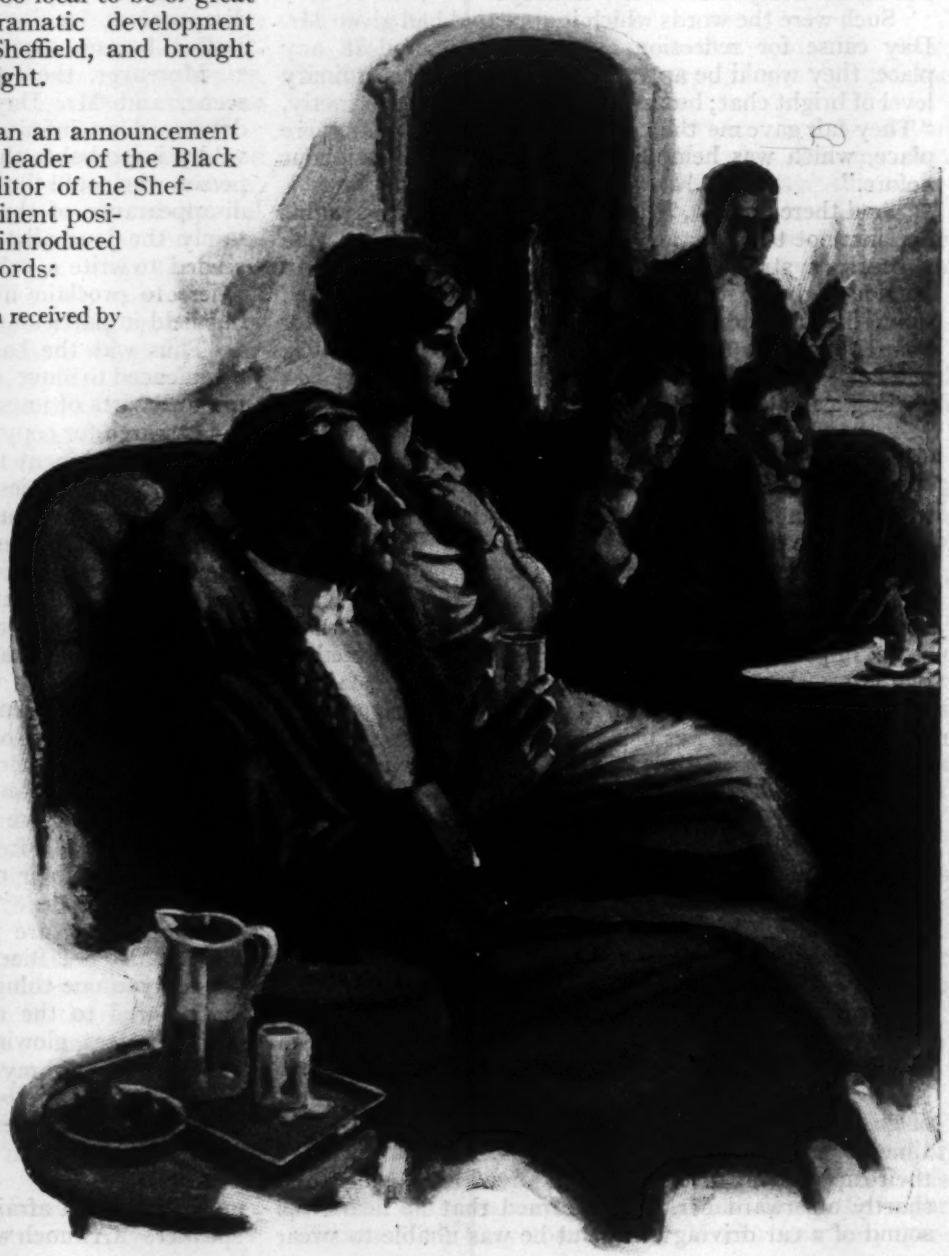
In view of the conflicting rumors started by the story of Mr. Day, the night watchman at Greystone's Works, it may be of interest to the public to know that his story is true in every detail. The three men who were bound were engaged, at the instigation of others, in an attempt to wreck the main power station, thereby largely increasing unemployment in Sheffield, and fomenting more unrest. The driving force behind this, as behind other similar activities, is international. The source of it all lies in other countries; the object is the complete ruin of the great sober majority of workers in England by a loud-voiced, money-seeking minority, which is composed of unscrupulous scoundrels and fanatical madmen.

For these apostles of anarchy a home has been prepared, where the doctrines of communism are strictly enforced. The three men who have disappeared from Sheffield have gone to that home, but there is still plenty of room for others. Mr. Charles Latter has gone mad, otherwise he would have accompanied them. The more intelligent the man, the more vile the scoundrel. Charles Latter was intelligent. There are others more intelligent than he. It is expressly for their benefit that the Black Gang came into being.

(Signed) THE LEADER OF THE GANG.

THE reception of this remarkable document was mixed. On the strength of the first sentence Mr. Day's price rose to two pints; but it was the rest of the communication that aroused public interest. For the first time some tangible reason had been advanced to account for the presence of the three bound men and their masked captors in the power station at Greystone's. Inquiries revealed the fact that all three of them were men educated above the average, and all held very advanced Socialistic views. And to that extent the document seemed credible. But the concluding sentences baffled the public.

True, Mr. Charles Latter, M. P., had been staying on the night in question at Lady Manton's house a few miles out of the town. Equally true, he had had a nervous breakdown which necessitated his removal to a nursing home in London. But what connection there could possibly be between him and the three men it was difficult to see. It was most positively asserted that the



well-known Member of Parliament had not left Drayton House during the night on which the affair took place; and yet, if credence was to be attached to the document, there was an intimate connection between him and the affair at the steel works.

Callers at the nursing home came away none the wiser; his doctor had positively refused to admit any one except his brother, who came away frowning after the first visit, and returned no more. For Charles Latter not only had not recognized him, but had shrunk away, babbling nonsense, while continually his eyes had sought the foot of the bed with a look of dreadful terror in them.

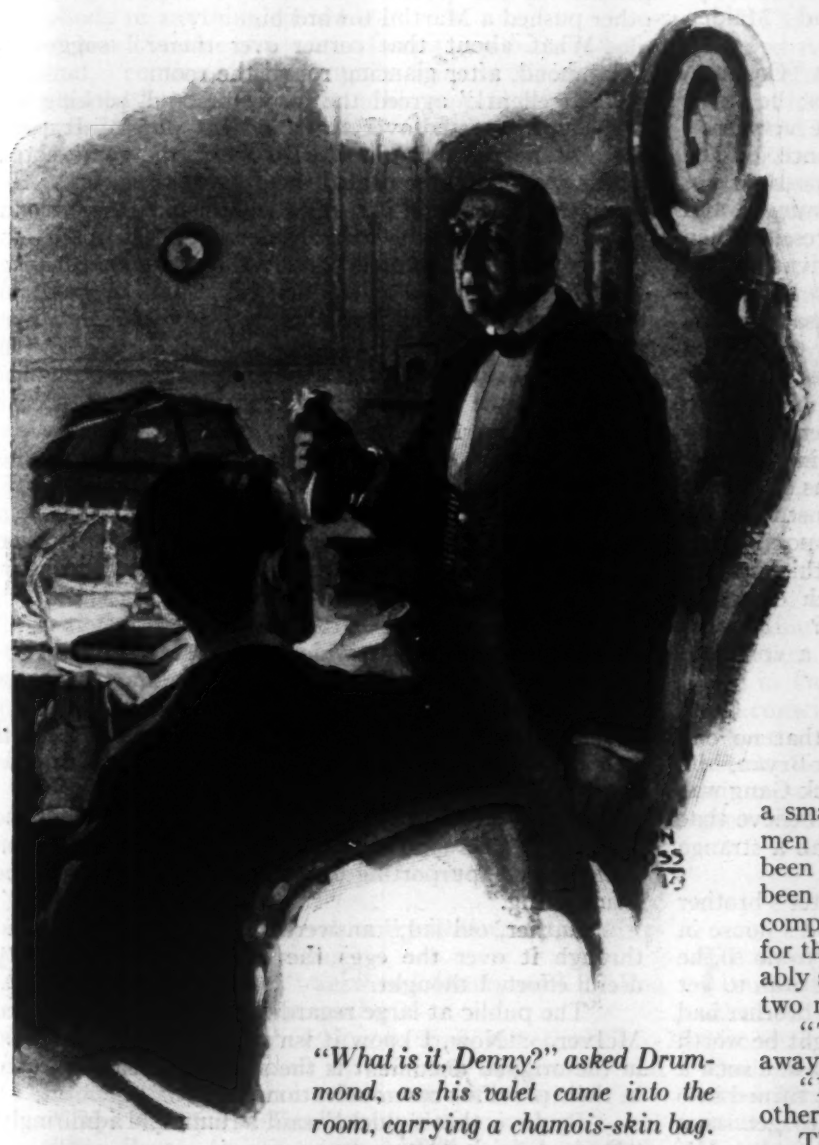
AND so speculation continued. No further communication emanated from the mysterious Black Gang. Mr. Latter was insane; the three men had disappeared; and Mr. Day, even at two pints, could say no more than he had said already. There were people who dismissed the entire thing as an impudent and impertinent hoax, and stated that the editor of the Sheffield paper should be prosecuted for libel. It was obvious, they explained, what had occurred. Some irresponsible practical joker had, for reasons of his own, connected the two acts, whose only real connection was that they had occurred about the same time, and had maliciously sent the letter to the paper.

But there were others who were not so sure — people who nodded wisely at one another from the corners of trains, and claimed inside knowledge of strange happenings unknown to the mere public. They affirmed darkly that there was more in it than met the eye, and relapsed into confidential mutterings.

And then, when nothing further happened, the matter died out of the papers, and speculation ceased among the public. The general impression left behind favored a hoax; and at that it was allowed to remain until the events occurred which were to prove that it was a very grim reality.

But whatever the general public may have thought about the matter, there were two persons in London who viewed the sudden newspaper notoriety with rage and anger. And it is, perhaps, needless to say that neither of them concurred in the impression that it was a hoax; only too well did they know that it was nothing of the kind.

The first of these was Count Zadowa, alias Mr. William Atkinson. He had duly received from Latter a telegram in code stating that everything was well — a telegram dispatched from Sheffield after the meeting with Delmorlick in the afternoon. And from that moment he had heard nothing. The early editions of the evening papers on the following day had contained no reference to any explosion at Sheffield; the later ones had announced Mr. Latter's nervous breakdown. And the Count, reading between the lines, had wondered, though at that time he was far from guessing the real truth. Then had come strange rumors — rumors which resulted in summoning post-haste from Sheffield a man who was alluded to in the archives at 5 Green Street, as John Smith, commission agent. And, though he may have fully deserved the description of commission agent, a glance at his face gave one to wonder at his right to the name of John Smith.



"What is it, Denny?" asked Drummond, as his valet came into the room, carrying a chamois-skin bag. "I found this bag, sir, in the pocket of the coat you were wearing to-night," the man replied

"TELL me exactly what has happened," said the Count quietly, pointing to a chair in his inner office. "Up to date I have heard only rumors."

And John Smith, with a foreign accent, told. Mr. Latter had called on him, early in the afternoon, and, in accordance with his instructions, he had arranged a meeting between Mr. Latter and Delmorlick at a small hotel. Delmorlick had taken three other men with him, and he presumed everything had been arranged at that meeting. No; he had not been present himself. For two of Delmorlick's companions he could vouch; in fact — and then, for the first time, Count Zadowa heard the story so ably spread abroad by Mr. Day. For it was those two men and Delmorlick who had disappeared.

"Then it was the fourth man who gave it away," snapped the Count. "Who was he?"

"He called himself Jackson," faltered the other. "But I haven't seen him since."

Thoughtfully the Count tapped on the desk in front of him; no one looking at him would have guessed for an instant the rage that was seething in his brain. For the first time he realized fully

that, perfect though his own organization might be, he had come up against one that was still better.

"And what about Latter's nervous breakdown?" he demanded at length.

But on that subject John Smith knew nothing. He had no ideas on the subject, and, after a few searching questions, he found himself curtly dismissed, leaving the Count to ponder over the connection between Latter's breakdown and the affair at the power station. And he was still pondering over it three days later when the bombshell exploded in the form of the document to the press. That the concluding sentences were evidently directed against him did not worry him nearly as much as the publicity afforded to activities in which secrecy was essential.

And what worried him even more was the fact that others on the Continent — men whose names were never mentioned, but who regarded him almost as he regarded Latter — would see the English papers, and would form their own conclusions. Already some peremptory letters had reached him, stating that the activities of the Black Gang must cease — *how* was immaterial. And he had replied stating that he had the thing well in hand. On top of which had come this damnable document, which was published in practically every paper in the country, and had produced a sort of silly-season discussion from "Retired Colonel" and "Maiden Lady."

Of no importance to him was the fact that "Common Sense" decreed that it was a stupid hoax; he knew it was not. And so did those others, as he very soon found out. Two days after the appearance of the document, he received a letter bearing the postmark of Amsterdam. It stated merely: "I am coming," and was signed X. And had any one been present when Count Zadowa opened that letter in his private office, he would have seen an unexpected sight. He would have seen the Count tear the letter into a thousand pieces, and then wipe his forehead with a hand that trembled a little. For Count Zadowa, who terrified most men, was frightened himself.

The second person who viewed this sudden notoriety with dislike was Inspector McIver. And in his case, too, the reason was largely personal. He was caught on the horns of a dilemma, as Sir Bryan Johnstone, who was not too pleased with the turn of events, pointed out to him a little caustically. If the entire thing was a hoax, why had McIver himself taken such elaborate precautions to prevent anything happening? If it was not a hoax, then McIver had been made a complete fool of.

"I'LL stake my reputation on the fact that no one got into or left the house that night, Sir Bryan," he reiterated again and again. "That the Black Gang was at work in the town, I admit; but I do not believe that Mr. Latter's condition is anything more than a strange coincidence."

It was an interview he had with Mr. Latter's brother that caused him to go around to Drummond's house in Brook Street. Much as he disliked having to do so, he felt he must leave no stone unturned, if he was to get to the bottom of the affair, and Mr. Latter's brother had said one or two things which he thought might be worth following up. If only Hugh Drummond wasn't such a confounded fool, he reflected savagely, as he turned into Bond Street, it would have been possible to get some sane information. But that was his chief's fault. He, McIver, entirely washed his hands of the responsibility of roping in such a vast idiot. And it was at that stage in his meditations that a car drew silently up beside him, and the cheerful voice of the subject of his thoughts hailed him delightedly.

"The very man, and the very spot!"

McIver turned round, and nodded briefly.

"'Morning, Captain Drummond! I was just going round to your house to see you."

"But, my dear old top, don't you see where you are?" cried Hugh. "The portals of the Regency positively beckon us. Behind those portals a cocktail apiece, and you shall tell me all your troubles."

He gently propelled the inspector through the doors of the celebrated club, still babbling cheerfully.

"AFTER profound experience, old lad," he remarked, coming to anchor by the bar, "I have come to the conclusion that there is only one thing in this world better than having a cocktail at twelve o'clock."

"What's that?" said McIver perfunctorily.

"Having two," answered Drummond triumphantly.

The inspector smiled wanly. After his profound experience he had come to the conclusion that there could exist in the world no bigger ass than Drummond, but he followed a trade where at times it is necessary to suffer fools gladly. And this was one of them.

"Is there any place where we could have a little private talk, Captain Drummond?" he asked, as the other pushed a Martini toward him.

"What about that corner over there?" suggested Drummond, after glancing round the room.

"Excellent!" agreed the inspector, and, picking up his glass, he crossed over to it and sat down. It took his host nearly five minutes to make the same short journey, and McIver chafed irritably at the delay. He was a busy man, and it seemed to him that Drummond knew every one in the room. Moreover, he insisted on talking to each one at length. And once again a feeling of anger against his chief filled his mind. What had Drummond except his great strength to distinguish him from this futile crowd of cocktail-drinking men? All of them built on the same pattern; all of them fashioned along the same lines. Talking a strange jargon of their own — idle, perfectly groomed, bored. As far as they were concerned, he was nonexistent save as the man who was with Drummond. He smiled a little grimly; he, who did more work in a week than the whole lot of them put together got through in a year. A strange caste, he reflected, as he sipped his drink; a caste which does not aim at, because it essentially is, good form; a caste which knows only one fetish — the absolute repression of all visible emotion; a caste which incidentally pulled considerably more than its own weight in the war. McIver gave them credit for that.

"Sorry to be so long." Drummond lowered himself into a chair. "The place is always crowded at this hour. Now, what's the little worry?"

"It's about the affair up at Sheffield," said the inspector. "I suppose you've seen this communication in the papers, purporting to come from the leader of the Black Gang."

"Rather, old lad," answered Drummond. "Waded through it over the eggs the other morning. Pretty useful effort, I thought."

"The public at large regard it as a hoax," continued McIver. "Now, I know it isn't! The typewriter used in the original document is the same one that was used in their previous communications."

"By Jove, that's quick!" said Drummond admiringly. "Deuced quick."

McIver frowned.

"Now please concentrate, Captain Drummond. The concluding sentence of the letter would lead one to

suppose that there was some connection between the activities of this gang and Mr. Charles Latter's present condition. I, personally, don't believe it. I think it was mere coincidence. But, whichever way it is, I would give a great deal to know what sent him mad."

"Is he absolutely up the pole?" demanded Drummond.

"ABSOLUTELY! His brother has seen him, and after he had seen him he came to me. He tells me that the one marked symptom is an overmastering terror of something he seems to see at the foot of the bed. He follows this thing around with his eyes — I suppose he thinks it's coming toward him — and then he screams. His brother believes that some one or something must have been in his room that night — a something so terrifying that it sent him mad. To my mind, of course, the idea is wildly improbable, but strange things do occur."

"Undoubtedly!" agreed Drummond.

"Now you were in the house," went on the inspector. "You even examined his room, you told Sir Bryan. Now, did you examine it closely?"

"Even to looking under the bed," answered Drummond brightly.

"And there was nothing there? No place where anybody or anything could hide?"

"Not a vestige of a spot. In fact, my dear old police hound," continued Drummond, draining his glass, "if the genial brother is correct in his supposition, the only conclusion we can come to is that I sent him mad myself."

McIver frowned again.

"I wish you'd be serious, Captain Drummond. There are other things in life beside cocktails and — this." He waved an expressive hand round the room. "The matter is an important one. You can give me no further information? You heard no sounds during the night?"

"Only the sheep-faced man snoring," answered Drummond, with a grin. And then, of a sudden, he became serious, and, leaning across the table, he stared fixedly at the inspector.

"I think we must conclude, McIver, that the madness of Mr. Latter is due to the ghosts of the past, and perhaps the specters of the present. A punishment, McIver, for things done which it is not good to do — a punishment which came to him in the night. That's when the ghosts are abroad." He noted McIver's astonished face, and gradually his own relaxed into a smile. "Pretty good, that — wasn't it? — after only one cocktail. You ought to hear me after my third."

"Thanks very much, Captain Drummond," laughed the inspector, "but that was quite good enough for me. We don't deal in ghosts in my service."

"Well, I've done my best," sighed Drummond, languidly beckoning to a waiter to repeat the dose. "It's either that, or it was I. I know my face is pretty bad, but ——"

"I don't think we need worry about either alternative," said McIver, rising.

"Right-oh, old lad," answered Drummond. "You know best. You'll have another?"

"No more, thanks. I have to work sometimes."

The inspector picked up his hat and stick, and Drummond strolled across the room with him.

"Give my love to Tum-tum."

"Sir Bryan is not at the office to-day, Captain Drummond," answered McIver coldly. "Good morning."

With a faint smile Drummond watched the square, sturdy figure swing through the doors into Bond Street, then he turned and thoughtfully made his way back to the table.

"Make it seven, instead of two," he told the waiter, who was hovering around.

And had McIver returned at that moment he would have seen six of these imperturbable, bored men rise unobtrusively from different parts of the room, and saunter idly across to the corner where he had recently been sitting. It would probably not have struck him as an unusual sight — Drummond and six of his pals having a second drink; in fact, it would have struck him as being very usual. He was an unimaginative man was the inspector.

"Well," said Peter Darrell, lighting a cigarette, "what did he have to say?"

"Nothing of interest," answered Drummond. "I told him the truth, and he wouldn't believe me. Algy back yet?"

"This morning," said Ted Jerningham. "He's coming round here. Had a bit of trouble, I gather. And, talk of the devil — here he is."

Algy Longworth, his right arm in a sling, was threading his way toward them.

"What's happened, Algy?" asked Hugh, as he came over to their corner.

"That firebrand Delmorlick stuck a knife into me," grinned Algy. "We tied a rope around him, dropped him overboard, and towed him for three hundred yards. Cooled his ardor. I think he'll live all right."

"And how are all the specimens?"

"Prime, old son — prime! If we leave 'em long enough, they'll all murder one another."

Drummond put down his empty glass with a laugh.

"The first British Soviet. Long life to 'em! Incidentally, ten o'clock to-night. Usual rendezvous. On account of your arm, Algy, you'd better transfer your instructions to Ted. You've got 'em?"

"In my pocket here. But, Hugh, I can easily ——"

"Transfer to Ted, please. No argument! We've got a nice little job — possibly some sport. Read 'em, Ted — and business as usual. So long, boys! Phyllis and I are lunching with some awe-inspiring relatives."

The group broke up as casually as it had formed, only Ted Jerningham remaining behind. And he was reading what looked like an ordinary letter. He read it through carefully six or seven times; then he placed it in the fire, watching it until it was reduced to ashes. A few minutes later he was sitting down to lunch with his father, Sir Patrick Jerningham, Bart., at the latter's club in Pall Mall. And it is possible that that worthy and conscientious gentleman would not have eaten such a hearty meal had he known that his only son was detailed for a job that very night which, in the event of failure, would mean either prison or a knife in the back — probably the latter.

CHAPTER 7

IT was perhaps because the thought of failure never entered Hugh Drummond's head that such a considerable measure of success had been possible up to date — that, and the absolute, unquestioning obedience which he demanded of his pals, and which they accorded him willingly. As they knew, he laid no claims to brilliance; but, as they also knew, he hid a very shrewd common sense beneath his frivolous manner. And having once accepted the sound military truism that one indifferent general is better than two good ones, they accepted his leadership with unswerving loyalty.

What was going to be the end of their self-imposed fight against the pests of society did not worry them greatly; all that mattered was that there should be a certain amount of sport in the collection of the specimens. Granted the promise of that, they willingly sacrificed any engagements and carried out Hugh's orders to the letter.

Up to date, however, the campaign, though far from being dull, had not produced any really big results. A number of sprats and a few moderate-sized fish had duly been caught in the landing net, and been sent to the private pool to meditate at leisure. But nothing really large had come their way. Zaboleff was a good haul, and the madness of Mr. Latter was all for the national welfare. But the Black Gang, which aimed merely at the repression of terrorism by terrorism, had found it too easy. The nauseating cowardice of the majority of their opponents was becoming monotonous, their strong aversion to soap and water, insanitary. They wanted big game — not the rats that emerged from the sewers.

Even Drummond had begun to feel that patriotism might be carried too far, until the moment when the address in Hoxton had fallen into his hands. Then, with the optimism that lives eternal in the hunter's breast, fresh hope had arisen in his mind. It had been held in abeyance temporarily, owing to the little affair at Sheffield. Yet now that that was over he had determined on a bigger game. If it failed — if they drew blank — he had almost decided to chuck the thing up altogether. Phyllis, he knew, would be overjoyed if he did.

"Just this one final coup, old girl," he said, as they sat waiting in the Carlton for the awe-inspiring relatives. "I've got it cut and dried, and it comes off to-night. If it's a dud, we'll dissolve ourselves — at any rate, for the present. If only ——"

He sighed, and his wife looked at him reproachfully.

"I know you want another fight with Peterson, you old goat," she remarked. "But you'll never see him again, or that horrible girl."

"Don't you think I shall, Phyl?" He stared despondently at his shoes. "I can't help feeling myself that somewhere or other behind all this that cheery bird is lurking. My dear, it would be too ghastly if I never saw him again."

"The next time you see him, Hugh," she answered quietly, "he won't take any chances with you."

"But, my angel child," he boomed cheerfully, "I don't want him to! Not on your life! Nor shall I. Good heavens! Here they are. Uncle Timothy looks more like a mangel-wurzel than ever."

AT nine-thirty that evening a party of five men sat waiting in a small sitting room of a house situated in a remote corner of South Kensington. Some easels, covered with half-finished sketches, stood around the walls, as befitted a room belonging to a budding artist such as Toby Sinclair. Not that he was an artist, or even a budding one, but he felt that a man must have some excuse for living in South Kensington. And so he had bought the sketches and put them round the room, principally to deceive the landlady.

The fact that he was never there except at strange hours merely confirmed that excellent woman's opinion that all artists were dissolute rascals. But he paid his rent regularly, and times were hard, especially in South Kensington. Had the worthy soul known that her second-best sitting room was the rendezvous of this Black Gang whose letter to the paper she and her husband had discussed over the matutinal kipper, it is doubtful if she would have been so complacent. But she didn't know, and continued her weekly dusting of the sketches with characteristic zeal.

"Ted should be here soon," said Drummond, glancing at his watch. "I hope he's got the bird all right."

"You didn't get into the inner room, did you, Hugh?" said Peter Darrell.

"No. But I saw enough to know that it's beyond our form, old lad. We've got to have a skilled cracksman to deal with one of the doors — and almost certainly anything important will be in a safe inside."

"Just run over the orders again." Toby Sinclair came back from drawing the blinds even more closely together.

"PERFECTLY simple," said Hugh. "Ted and I and Ginger Martin — if he's got him — will go straight into the house through the front door. I know the geography of the place all right, and I've already laid out the caretaker clerk once. Then we must trust to luck. There shouldn't be anybody there except the little blighter of a clerk. The rest of you will hang about outside in case of trouble. Don't bunch together, keep on the move; but keep the doors in sight. When you see us come out again, make your own way home. Can't give you any more detailed instructions, because I don't know what may turn up. I shall rig myself out here, after Ted arrives. You had better go to your own rooms and do it, but wait first to make sure that he's roped in Ginger Martin."

He glanced up as the door opened and Jerry Seymour — sometime of the Royal Flying Corps — put his head into the room.

"Ted's here, and he's got the bird all right. Unpleasant-looking bloke with a flattened face."

"Right." Drummond rose, and crossed to a cupboard. "Clear off, you fellows. The zero hour is midnight."

From the cupboard he pulled a long black cloak and mask, which he proceeded to put on, while the others disappeared with the exception of Jerry Seymour, who came into the room. He was dressed in livery, like a chauffeur, and he had, in fact, been driving the car in which Ted had brought Ginger Martin.

"Any trouble?" asked Drummond.

"No. Once he was certain Ted was not connected with the police, he came like a bird," said Jerry. "The fifty quid did it." Then he grinned. "You know Ted's a marvel. I'll defy anybody to recognize him."

Drummond nodded, and sat down at the table facing the door.

"Tell Ted to bring him up. And I don't want him to see you, Jerry, so keep out of the light."

Undoubtedly Jerry Seymour was right with regard to Jerningham's make-up. As he and Martin came into the room, it was only the sudden start and cry on the part of the crook that made Drummond certain as to which was which.

"Blimey!" muttered the man, shrinking back as he saw the huge figure in black confronting him. "Wot's the game, guv'nor?"

"There's no game, Martin," said Drummond reassuringly. "You've been told what you're wanted for, haven't you? A little professional assistance to-night, for which you will be paid fifty pounds, is all we ask of you."

But Ginger Martin still seemed far from easy in his mind. Like most of the underworld, he had heard strange stories of the Black Gang long before they had attained the notoriety of print. Many of them were exaggerated, doubtless, but the general impression left in his mind was one of fear. The police were always

with him; the police he understood. But this strange gang was beyond his comprehension, and that in itself was sufficient to frighten him.

"You're one of this 'ere Black Gang," he said sullenly, glancing at the door in front of which Jerningham was standing. Should he chance it and make a dash to get away? Fifty pounds are fifty pounds, but—— He gave a little shiver as his eyes came round again to the motionless figure on the other side of the table.

"Quite correct, Martin," said the same reassuring voice. "And it's only because I don't want you to recognize me that I'm dressed up like this. We don't mean to harm you." The voice paused for a moment, and then went on again. "You understand that, Martin. You won't be harmed, unless"— and once again there came a pause — "unless you try any monkey tricks. You are to do exactly as I tell you, without question and at once. If you do, you will receive fifty pounds. If you don't — well, Martin, I have ways of dealing with people who don't do what I tell them."

There was silence for a few minutes, while Ginger Martin fidgeted about, looking like a trapped animal. How he wished now that he'd had nothing to do with the thing at all. But it was too late to bother about that; here he was, utterly ignorant of his whereabouts — trapped.

"Wot do yer want me to do, guv'nor?" he said at last.

"Open a safe among other things," answered Drummond. "Have you brought your tools and things?"

"Yus — I've brought the outfit," muttered the other. "Where is the safe? 'Ere?"

"No, Martin, not here. Some distance away, in fact. We shall start in about an hour. Until then you will stop in this room. You can have a whisky and soda, and my friend here will stay with you. He has a gun, Martin, so remember what I said. No monkey tricks."

With fascinated eyes, the crook watched the speaker rise and cross to an inner door. Standing, he seemed more huge than ever, and Martin gave a sigh of relief as the door closed behind him.

"I reckon 'e wouldn't win a prize as a blinking dwarf," he remarked hoarsely to Jerningham. "I say, mister, wot abaht that there whisky and soda?"

THE entrance to Count Zadowa's proved easier than Drummond had expected — so easy as to be almost suspicious. No lights shone in the windows above; the house seemed completely deserted. Moreover, the door into the street was unbolted, and, without a moment's hesitation, Drummond opened it and stepped inside, followed by Martin and Ted Jerningham. Drummond still wore the long black cloak and the black mask concealed his face, as the three men stood inside the door, listening intently.

Not a sound was audible, and after a moment or two Drummond felt his way cautiously through the downstairs office toward the flight of stairs that led to the rooms above. And it was just as his foot was on the first step that a sudden noise behind made him draw back sharply into the darkness behind the counter, with a warning whisper to the others to follow his example.

The front door had opened again; some one else had come in. They could see nothing, and the only sound seemed to be the slightly quickened breathing of Ted Jerningham. Then came the sound of bolts being shot home, and footsteps coming into the office.

With a whispered "Stay there," Drummond glided toward the door like a shadow, moving with uncanny silence for such a big man. And a moment or two afterward some one came into the office. Jerningham, crouching against the crook behind the counter, could see the outline of a figure framed in the faint light that filtered in from a street lamp through the fanlight over the door. Then there was a click, and the electric light was switched on.

For a second the newcomer failed to see them; then, with a sudden gasp, he stiffened, and stood staring at them. It was Cohen, the unpleasant little clerk, returning from an evening out, which accounted for the front door having been unbolted. And undoubtedly his luck was out. Because, having seen the two of them behind the counter, he naturally failed to look for anybody else. It would not have made any great difference if he had, but the expression on his face as he felt two enormous hands close gently, but firmly, round his throat from behind caused even the phlegmatic Ginger to chuckle.

"OUT with the light!" snapped Drummond. "Then help me lash him up and gag him."

It was done quickly and deftly, and for the second time in a week the wretched Cohen was laid under his own counter. It had been carried out as noiselessly as possible, but it was five minutes before Drummond again led the way cautiously up the stairs. And during that five minutes the three men listened with every sense alert, striving to differentiate between the ordinary street noises and any unusual sound in the house above them. But not even Drummond's ears, trained as they had been for many nights in No Man's Land, could detect anything.

"It probably is empty except for that little rat," he whispered to Jerningham. "But we'll take no chances."

In single file they crept up the stairs, Drummond leading. The door at the top was ajar, and for a while they stood in the carpeted passage above, listening again.

"Along this passage are the clerks' offices," he explained in a low voice to the other two. "At the far end is another door which we shall probably find locked. Beyond that is the inner office, which we want."

"Well, let's get on wiv it, guv'nor," muttered Ginger Martin hoarsely. "There's no good in 'anging abaht."

Drummond switched on his electric torch, and flashed it cautiously around. Doors leading off the passage were open in most cases, and all the rooms were empty; it was obvious that none of the staff was about. And yet he felt an indefinable sense of danger, which he tried in vain to shake off. Somehow or other, he felt certain that they were not alone — that there were other people in the house, besides the trussed-up clerk below. But Ginger Martin had no such presentiments, and was rapidly becoming impatient. To open the door at the end of the passage, if it should prove to be locked, was child's play for him. He wanted to get on with the safe, which might take time, instead of fooling round in a passage listening for mice.

At last Drummond moved slowly forward with the other two just behind him. Whatever he may have thought, he had every intention of going through with the job, and delay in such cases only tends to turn vague fears into certain realities. Gently he tried the door at the end of the passage; as he had anticipated, it was locked.

"'Old the light, guv'nor, so that it shines on the blinkin' key'ole!" said Ginger Martin impatiently. "I'll get this open as easy as kiss yer 'and."

Without a sound, the cracksman set to work, his coarse features outlined in the circle of the torch, his ill-kept fingers handling his instruments as deftly as any surgeon. A little oil here and there; a steady pressure with a short, pointed steel tool; a faint click.

"There you are, guv'nor," he muttered, straightening

up. "Easy as kiss yer 'and. And if yer waits till I find me glove, I'll open it for yer; but Ginger Martin's finger prints are too well known to run any risks."

Still no sound came from anywhere, though the click as the lock shot back had seemed horribly loud in the silence. And then, just as Martin cautiously turned the handle and pushed open the door, Drummond stiffened suddenly and switched off his flash light. He could have sworn that he heard the sound of voices close by.

Only for a second — they were instantly silenced; but just for that fraction of time as the door opened he felt certain he had heard men speaking.

"Wot's the matter?" Martin's hoarse whisper came out of the darkness.

"Did you hear voices?" he breathed in reply. "I thought I did as you opened the door."

Once again the three men stood motionless, listening intently, but the sound was not repeated. Absolute silence reigned, broken only by the sound of their own breathing. And at last, after what seemed an interminable pause, Drummond switched on his torch again. The passage was empty; the door of the inner office was just in front of them. Almost he was persuaded that he must have made a mistake — that it had been his imagination. He peered through the keyhole: the room was in darkness.

He turned the handle cautiously; the door gave to him; and still with his torch held well in front of him, he stepped into the room, turning the light into every corner. Not a trace of any one; the inner office was absolutely empty. He flashed the light all around the walls; as far as he could see there was no other door — not even a window. Consequently the only way out was by the door through which they had just entered. It was obviously impossible for any one to have left without his knowledge.

"It's all right!" he muttered, turning to the other two. "Must have been my mistake. Let's go ahead."

"There's a mighty strong smell of cigar smoke," said Jerningham dubiously.

"No ventilation, old man," returned Drummond. "Hangs about for hours. No other door, no window. Now then, Ginger, let's tackle the big desk first. It looks pretty easy, even to me."

As he spoke he moved into the center of the room, his torch lighting up the big roll-top desk.

"Right-ho, guv'nor. Keep the beam on the keyhole ——"

The crook bent over his task, only to straighten up suddenly as all the lights went on.

"Yer damned fool!" he snarled. "Switch 'em off! It ain't safe."

"I DIDN'T put 'em on!" snapped Drummond.

"Nor I," said Jerningham.

For a moment or two no one spoke; then Ginger Martin made a wild dive for the door. But the door which had opened so easily a few moments before now refused to budge, though he tugged at it, cursing horribly. And after a while he gave it up, and turned on Drummond like a wild beast.

"You've trapped me, yer —— swine! I'll get even with you for this if I swing for it!"

But Drummond, to whom the presence of actual danger was as meat and drink, took not the slightest notice. His brain, ice-cold and clear, was moving rapidly. It had not been a mistake, he *had* heard voices — voices which came from that very room in which they now were. Men had been there — men who had got out by some other way. And Ginger Martin — all of them — were trapped. More out of thoughtlessness than anything else, he brushed the swearing crook aside with the back of his hand — much as one brushes away a troublesome fly. And Martin, feeling as if he'd been kicked in the mouth by a horse, ceased to swear.

It was uncanny — devilish. The room, empty save for them, suddenly flooded with light. But by whom? Drummond felt that they were being watched. But by whom? And then suddenly he heard Ted Jerningham's voice, low and tense.

"There's a man watching us, Hugh. I can see his eyes. In that big safe door."

Like a flash, Drummond swung around, and looked at the safe. Ted was right; he could see the eyes himself, and they were fixed on him with an expression of malignant fury through a kind of opening that looked like the slit in a letter box. For a moment or two they remained there, staring at him; then they disappeared, and the opening through which he had seen them disappeared, also, and seemed to become part of the door. And it was just as he was moving toward this mysterious safe to examine it more closely that, with a sudden clang, another opening appeared — one much larger than the first. He stopped involuntarily as something was thrown through into the room — something which hissed and spluttered.

For a moment he gazed at it uncomprehendingly as it lay on the floor; then he gave a sudden, tense order.

"On your faces — for your lives." His voice cut through the room like a knife. "Behind the desk, you fools! It's a bomb!"

CHAPTER 8

IT was the desk that saved Drummond, and with him Ted Jerningham. Flat on their faces, their arms covering their heads, they lay on the floor waiting, as in days gone by they had waited for the bursting of a too-near shell. They heard Ginger Martin, as he blundered around the room, and then — suddenly it came.

There was a deafening roar and a sheet of flame that seemed to fill the room. Great lumps of the ceiling rained down, and the big roll-top desk, cracked in pieces and splintered into matchwood, fell over on top of them. But it had done its work; it had borne the full force of the explosion in their direction. As a desk, its day was past; it had become a series of holes roughly held together by fragments of wood.

So much Drummond could see by the aid of his torch. With the explosion all the lights had gone out, and for a while he lay pressed against Ted Jerningham, trying to recover his wits. His head was singing like a bursting kettle; his back felt as if it was broken, where a vast lump of ceiling had hit him. But after moving his legs cautiously and then his arms, he decided that he was still alive. And, having arrived at that momentous conclusion, the necessity for prompt action became evident. A bomb bursting in London is not exactly a private affair.

"Are you all right, Ted?" he muttered hoarsely, his mouth full of plaster and dust.

"I think so, old man," answered Jerningham, and Drummond heaved a sigh of relief. "I got a whack on the back of the head from something."

Drummond scrambled to his feet, and switched on the torch. The wreckage was complete, but he was looking for the third member of the party. And after a moment or two he found him, and cursed with a vigorous fury that boded ill for the person who had thrown the bomb, if he ever met him.

For Ginger Martin, being either too frightened or too ignorant, had not done as he was told. There had been

no desk between him and the bomb when it burst, and what was left of him adorned a corner. There was nothing to be done; the unfortunate crook would never again crack a safe. To Drummond the only comforting thought was that death must have been instantaneous.

"Poor devil!" he murmured. "Some one is going to pay for this."

And then he felt Ted Jerningham clutching his arm.

"It's blown a hole in the wall, man. Look!"

It was true; he could see the light of a street lamp shining through a great jagged hole.

"Some bomb!" he muttered. "Let's clear out."

He gave a final flash of his torch round the floor as they moved toward the shattered wall, and then suddenly stopped.

"What's that?"

Lying in the middle of the floor was a small chamois-skin bag. It seemed unhurt, and, without thinking, Hugh picked it up and put it in his pocket. Then, switching off the torch, they both clambered through the hole, dropped on to a lean-to roof, and reached the ground.

They were at the back of the house in some deserted mews, and rapidity of movement was clearly indicated. Already a crowd was hurrying to the scene of the explosion, and, slipping quietly out of the dark alley, they joined it.

"Go home, Ted," said Drummond. "I must get the others."

"Right, old man." Jerningham made no demur, but vanished quietly, while his leader slouched on toward the front door of Number 5 Green Street. The police were already beating on it, while a large knot of interested spectators stood around them offering gratuitous advice. And in the crowd Drummond could see six of his gang; six anxious men who had determined — police or no police — to get upstairs and see what had happened. In their minds was a sickening fear that the man they followed had at last bitten off more than he could chew — that they'd find him blown to pieces in the mysterious room upstairs.

And then, quite clear and distinct above the excited comments of the crowd, came the hooting of an owl. A strange sound to hear in a London street, but the majority paid no attention to it. Other more engrossing matters were on hand, more engrossing, that is, to all except the six men who instantly swung around as they heard it. For just a second they had a glimpse of a huge figure standing in the light of a lamp post on the other side of the street — then it disappeared. And with astonishing celerity, they followed its example. Whoever had been hurt it was not Drummond; and that, at the moment, was all they were concerned with.

BY devious routes, they left the scene of the explosion — with the same goal in mind. The owl had only hooted once, which meant that they were to reassemble as soon as possible; the second call, which meant disperse, had not been given. And so within an hour six young men, shorn of all disguise and clad in immaculate evening clothes, were admitted by a somewhat sleepy Denny to Drummond's house.

They found Hugh arrayed in a gorgeous dressing gown, with a large tankard of beer beside him and his wife sitting on the arm of his chair.

"Beer, souls," he grunted. "In the corner, as usual."

"What happened, old lad?" asked Peter Darrell.

"I got handed the frozen mitten. I asked for bread, and they put across a half-brick. To be absolutely accurate we got into the room all right, and, having got in, we found we couldn't get out. Then some one switched on the light, and bunged a bomb at us through a hole in the door. Quite O. K., old girl" — he put a reassuring arm around Phyllis' waist — "I think we'd still be there if they hadn't."

"Is Ted all right?" asked Toby Sinclair.

"Yes. Ted's all right. Got a young load of bricks in his back when the ceiling came down — but he's all right. It's the other poor devil — Ginger Martin."

His face was grim and stern, and the others waited in silence for him to continue.

"There was a big desk in the room, and the bomb fell on one side of it. Ted and I gave our well-known impersonation of an earthworm on the other, which saved us. Unfortunately Ginger Martin elected to run round in small circles, and curse. And he will curse no more."

"DEAD?" Peter Darrell's voice was low.

"Yes," answered Drummond quietly. "The poor blighter was blown to pieces. If he'd done what I told him, he wouldn't have been, but that's beside the point. He was killed while he was working for me. And I don't like that."

"Oh, my dear," said Phyllis, "I do wish you'd give it up. You've escaped this time, but sooner or later they'll get you. It isn't worth it."

Drummond shook his head.

"You wouldn't like me to let that poor devil's death go unavenged, would you?" He looked up at her, and she shrugged her shoulders resignedly. A year of marriage with this vast husband of hers had convinced her of the futility of arguing with him once his mind was made up. "Not that the country will be appreciably worse off for his departure, but that's not the point. He was doing a job for me when it happened, and I don't stand for that at all."

"What do you propose to do?" demanded Jerry Seymour, thoughtfully refilling his glass.

"Well, there, old son, at the moment you have me beat," conceded Hugh. "I sort of figured it out this way: The bird who bunged that bomb recognized me as being the leader of our little bunch. I mean, he was staring at me through the door, with eyes bubbling over with tenderness and love. That bally bomb was intended for me — not Ginger Martin, though he was actually doing the work. And if this cove is prepared to wreck his own office just to get me out of the way — I guess I must be somewhat unpopular."

"The reasoning seems extraordinarily profound," murmured Peter.

"Now the great point is — does he know who I am?" continued Hugh. "Is the little treasure now saying to himself, what time he lowers the evening cup of bread and milk, 'That has settled the hash of one Hugh Drummond,' or is he merely saying, 'I have nastily disintegrated the leader of the Black Gang'?"

"But what's it matter, anyway?" demanded Toby. "He hasn't disintegrated you, and he has smashed up his own office — so I fail to see where he wins the grand piano."

"That, old Toby, is where you show yourself incapable of grasping the finer points of the situation." Hugh thoughtfully lit a cigarette. "Our great difficulty before Zaboleff was kind enough to present us with the address of their headquarters was to get in touch with the man at the top. And now the headquarters are no more. No man can work in an office with periodical boulders falling on his head from the roof, and a large hole in the wall just behind him. I mean there's no privacy about it. And so — unless he knows me — he

won't be able to carry on the good work when he finds that neither of my boots has reached the top of St. Paul's. We shall be parted again — which is dreadful to think of. There's no cheery little meeting ground where we can forgather for the matutinal cocktail. Why, we might even pass one another in the street as complete strangers."

"I get you," said Peter. "And you don't know him."

"Not well enough to call him Bertie. There's a humpbacked blighter up there who calls himself a Count, and on whom I focused the old optic for about two seconds the other evening. But whether he's the humorist who bunged the bomb or not is a different matter." He glanced up as the door opened. "What is it, Denny?"

"I found this bag, sir, in the pocket of the coat you were wearing to-night."

His servant came into the room carrying the chamois bag, which he handed to Drummond.

"Will you be wanting anything more to-night, sir?"

"No, thank you, Denny."

"Very good, sir!"

The door closed behind him, and Hugh stared thoughtfully at the bag in his hand.

"I'd forgotten about this. Saw it lying on the floor, just before we hopped it. Hello! It's sealed."

"For goodness' sake be careful, boy!" cried Phyllis. "It may be another bomb."

Hugh laughed, and ripped open the bag; then his eyes slowly widened in amazement as he saw the contents.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "What have we here?"

He emptied the contents of the bag upon the table, and for a moment or two the others stared silently at half a dozen objects that flashed and glittered with a thousand fires. Five of them were white; but the sixth — appreciably larger than the others, and they were the size of walnuts — was a wonderful rose pink.

"What on earth are they? Lumps of glass?"

With a hand that shook a little, Toby Sinclair picked up one of them and examined it.

"No, you fellows," he muttered, "they're diamonds!"

"But they must be worth a lot," said Phyllis, picking up the pink one.

"Worth a lot!" echoed Toby dazedly. "Worth a lot! Why, Mrs. Hugh, they are literally worth untold gold in the right market. They are absolutely priceless. I've never even thought of such stones. The one you're holding in your hand would be worth over a quarter of a million pounds, if you could get the right buyer."

For a moment no one spoke; then Hugh laughed.

"Bang goes next month's dress allowance, old thing!" He swept them all into the bag, and stood up. "I'm laying even money that the bomb-thrower is coughing some and then again over his bread and milk. This bag must have been in the desk." His shoulders began to shake. "How frightfully funny!"

Chapter 9

IT was just about the time that Ginger Martin's wife became, all unconsciously, a widow that the sitting-room bell of a certain private suite in the Ritz was rung. The occupants of the room were two in number — a man and a woman — and they had arrived only that morning from the Continent. The man — whose signature in the register announced him to be the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor — looked a splendid specimen of the right sort of clergyman. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes and a great mass of snow-white hair, he was the type of man who attracted attention wherever he went, and in whatever society he found himself. A faint twang in his speech betrayed his nationality, and, indeed, he made no secret of it. He was an American, who had been seeing first-hand some of the dreadful horrors of the famine which was ravaging Central Europe.

And with him had gone his daughter Janet, who had been his faithful, constant companion since her mother's death. She was a good-looking girl, too — though perhaps unkind people might have said girlhood's happy days had receded somewhat into the past. Thirty, perhaps — even thirty-five — though her father always alluded to her as "my little girl."

THERE was something sweet and touching about their relationship; his pride in her and her simple, loving adoration for him. Only that evening before dinner they had got into conversation in the lounge with a party of American globe-trotters, who had unanimously voted them quite charming.

"I feel," the Reverend Theodosius had said, "that it is almost wicked, our staying in such a luxurious hotel as this, after the dreadful things we've seen. How my little girl stood it at all I don't know." He took his daughter's hand, and patted it lovingly.

"I guess," said Janet, with her faint, sweet smile, "I guess Dad deserves it. Why he nearly worked himself ill doing relief work and things out there in Vienna and places."

"Is there any lack of funds, Mr. Longmoor?" asked one lady. "One feels one ought to help."

The Reverend Theodosius gave her one of his rare, sweet smiles.

"There was when I left," he murmured. "You'd never believe how money goes out there, and really the poor children have very little to show for it."

"Too bad — too bad." A square-jawed man who was a member of the party beckoned to a passing waiter. "Say, Mr. Longmoor, will you drink a cocktail with me? And your daughter, too?"

"It is very good of you, sir," answered the clergyman, with a courteous bow. "My little girl has never even tasted one and I think perhaps she had better not. What do you think, my child?"

"I'd love to try, Daddy dear," she said coaxingly. "Do you think I might? Or would it make my head go funny?"

They all laughed.

Undoubtedly a charming couple, had been the verdict of these chance acquaintances — so simple, so fresh, so unassuming in these days of complexity and double-dealing. The only pity of it was, as the square-jawed man remarked to his wife at dinner, that the very quality of childlike simplicity which made them so charming was the one which laid them open to the most bare-faced swindling if they ever came up against blackguards.

After dinner they had all drunk coffee together, and then, because his little Janet was tired, the Reverend Theodosius and his daughter had retired, after accepting an invitation to dinner the next day.

"Who are they?" asked Janet, as they entered their sitting room.

"That square-jawed man is John Pendel," answered her father, thoughtfully lighting a cigar. "Worth about three million. He's good for dining with, though I'm not over here on any side shows."

And then for two hours the Reverend Theodosius remained engrossed in work; while his little Janet, lying on the sofa, was smoking a cigarette and reading with evident appreciation a novel of bohemian life.

But she was knitting decorously when the waiter came into the room in answer to her father's summons.

"Some chicken, please, and a little foie gras," he

ordered. "I am expecting a friend very soon — so prepare for three. Some champagne — yes. I'm afraid I don't know much about wine. And a little Vichy water for my daughter."

The waiter withdrew, and the Reverend Theodosius chuckled.

"I don't think my little Janet should drink champagne so late at night," he said. "It might make her head go funny."

She smiled, and then grew serious.

"What time do you expect Zadowa?"

"He should have been here by now. I don't know why he's late."

"Did you see him this afternoon?"

"No. I was down at the office, but only for a short while."

The sound of voices outside the door caused Janet to resume her knitting, and the next moment Count Zadowa was announced. For an appreciable time after the waiter had withdrawn he stood staring at them; then a smile crossed his face.

"Magnificent!" he murmured. "Superb. Madame, I felicitate you. Well though I know your powers, this time you have excelled yourself."

"Cut that out, and get down to business," returned little Janet shortly. "I'm tired."

"But in case we should be interrupted," remarked the Reverend Theodosius, "we have just returned from an extensive tour in the famine-stricken area round Vienna."

The Count bowed and smiled again.

"*C'est entendu*," he said quietly. "And now we shall certainly get to business. For I have the most wonderful news for you, *mes amis*."

A warning gesture from the girl announced the arrival of supper, and for a while the conversation turned on the rival merits of different types of soup kitchens. And it was not until the outer door finally closed behind the waiter that the Reverend Theodosius bit the end off another cigar, and stared at his visitor with eyes from which every trace of kindliness had vanished.

"IT'S about time you did have some good news, Zadowa," he snapped. "Anything more disgraceful than the way you've let this so-called Black Gang get the better of you, I've never heard of."

But the other merely smiled quietly.

"I admit it," he murmured. "Up to date they have scored a faint measure of success — exaggerated, my friends, greatly exaggerated by the papers. To-night came the reckoning, which incidentally is the reason why I am a little late. To-night" — he leaned forward impressively — "the leader of the gang himself honored me with a visit. And the leader will lead no more."

"You killed him?" said the girl.

"I did," answered the Count. "And without the leader I think we can ignore the gang."

"That's all right, as far as it goes," said the Reverend Theodosius, in a slightly mollified tone. "But have you covered all your traces? In this country the police get peevish over murder."

The Count gave a self-satisfied smile.

"Not only that," he remarked, "but I have made it appear as if he had killed himself. Listen, my friends, and I will give you a brief statement of the events of the past few days. It was the day before the affair at Sheffield, which caused such a commotion in the papers, that I suddenly found out that the leader of this gang had discovered my headquarters in Hoxton. I was actually talking to that wretched man Latter in my office at the time, when I heard outside the call of an owl. Now from information I had received, I knew that was the rallying call of the Gang, and I dashed into the passage. Sure enough, standing by the door at the end was a huge man covered in black from head to foot. Whether it was bravado that made him give the cry, or whether it was a ruse to enable him to see me, is immaterial now. As I say — he is dead. But — and this is the point — it made me decide that the office there, convenient though it was, would have to be given up. There were far too many incriminating documents to allow me to run the risk of a police raid; and, since I frankly admit now that I was not at all sure what were the relations between this gang and the police, I decided to move my headquarters."

THE Count helped himself to a sandwich before continuing, with a pleasant feeling that the motionless attention of the Reverend Theodosius was a compliment to his powers as a raconteur.

"To-night," he continued, sipping his champagne, "I was completing the final sorting out of my papers with my secretary, when the electric warning disc on my desk glowed red. Now the office was empty, and the red light meant that some one had opened the door outside. I heard nothing, which made me the more suspicious. So, between us, we gathered up every important paper, switched off all lights, and went out through the secret door. Then we waited."

He turned to the clergyman, who was still motionless except for a ceaseless tapping of his knee with his hand.

"As you know, monsieur," he proceeded, "there is an opening in that door through which one can see into the room. And through that opening I watched developments. After a while a torch was switched on at the farther door, and I heard voices. And then the man holding the torch came cautiously in. He was turning it into every corner, but finally he focused it on the desk. I heard him speak to one of his companions, who came into the beam of light, and started to pick the lock. And it was then that I switched on every light, and closed the other door electrically. They were caught — caught like rats in a trap."

The hunchback paused dramatically, and drained his champagne. If he was expecting any laudatory remarks on the part of his audience, he was disappointed. The Reverend Theodosius and his little Janet might have been carved out of marble, save for the man's ceaseless tapping. In fact, had Count Zadowa been less pleased with himself and less sure of the effect of his news, he might have had a premonition of coming danger. There was something almost terrifying in the big clergyman's immobility.

"Like rats in a trap," repeated the hunchback gloatingly. "Two men I didn't know, and — well, you know who the other was. True he had his mask on by way of disguise, but I recognized him at once. That huge figure couldn't be mistaken — it was the leader of the Black Gang himself."

"And what did you do, Zadowa?" The Reverend Theodosius' voice was very soft. "How did you dispose of one or all those men so that no suspicion is likely to rest on you?"

The hunchback rubbed his hands together gleefully.

"By an act which, I think you'll agree, is very nearly worthy of yourself, monsieur. To shoot was impossible — because I am not sufficiently expert with a revolver to be sure of killing them. No — nothing so ordinary as that. They saw me watching them; 'I can see his eyes, Hugh,' said one of them to the leader, and I remembered suddenly that in the passage not far from where I stood were half a dozen bombs —— What is it, monsieur?"

The Count paused in alarm at the look on the clergyman's face as he slowly rose.

"Bombs!" he snarled. "Bombs! Tell me what you did, you dreg!"

"Why," stammered the frightened hunchback, "I threw one into the room. I no longer wanted it as an office, and —— Ah, heaven, don't murder me! What have I done?"

His words died away in a dreadful gurgle, as the clergyman, his face diabolical with fury, sprang on him and gripped him by the throat. He shook the hunchback as a terrier shakes a rat, cursing horribly under his breath — and for a moment or two it seemed as if the other's fear was justified. There was murder in the big man's face, until the touch of the girl's hand on his arm steadied him and brought him to his senses. With a last spasm of fury, he hurled the wretched Zadowa into a corner, and left him lying there; then his iron self-control came back to him.

"GET up," he ordered tensely, "and answer some questions."

Trembling all over, the hunchback staggered to his feet and came into the center of the room.

"Monsieur," he whined, "I do not understand. What have I done?"

"You don't need to understand!" snarled the clergyman. "Tell me exactly what happened when the bomb burst."

"It killed the three men," stammered the Count.

"Curse the three men!" He lifted his clenched fist, and Zadowa shrank back. "What happened to the room?"

"It was wrecked utterly," answered the hunchback.

"And what happened to the desk?"

"I don't know exactly, monsieur," stammered the other. "I didn't go back to see. But it must have been blown to matchwood. Only as there was nothing of importance inside it makes no odds."

"Did you look in the secret drawer at the back of the center opening? You didn't know there was one, did you? Only I knew of its existence, and no one could have found it without taking the desk to pieces. And you took the desk to pieces, Zadowa, didn't you? You blew it to pieces, Zadowa, didn't you? Just to kill the leader of this trumpery gang, Zadowa, you cursed fool!"

Step by step, the hunchback was retreating before the other man, terror convulsing his face, until the wall brought him to an abrupt stop.

"You blew the desk to pieces, Zadowa," continued the Reverend Theodosius, standing in front of him, "a desk that contained the six most perfect diamonds in the world, Zadowa. With your wretched bomb, you worm, you destroyed a fortune! What have you got to say?"

"I didn't know, monsieur," moaned the other. "How could I know? When were they put there?"

"I put them there this afternoon, for safety."

"Perhaps they are not destroyed," stammered the hunchback hopefully.

"In that case they are now in the hands of the police. You have one chance, Zadowa, and only one. It *is* that those diamonds are in the hands of the police. If they are and you can get them — I will say no more."

"But if they have been destroyed, monsieur?"

"Then, Zadowa, I'm afraid you will share their fate."

Almost indifferently the clergyman turned back into the room, taking no notice whatever of the wretched man who followed him on his knees, begging for mercy. And after a while the hunchback pulled himself together, and stood up.

"It was a mistake which I deeply regret, monsieur," he said quietly. "It was, however, you must admit, hardly my fault. I shall do my best to recover them."

"Let us hope, then, for your sake, Zadowa, that your best will be successful. Now go."

He pointed to the door, and without another word the hunchback went, leaving the girl and man alone.

"I'm glad you were here to-night, my dear," remarked the Reverend Theodosius. "I don't often lose my temper, but I very nearly killed that man this evening."

"I don't understand, *mon chéri*," said the girl. "What diamonds are these you talk about?"

The man gave a short, hard laugh.

"I didn't tell you," he answered. "There was no object in your knowing for a time. I know your weakness where jewels are concerned too well, my dear; I got them the night before last in Amsterdam. Do you remember that Russian — Stanovitch? That wasn't his real name. He was the eldest son of the Grand Duke Georgius, and he had just arrived from Russia."

"The man who took the overdose of a sleeping draft?" whispered the girl.

The Reverend Theodosius smiled grimly.

"So they decided," he remarked. "He confided in me the night before he came to his sad end what he had been doing in Russia. His father had hidden the family heirlooms from the Bolshevists, and our young friend went over to retrieve them. Most ingenious — the way he got them out of Russia. Such a pity he had a lapse with his sleeping medicine!"

Suddenly the Reverend Theodosius was snarling like a mad dog.

"By heavens, girl — do you wonder that I nearly killed that fool Zadowa? The coup of a lifetime — safely brought off. Not a trace of suspicion on me — not a trace. I know I said I wasn't planning any side shows, but I couldn't have been expected to let such a chance slip by. And then, after having got them safely into this country, to lose them like that. Why, do you know that one of them was the rose diamond of the Russian Crown jewels?"

THE girl's eyes glistened; then she sighed.

"They would have been unsalable, *mon ami*," she said quietly.

"Don't you believe it!" snapped the other. "There are markets for anything in this world — if one takes the trouble to look for them."

He was pacing up and down the room, and for a while she stood watching him in silence.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked at last.

"I was thinking about a rather peculiar coincidence," she answered quietly. "You were too worried over the diamonds to notice it — but it struck me instantly. The leader of this gang — this huge man whom Zadowa killed to-night — did you notice what his first name was?"

The Reverend Theodosius shook his head.

"It was Hugh — Zadowa heard one of the others call him by name. Hugh, *mon ami;* Hugh — and a huge man. A coincidence, I think."

"A very long one — too long to bother about."

"It would be a pity if he were dead," she went on thoughtfully. "I should have liked to see my Hugh Drummond again."

"If he has been killed, if your supposition is correct," returned the man, "it will do something toward reconciling me to the loss of the diamonds. But I don't think it's likely. And, incidentally, he is the only side show I am going to allow myself during this trip."

Little Janet laughed softly.

"I wonder," she said, "I wonder.

(*Continued in the July* McCLURE'S)

Dayton approached cautiously, gun ready. "No tricks!" he warned. But in that second, facing almost certain death, the station master hurled himself forward

A Man Not Wasted

Phil Kirkwood Fights an Ancient Enemy with Human Lives at Stake

By Eugene Jones

Illustrated by Ray C. Strang

PHILLIP Kirkwood, station master, operator, and entire population of that black dot on the map marked "Catamount," flung open the depot door to permit the forcible ejection of a horned toad which had taken up its abode in his domain.

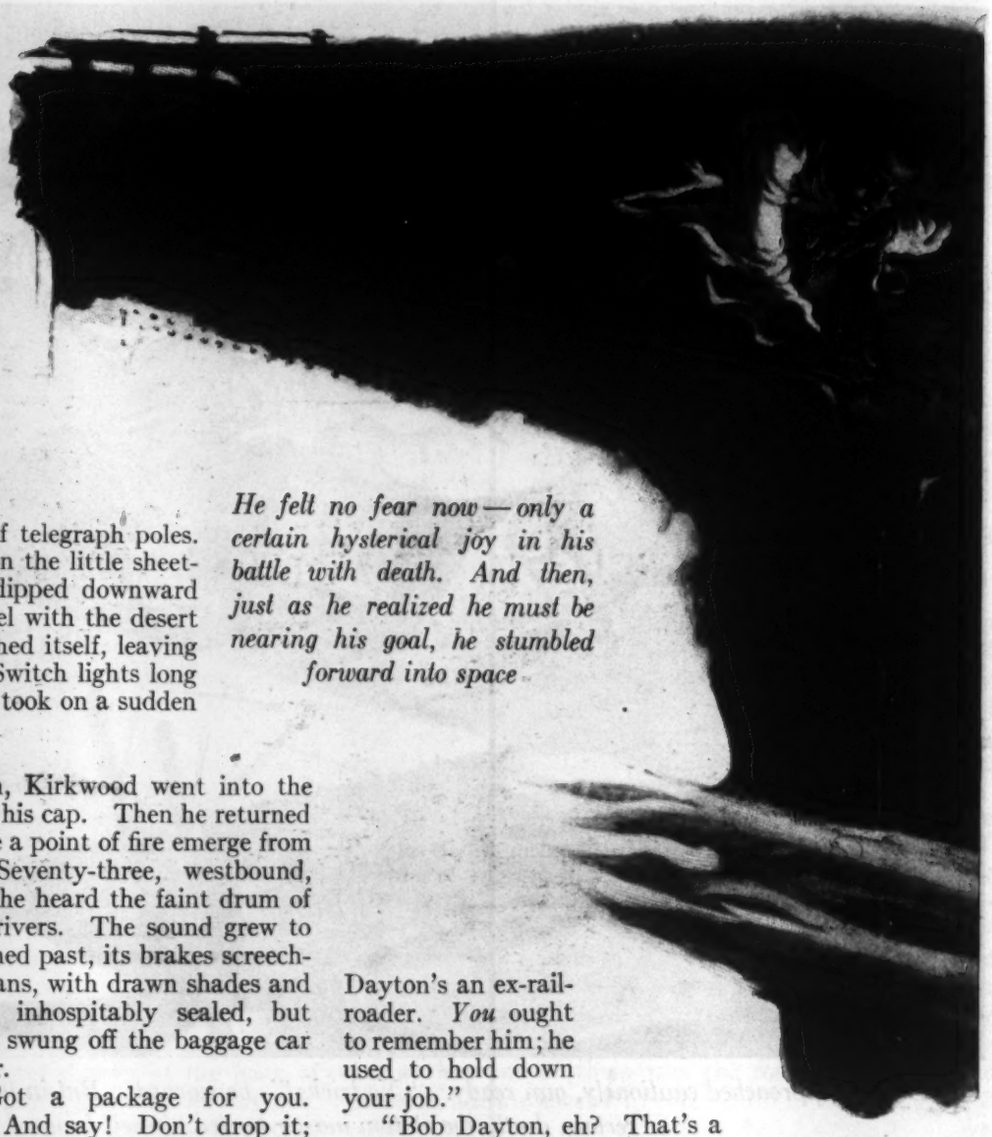
"There!" he muttered, propping himself in the doorway. "Ain't we crowded enough in hyeah with the whole responsibility of a railroad hangin' on us without *you* pickin' the ticket office for a corral? Yer might think this was a zoo 'stead of a self-respectin' jumpin'-off place!"

Stuffing his corncob with a mixture particularly adapted to a sparsely populated region, he scratched a match and, applying it to the tobacco, industriously began to pollute a fair portion of the Arizona desert. He was a large, loosely hung person, with high shoulders and cheek bones, and honest blue eyes. His hair, his eyebrows, and even his lashes had been bleached by the sun until they presented a striking contrast to his red, weather-burned skin.

There was a certain resignation in his face, peculiar to the sidetracked men of the world — an expression which left one both sympathetic and curious. He wore laced boots, riding breeches, and flannel shirt — all drab color from continuous exposure to the alkali dust. His cap, the only official badge of office presented by an unfeeling railroad, reposed on the telegraph desk.

Finding consolation in the fumes of his pipe,

Kirkwood stood in the doorway, a lonely, but cheerful guardian of the A. P. & C. To the eastward hunched the San Francisco range — big, uncouth lumps on the horizon, like the silhouettes of gigantic buffalo; to the westward rolled the desert, patched here and there with brave bunches of mesquite. And across this vast expanse stretched the track. It emerged from a tiny black hole in the mountain range, and disappeared over the opposite edge of the world, flanked by its endless line of telegraph poles. The sun flung its last rays on the little sheet-iron depot of Catamount, dipped downward until its crimson eye lay level with the desert floor, then silently extinguished itself, leaving a red-hot spot in the sky. Switch lights long since lit grew visible; the air took on a sudden chill.



He felt no fear now — only a certain hysterical joy in his battle with death. And then, just as he realized he must be nearing his goal, he stumbled forward into space

GLANCING at his watch, Kirkwood went into the ticket office and donned his cap. Then he returned to the platform in time to see a point of fire emerge from the mountains — number Seventy-three, westbound, was coming! After a while he heard the faint drum of iron wheels, the pound of drivers. The sound grew to a roar as the locomotive flashed past, its brakes screeching. The long line of Pullmans, with drawn shades and closed vestibules, remained inhospitably sealed, but McFarland, train conductor, swung off the baggage car and hailed the station master.

"Howdy, Kirkwood. Got a package for you. Chuck it on Seventy-four. And say! Don't drop it; the blasted thing's loaded."

"Looks like a gold shipment," remarked Kirkwood, as a wooden box was lowered to the platform. "Seems I sorta remember gold comin' through fixed up like that." Resting his hands on his knees, he bent over the crate. "Yes, and it *says* it's gold, and there's a bank's name on it. What's the idea, McFarland?"

The conductor put his lips close to Kirkwood's ear.

"The railroad's on the job framin' that feller who's been stickin' up trains so damn regular the last few months. Posses can't catch 'im, but maybe when he busts *that* open ——"

"How's he gonna know it's on Seventy-four?"

"Oh, he'll know all right," McFarland chuckled. "The bank let a little accidental-on-purpose information leak out."

"Suppose this hyeah grim and dangerous outlaw takes it into his fool head to open the stuff before he leaves the train?" asked Kirkwood. "I don't reckon the railroad is plannin' to sacrifice a couple of mail clerks and a car or two."

"No, sir! In the first place he won't try anything like that — he never has. That's why they made the box small," McFarland explained. "And in the second place, if he did, somebody could always tip 'im off — tell 'im the truth. Nope, what'll happen is this: when Dayton — that's the gent's name — finds the swag in the safe compartment he'll lead his hoss alongside the car, and load it on his saddle. And then, back in the hills, he'll pry himself into the next world! By the way, Dayton's an ex-railroader. *You* ought to remember him; he used to hold down your job."

"Bob Dayton, eh? That's a fact; so he did. Um, well, him and me ain't ezactly plutonic friends. 'Twouldn't disappoint me none to see 'im ridin' toward the moon on a splinter o' dynamite. But that's the everlastin' trouble — he's such a selfish cuss, he'll go off and do it alone!"

The conductor laughed, and waved his lantern.

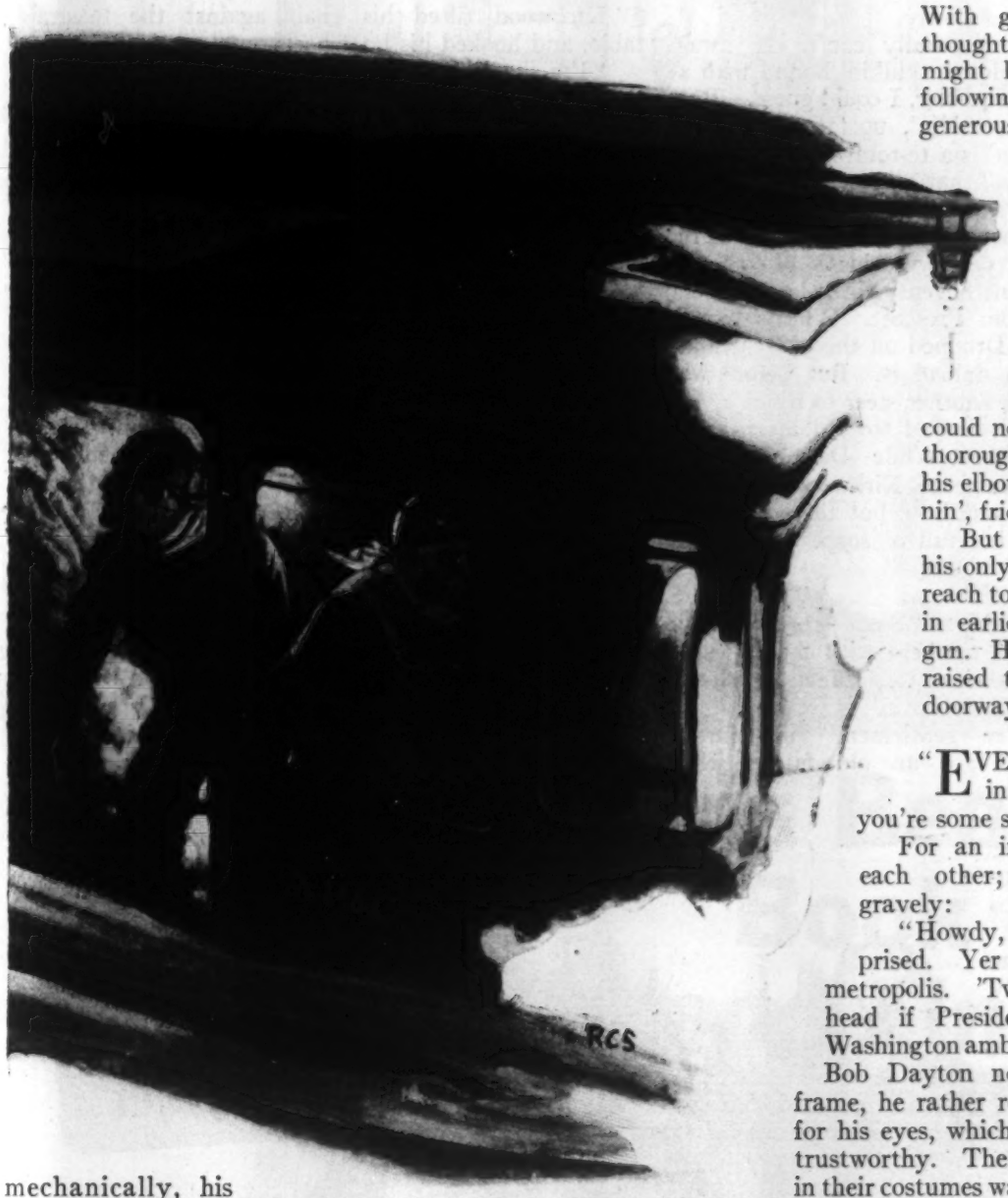
"So long, Kirkwood — and don't forget to keep an eye on the 'gold.'"

THE locomotive gave a tentative cough, the cars stirred, hesitated, moved forward. Kirkwood, hands in his pockets, watched them pass, watched the tail lights shrinking to twin stars which eventually became one, then winked out.

Opening the empty baggage room, he trundled forth a decrepit truck and hoisted the box upon it. Then he deposited his charge in a corner, being careful not to remove it from the truck. This done, the lanky operator addressed a thoughtful remark to the box.

"So they fixed you up fer poor Bob! Ah-hum! Them railroad men ain't got no heart a-tall — sendin' you out branded like first-class money to murder an innocent, hard-workin', hoss-stealin' train wrecker. But it's none of *my* business. On board Seventy-four you go! And meanwhile you jest set there quiet — damn quiet!" he added, as he relocked the baggage room.

For some reason the little ticket office seemed more lonely than usual, with the silence of the desert lapping over the window sills and flowing across the station platform. Kirkwood lit the lamp on his desk



mechanically, his thoughts as far away as the distant foothills. Perhaps he was thinking of the girl who had lost her life in a train wreck several years before. At first it seemed as if the best of him had gone with her, leaving behind a man who remained cheerful merely through consideration for others. After the accident, Kirkwood had taken the Catamount job because he was suddenly deprived of ambition — because he was willing to be sidetracked. But now regrets stirred within him — now, when only a miracle could bring him the advancement he craved.

AT times he felt he was giving what little he had to a useless cause. Perhaps, after all, had he continued as brakeman, he might be holding down a chair in the dispatcher's office. The past was dead, but what appeared more terrible — so was his future! In a moment of sorrow and despair he had thrown away every chance, deliberately selecting a sidetrack position. Through the years he must go on squandering his life on the desert, for the railroad provided no seniority privilege to a station master.

The girl who had loved him would have desired his success — but he had burned his bridges. Jobs were scarce, and if he was to live honestly, he must continue as he was — wasting his best days in a sheet-iron shanty with horned toads and rattlesnakes for companions.

With growing frequency, this thought tortured him. If only he might live over again the years following the wreck! If only a generous Providence would conjure some path out of the rut!

So profound was his abstraction, so poignant his memories that he did not even recognize the unmistakable squeak of boots. Indeed, a bombshell exploded in the immediate vicinity could not have startled him more thoroughly than the quiet voice at his elbow, which remarked: "Evenin', friend!"

But Kirkwood did not jump; his only involuntary action was to reach toward his empty belt where, in earlier days, he had carried a gun. His blue eyes narrowed as he raised them to the figure in the doorway.

"EVENIN', Phil," repeated the intruder, smiling. "I reckon you're some surprised."

For an instant the pair measured each other; then Kirkwood replied gravely:

"Howdy, Bob. No, I'm not surprised. Yer see, Catamount's a sorta metropolis. 'Twouldn't turn a hair o' my head if President Harding and George Washington ambled in hyeah arm and arm!"

Bob Dayton nodded. Loosely hung of frame, he rather resembled Kirkwood except for his eyes, which were black and not overtrustworthy. The only noticeable difference in their costumes was that a big revolver rested in its holster at the belt of the newcomer. Although his reception had been hardly cordial, he entered the ticket office and sat down, still smiling.

"So you figured I was still in Mexico, eh?"

Kirkwood lit his corncob. He was rather afraid — and more afraid of showing it.

"Last I heard you was tryin' ter lose a posse somewhere across the Rio Grande. Seems like you must have done it," he remarked.

Dayton frowned, and the resemblance between the two men became less striking. Both were undoubtedly capable of withstanding the powdering crunch of a rough-and-tumble, but while Dayton possessed an agile brain, and thought and acted with the stealth and speed of a cat, his mental processes were elementary. Kirkwood knew that the outlaw's scheme of existence was built upon two things — greed and hate. The former Dayton satisfied at the expense of the railroad; the latter Kirkwood would probably be called upon to satisfy at the expense of his life. After a moment Dayton explained about the posse in his pleasant voice.

"Some of 'em went home," he drawled. "The rest has adopted Mexico fer good. They've gone into the fertilizin' business!" He pushed back his hat and lit a cigarette.

"Ain't yer takin' a chance to come hyeah?" asked Kirkwood.

"Sure — and maybe you can guess why."

Kirkwood shook his head slowly.

"Knowin' you, I jest naturally can't. If 'twas another man, a mean, low-down, skulkin' hound with a record as a train thief and a rustler, I could guess. But bein' it's you, a fine, law-abidin', upstandin' citizen of — of Mexico, your comin' is a te-total mystery!"

"It's lucky for you I *ain't* that other cuss," returned Dayton in his pleasant, drawling voice, "'cause he might resent them compliments. And so long as you're curious, I don't mind tellin' yer my business. I come to get that there gold shipment Seventy-three left — been trailin' it all the way from Prescott. What's more, I *come* on Seventy-three. Dropped off the last car and watched the baggage man unload it. But before we take a look in the box I got another steer to rope!"

Again Kirkwood's hand strayed toward his belt — strayed and found nothing. While Dayton toyed casually with the butt of his pistol, Kirkwood sighed.

"I hate ter disappoint yer, Bob, but there ain't no gold in that there crate; it's full o' soap. Now, old timer, yer wouldn't be wantin' soap!"

"NO," said Bob agreeably. "Soap — particularly *soft* soap — don't get nowhere with me." Suddenly he flipped away his cigarette; leaned forward. "Ter hell with this hyeah bush-beatin'!"

"Let's remember we're gentlemen," murmured Kirkwood mournfully. "I got an old father who always says ——"

"Shut up!" snapped Dayton. '*You* listen to me."

"But he was a fine, upstandin' citizen of Mexico and ——"

"*Shut* up!" repeated the visitor, his tone misleadingly quiet.

Kirkwood tilted his chair against the telegraph table, and hooked his boot heels on a rung.

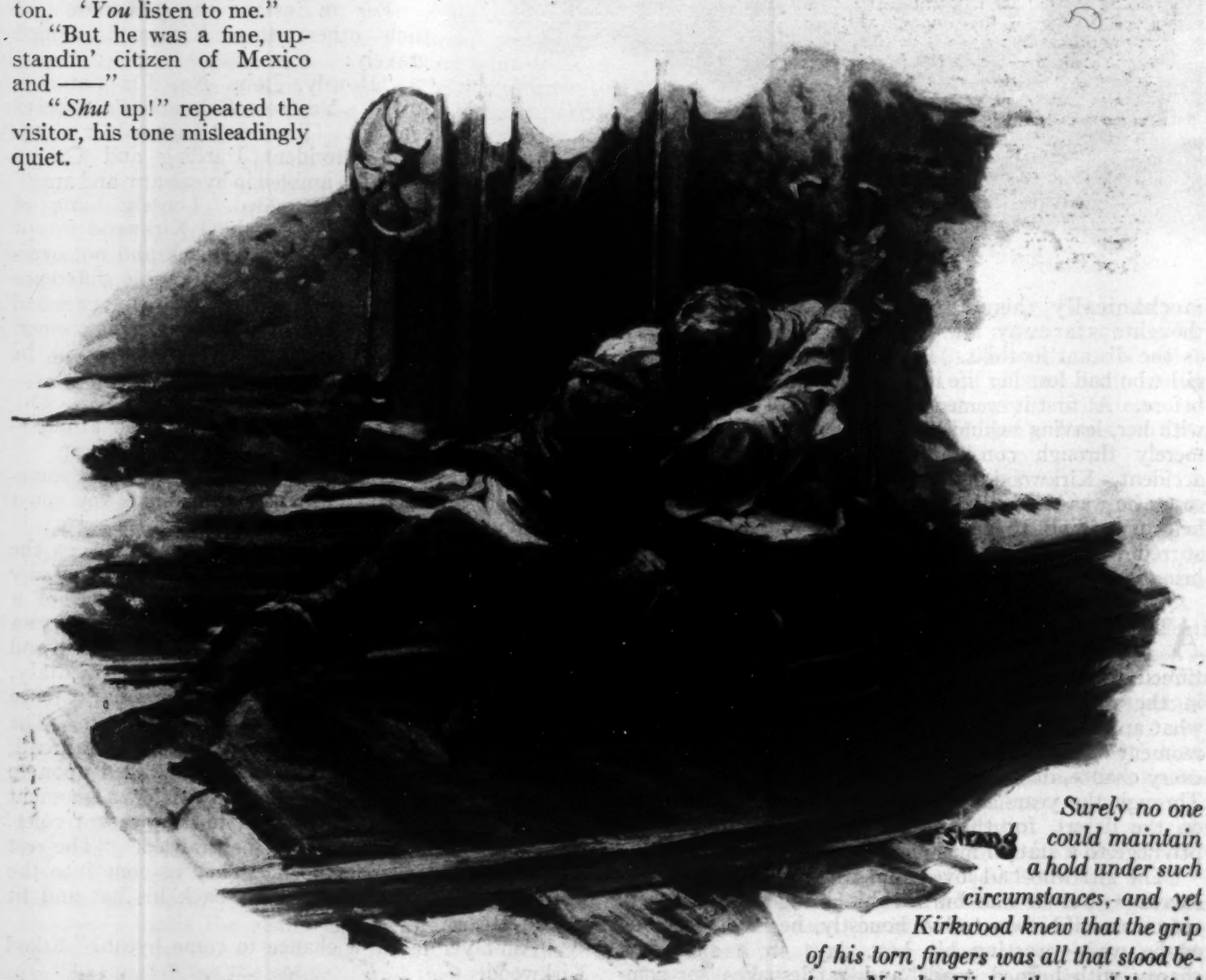
"I'm shet!" he announced succinctly.

The silence took advantage of the momentary lull of voices to swoop down upon the room, poignant of empty spaces, of uninhabited leagues — a silence rather terrible to Kirkwood, with its guarantee of isolation, but exceptionally comforting to the citizen of Mexico.

After a while Dayton said:

"WE'VE got two hours afore train time. I'm goin' ter tell you a story, Phil. There was a man onct that worked fer the A. P. & C. He was right honest and decent. The railroad give him a job operatin' at that jumpin'-off place called Catamount. If he got lonely and took a little hootch now and then, 'twasn't to be wondered at. Onct an accident happened and a passenger train got ditched —— Well, I reckon maybe you ain't never seen the inside of a jail. It's a nice, clean place, all white-painted iron and steel ——

"The A. P. & C. sent him up fer two years — blackballed him so he couldn't land no other railroad job when he come out. But here's the plumb humorous part: the feller that give evidence against him at the trial, the feller that got him convicted, was a brakeman on the wrecked train, and *he* ain't a brakeman now. No, sir; he's holdin' down a nice, warm, safe cheer, and a lot he's worryin' [*Continued on page* 118]



Surely no one could maintain a hold under such circumstances, and yet Kirkwood knew that the grip of his torn fingers was all that stood between Number Eighty-three and disaster!

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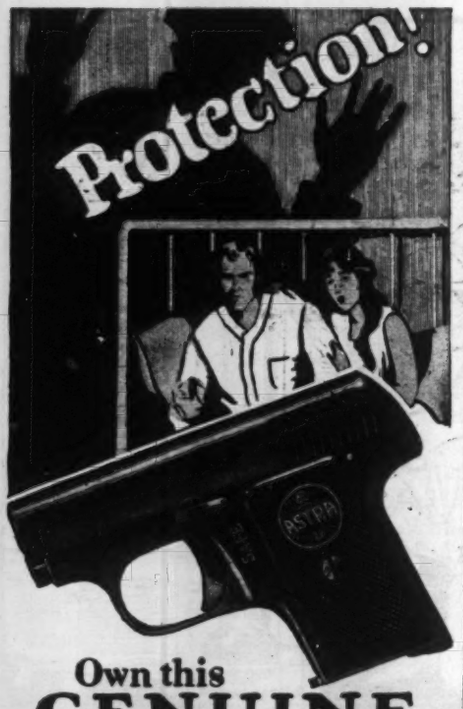

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A Man Not Wasted

[*Continued from page* 116]

about the poor cuss who counted the bricks in a cell floor fer two years! I reckon, Phil, that's the way most outlaws is built — with a bottle of hootch and a rotten deal!"

Kirkwood remained impassive.

"Go on," he urged, "you're plumb eloquent. What happened to the mistreated, rum-soakin', honorable ex-railroad man when he was turned loose? I reckon he hunted a job diggin' ditches, or gradin' a track, and tried ter make up fer the day he sent half a hundred passengers into nowhere."

The blood flushed close under Dayton's dark skin; he half drew his gun from its holster, then, with a laugh, let it slip back.

"No, he didn't take no job. He wasn't good enough to work with honest men. But the A. P. & C. gave him a livin'! And the ranchers helped out with some stock they wouldn't miss overmuch. This feller fell down operatin', but, by heaven, he won't fall down gettin' even! Back in the old days the railroad paid him two thousand a year; now he's averagin' that a month — but he ain't outer debt yet. He's still got business with the low-down hound that sent him up!"

"Meanin' me?" interrogated Kirkwood.

"MEANIN' you," agreed Dayton pleasantly.

Kirkwood rubbed his chin, examined his finger nails, then removed the pipe from his mouth. His voice was quiet, but there was a new look in his eyes.

"I reckon you don't happen to remember *who* happened to be ridin' on that train you ditched. 'Twasn't nobody 'd impress *you*, Bob — jest — jest a girl —— I buried her up there over the tunnel in the foothills. And there was others — women, kids —— You see, bein' on the last car, I picked a soft spot in the sage and saved my own fool neck. Which was lucky, 'cause there wasn't many of us left whole, and with everybody screechin' to be chopped loose from the splinters ——"

Suddenly Dayton leveled his gun, his black eyes oddly suggestive of the jeweled eyes of a snake.

"Quit!" he snapped. "It was an accident! If yer open yer head again, I'll——"

"No, yer won't," continued Kirkwood, "you'll hear me out. Do yer reckon I'm afraid of that toy yer got there? Why, *I* ain't toted a gun in years. 'Twas things like you carryin' around an arsenal that got me plumb disgusted with the habit. Now we was speakin' of the train wreck; you went to jail for it, and because you're naturally mean, you come out a cusseder cuss than you went in. The last posse didn't get yer, and perhaps the next won't, and the next — but sooner or later they'll nab yer." Kirkwood pointed his pipestem at the other man. "You're a killer, Dayton, a skulkin', low-livered killer. And if I believed in murder, I'd have potted you in your tracks a right smart time ago. Now git on back to the Rio Grande, you — you citizen of Mexico!"

Dayton made a queer noise in his throat; the hand holding the pistol became rigid. But during that brief, still moment, while temper and reason fought in his brain, Kirkwood maintained his contemptuous attitude.

After a while Dayton shoved his gun back into its holster.

"No," he grinned, "I ain't gonna bump you off like that; I got a better idea."

"Afraid?" asked the station master, returning the pipe to his mouth.

"Sure! Afraid of lettin' you out too easy. You see, it's this way: them years I spent workin' fer the State wasn't altogether wasted 'cause I figured a way of evenin' up. Now what do yer think yer friends would say if *you* was to wreck a train jest like I done? Suppose when Eighty-three, eastbound, stops for orders, you tell her she's clear to Highpoint, and that you've held Eighty-two, westbound, on the sidin' there to pass her. And between you and me, you *ain't* held Eighty-two. 'Pears like they'd meet up in — well, say about the middle of the big tunnel."

Kirkwood blew a column of smoke ceilingward.

"Is that the best you could do in two year's thinkin'?" he laughed. "Bob, I'm plumb disappointed in yer! Why, yer frame-up's as full of holes as yer head'll be when Sheriff Cling's posse gets through with yer. Where do you reckon you're gonna find the grown-up He-man to make me put two trains on the same track? Say, for Pete's sake, brother, leave off drinkin' that Mexican hootch!"

Dayton suddenly appeared in a better humor.

"The point's well taken, Phil," he drawled in his pleasant voice, "and maybe you deserve an honest answer. Come to think of it, *you* ain't gonna do any talkin' to the crew of Eighty-three. I'm gonna borrow that cap of yours, and, unless I'm mightily mistaken, the train conductor won't notice nothin' wrong with the Catamount outfit 'cept the lamp's right dim in the ticket office.

"After bustin' open the stuff you call soap, in the baggage room, I'll foller the rocky ridge plumb to my horse which is hid up in the hills, and there won't be no trail — see! Course you can *tell* the jury all about it; but when the train conductor swears you give him the clear, and when the money box is found full of air — well, say, pard, they sure keep them jails nice and clean! And yer get a bath twice a week and a hair cut every two weeks, and sometimes there ain't a single fly in the grub!" he continued reminiscently.

"What d' yer aim to do with me?" asked Kirkwood tolerantly. "Next thing you'll be requestin' my word o' honor to keep mum while you pull off this job."

"Stand up," advised Dayton, "and I'll show yer."

Because he found himself facing a drawn revolver, the station master stood up, laying his pipe carefully on the telegraph desk.

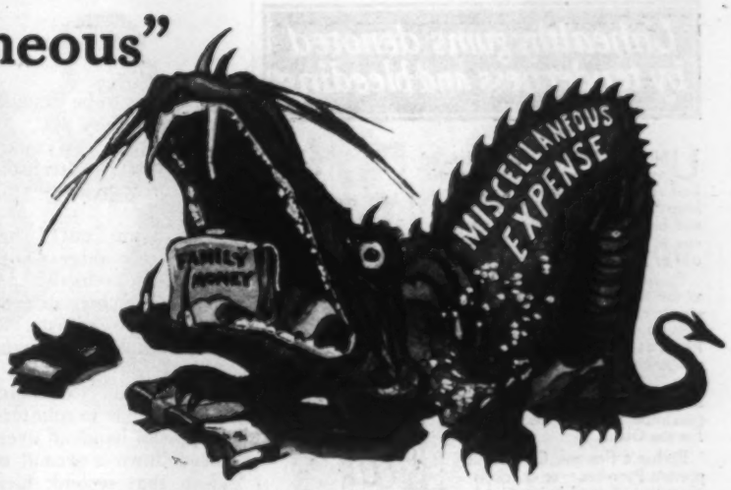
"Stick out yer paws," Dayton ordered, as he produced a pair of handcuffs, "unless you want to jine them fellers makin' fertilizer in Mexico!"

THE instant Kirkwood hesitated was indeed brief, yet during its passage he saw a picture he could never forget — a long tunnel with a train rushing at sixty miles an hour into each end of it. The mountain-jarring crash, the roar of superheated steam, the whining shriek of steel ripping steel, and other shrieks as lives were crushed out. And all in the Stygian blackness of the tunnel. Then the glare of burning cars, the horror of suffocating smoke —— The public would accept no explanation; in such emergencies men acted first and thought afterward. He, Kirkwood, had apparently put those trains on the same track, and he would pay with his honor and his freedom — while somewhere up on the rocky ridge a horseman rode silently toward the Mexican line.

As a money-maker the station master recognized himself a failure, yet during the years he had worked for the A. P. & C. he had faithfully performed those simple tasks given him. Aware that he could hope for no advancement, he went about his duties with meticulous care, not so much because he owed it to the road, as because he owed it to himself. The pride of the man was strong. And now, through an unforeseen medium,

[*Continued on page* 120]

Is the deadly "Miscellaneous" eating your income?



Can you make both ends meet? At the end of the month, after bills are paid, do you have any money left?

Read this article (based on recent statistics compiled by the U. S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics) which shows how to save the money that slips through your fingers

FROM an investigation of 12,098 typical families with incomes ranging from $900 on up, the Bureau of Statistics found the money was spent as follows:

38.2% for food
16.6% for clothing
13.4% for rent
5.3% for light and heat
5.1% for furniture
21.3% for "Miscellaneous"

JUST think of it! 21.3% for "Miscellaneous". This deadly "Miscellaneous" gulps down more than one-fifth of your entire income. It chews up a quarter here and a dollar there — unnoticed. You may estimate what you have paid out for rent, for light, heat, furniture, food and clothing for the past year but you can not tell where the rest of your money went — whether it was spent wisely or just frittered away. It is the deadly "Miscellaneous expense" that day after day and week after week sinks its fangs deeper and deeper into your income.

Making more money does not protect you

MOST people think they will be able to save money when they are making a larger amount. Unfortunately this is not the case. An increase in income cannot protect you. In fact, the more you make the greater opportunities the stealthy "Miscellaneous" seems to find to attack you. Read what the Labor Department says. After stating that the percentage of money paid out for food, fuel and light, rent, etc., grows less as the income grows larger, it continues:

These percentages are based on findings of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, U. S. Dept. of Labor

> "but the average expenditures for clothing and 'Miscellaneous' *increase without exception with the increase in income.*"

UNLESS you employ some definite, systematic method of managing your family income you are in constant danger of falling behind. Some unforeseen expense will drag you down.

When your income is increasing from year to year you seldom stop to worry that you have no more cash in the bank at the end of the year than at the start. It never seems to occur to one that this may be the case ten years later when earning power is less. Then it is too late to save yourself. James J. Hill, the great railroad builder and genius, knew this. He said:

> "If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. *Are you able to save money?* If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."

The necessity for a budget

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ONCE you have made a budget you must keep accurate account of expenses. Over one hundred and fifty thousand families have found Woolson's Economy Expense Book ideal for operating their budgets. The book was designed by an expert accountant to enable his wife to keep their household accounts without waste of time. The book is so simple that a child 10 years old can keep it.

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Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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A Man Not Wasted

[*Continued from page* 118]

disgrace was to be brought upon him! And he was powerless!

Undoubtedly Dayton appreciated something of what was transpiring in Kirkwood's brain, for there was triumph in his black eyes.

"Stick 'em out!" he repeated. "Yer settin' on the aidge o' nothin', old timer!"

The agent nodded.

"Yes, I reckon so," he agreed placidly, extending two red fists.

Dayton approached cautiously, gun ready.

"NO tricks!" he warned. "'Cause I'll blow yer to splinters." With one hand he slipped a handcuff over Kirkwood's wrist; glanced down a second to adjust the lock. And in that second, facing almost certain death, the station master hurled himself forward.

Swiftly his fingers closed on Dayton's right arm, bending it back, while his other hand groped for a throat-hold. Across the room they reeled, body against body, every muscle swelling. A chair went over with a crash, threatening to trip Kirkwood, but he kept his feet somehow. After the first swift onslaught, Dayton grinned into the set face of his adversary, for he was a born fighter. Perfectly developed from weeks in the saddle, he brought into play every ounce of his superb strength.

But Kirkwood was not only struggling for himself — he was struggling for hundreds of innocent lives. The picture of two trains meeting in that tunnel turned his sight red. Time and again he clawed for the rustler's throat, striking blindly and receiving tremendous blows in return. And time and again his fingers gripped Dayton's collar only to be torn away!

The silence of the desert emphasized every sound in the little station — the thud of flesh hammering flesh, the wheeze of lungs almost spent, the scuffle of heavy-shod feet straining for a purchase. And then Kirkwood succeeded. With a mighty heave, he wrenched loose one hand, avoided Dayton's lightning guard, and closed on his windpipe. For a brief space the outlaw gave ground, trying to tear away the rigid fingers, trying to twist his gun so that he might use it. His eyes protruded; his jaw opened.

And to Kirkwood the windows of the depot were suddenly crowded with the faces of the passengers whose lives hung in the balance. He felt their gaze upon him; heard their inarticulate prayer. Summoning his last pound of energy, he devoted it to shutting off completely the other's wind.

And then occurred one of those inexplicable reversals of advantage. One moment Kirkwood was on the verge of success, his opponent swaying at the knees; the next Dayton had somehow freed his right arm. Kirkwood saw the pistol butt above his head, attempted to dodge — failed! There was a dull thud as the heavy weapon struck his skull. He was not conscious of pain — only a growing blackness through which floated the image of Dayton staggering away, his fingers grasping his blue-marked throat —— And then Kirkwood crumpled to the floor ——

The station master's return from oblivion was marked by a lassitude verging on paralysis; while his brain functioned clearly, he could not move hand or foot. His head throbbed, yet the pain merely served to sharpen his mental faculties. And almost instantly he recognized his surroundings.

The smell of kerosene and engine oil, used to lubricate the semaphores and switches, the lumpy pile under his head, which he knew to be coal, all told the story. Dayton had thrust him into a closet opening off the ticket office.

Doubtless the door was locked; doubtless it would remain locked until the outlaw had accomplished his purpose. Whereupon Kirkwood would be allowed to drag himself forth and face the investigation which would probably terminate in a lynching. He tried to shout, but his throat rebelled. He strove to move his limbs, but he lacked the necessary strength.

And then came the dot and dash of the railroad telegraph. Mechanically he interpreted it — the Catamount call, followed by, "Eighty-three O. K. Hold her for Eighty-two." Dayton acknowledged coolly, signing Kirkwood's letter. And Kirkwood, still dizzy from the effects of the pistol blow, still too weak physically even to groan, heard and understood. He saw the whole plan, recognizing in a flash why Dayton had not shot him.

No doubt the outlaw figured that the station master would remain unconscious much longer than he had — in fact, until Eighty-three had stopped at Catamount and had been given the orders which would send her into a head-on collision in the big tunnel. Dayton sufficiently resembled Kirkwood to fool even the train conductor. Afterward that official might be counted upon to swear he had talked with Kirkwood — which was the damnable part.

The next thirty minutes seemed to pass in as many seconds. From beyond the locked door came the intermittent stutter of the telegraph — train orders from the dispatcher's office, fragmentary bits of news, the usual queries about extra freights. While in the stuffy closet Kirkwood struggled with the temporary paralysis of his limbs.

Suddenly he heard a dull drumming — the pound of drivers on steel. After a bit came the thundering vibration of Pullmans checked by brakes, the gasp of the engine safety as it ejected surplus steam; and Eighty-three, the crack transcontinental flyer of the A. P. & C., slid to a dead stop in front of Catamount. The station master tried to shout, knowing that even if he found his voice, he could not hope to penetrate the countless sounds on the platform. Presently somebody passed the building, halting at the ticket-office window.

"HOW about Eighty-two, Kirkwood?" asked the conductor. "Do we wait on her here?"

"No; I'm holding her at Highpoint. Go on through," came the muffled answer.

"What's the matter with your glim, old timer? Depot looks like a speak-easy."

"Short of oil," grunted Dayton. "So long!"

Again the shuffle of feet, as the conductor moved off. Kirkwood felt as if he were living a nightmare. He was making a noise now, a hoarse, throaty sound that died in the confined space. And his strength, in part, had returned. Managing to get to a kneeling position, he beat upon the door — but even Dayton did not hear. The special would pull out in a moment, gather headway for the crash in the tunnel. What could he do? What in God's name *was* there to do?

He pictured Dayton grinning under his borrowed cap. He remembered the kindly face of the engineer on Eighty-three — a man with a wife and children and a nice little home in Prescott. And then he remembered something else — and ceased his whispered shouting. There was another entrance to that closet! Why hadn't he recalled it sooner? Underneath the coal pile a tiny door opened on the platform, through which fuel was shoveled. If only he might ——

His fingers dug into the coal. Like a dog working at a rabbit burrow, he tore away the

lumps, gasping as the dust choked him, oblivious to the pain of his bleeding hands. Somewhere beyond the wall came the shout, "'Board!" Oh, for a minute more, a half minute —— His fingers touched wood, and then he felt a breath of cold air. But the draft brought the sound of the train closing up, the sighing release of brakes. Squirming forward, groveling on his face, Kirkwood forced his body toward the aperture. His eyes, accustomed to the darkness of the closet, noted the Pullmans crawling past, shades drawn, vestibules closed. Each second they gathered speed — while far ahead another train was rushing westward on the single track!

With a heave that threatened to tear his arms from their sockets, he pulled his shoulders through the opening. The coal jammed about his thighs, cutting into him. In vain his eyes searched the platform for some one to warn. It was deserted. If he should call out, only Dayton would hear — and that would mean the end! Faster moved the train, gathering speed with each turn of the drivers. And then Kirkwood managed to extricate his legs, to roll free outside the depot.

Staggering to his feet, he lurched through the darkness until his fingers encountered the narrow paneling of the cars. His head was whirling and the dizziness of utter exhaustion threatened to send him reeling under the wheels. But he contrived to reach upward, clawing for the handrails. Another and another Pullman rumbled by. The next was the end car. He set his jaw. In a second he realized he was opposite the last vestibule — no, it was *not* a vestibule, but an open platform. Not counting the risk, only counting the lives of those hundreds of sleeping people, he grasped a projecting rod. Immediately his feet shot from under him, and his knees bumped along the rough boards of the station.

Surely no one could maintain a hold under such circumstances, and yet Kirkwood knew that the grip of his torn fingers was all that stood between Eighty-three and disaster! Suddenly his body sagged out; they were clear of the depot. Not a foot below him rushed the crossties. The cinders caught up by the suction of the cars blinded him. And then his foot found the lowest rung of the iron ladder attached to the front and rear of all mail cars. Somehow he dragged himself to temporary safety on the narrow ledge which forms part of the drawhead.

Five minutes passed — ten — and still Kirkwood lay motionless, fighting for breath. The special was now thundering along at top speed — thundering on to where the black mouth of the tunnel waited. He must get inside the train! But the mail car was locked, and probably deserted. The thought ran through his head like a rhyme, keeping pace with the roar of the wheels. Twice he tried to drag himself erect, and failed; once he nearly lost his balance. Then, with the third effort, came partial success. Half standing, he managed to prop himself against the door of the car.

He pounded upon it with his bleeding knuckles; he shouted against the smooth planks, but nobody heard. It was quite possible nobody was inside *to* hear. And always the tunnel drew nearer. Unable longer to maintain the posture, he sank back, beaten.

But presently Kirkwood noted the iron ladder which continued upward to the roof of the car, and a plan flashed through his mind. In his earlier days he had walked the tops of freights, but the cars were flat, not rounded, and they were not being hauled at such speed. To crawl the length of the train would occupy too much time; but he might try the brakeman's method. Of course he would probably lose his balance. He was weak, dizzy, unfit. Yet along that horrible, swaying path lay salvation. Some-

[*Continued on page* 124]

A telephone personality

In your face to face contacts with people, your appearance, your bearing and many other things help you to make the right impression. But in your telephone contacts there is only one thing by which you can be judged—your speech.

An effective telephone personality is to-day a business and social asset. Everybody appreciates the person who speaks distinctly and pleasantly, neither too fast nor too slow, with a clear enunciation of each word, with lips facing the mouthpiece and speaking into it. In business, this is the telephone personality which induces favorable action on the part of the listener. To the salesman it may mean the difference between an order and no order; between an interview granted and an interview refused.

Curiously enough, people who are careful to make themselves effectively heard and understood face to face, often disregard the need for effectiveness in their telephone speech. Perhaps they shout, perhaps they mumble, perhaps they hold the mouthpiece far from their lips. And frequently they never realize that their carelessness has defeated the purpose of their talk.

The Bell System maintains for telephone users the best facilities that science, modern equipment, skilled operation and careful management can bring to telephone speech. But these facilities can be fully effective only when they are properly used.

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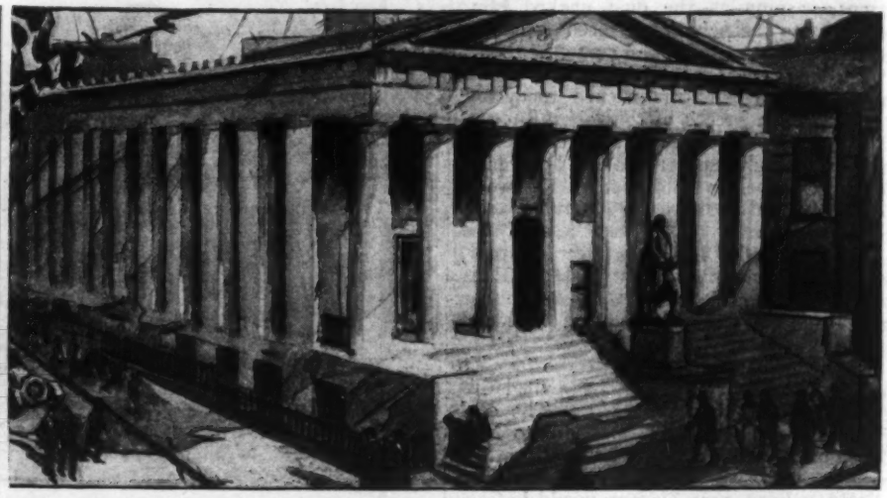

Why Invest?

By Paul Tomlinson

AN investment serves a dual purpose: one benefits the seller and the other the buyer. By means of bonds and stocks, the seller obtains capital for the promotion of a new enterprise, or the extension or carrying on of one already existing. The purchaser, on the other hand, buys in order to provide an income for himself or in the hop of making a profit.

In the early day of business operations were on a small enough scale to make it possible for one or two individuals, or a small group of individuals, to provide the necessary capital. Times have changed and it is now no longer either feasible or desirable to limit the supplying of capital to a few men. Wealth, moreover, is more generally distributed than it used to be and more people are able and eager to supply capital.

Therefore, a corporation which needs money floats a bond or stock issue, and the bonds and shares of stock are sold to the public — to any one able to buy. Consequently, nowadays, our big business enterprises — railroad, industrial, public utility, municipal — have literally hundreds of thousands of bondholders and stockholders.

It is a good thing for these corporations to have their bonds and stocks widely distributed, rather than in the hands of a few men, and the greater the number represented the better they are pleased. And every man or woman who buys a share of stock or a bond is contributing his or her mite to the development and expansion of our great industrial civilization.

Capital is essential to industrial progress and the man with capital has a tremendous advantage over any one not similarly situated. The same thing holds true of nations. How many countries there are in the world to-day, rich beyond dreams in natural resources, but in financial difficulties because they lack capital for development! What is the good of a subterranean deposit of oil to any one? To make the oil valuable it must be brought to the surface; and that means drilling, drilling machinery, and labor, none of which can be obtained without capital.

The man without financial resources must work for some one who possesses these things. This has been the case since history began, and, unless a decided and unforeseen change comes over the world, it will continue so until the end of history.

Capital is not a menace, as some people like to think. Certainly it need not be. Capital set to work in proper lines benefits not only its owner, but every one who comes in any sort of contact with it. Capital makes work for millions of people — when capital is scarce business drops off and times become hard; people are thrown out of employment and much misery results. When capital is plentiful money is available for new construction, for new machinery, for goods and services of all kinds.

The people engaged in this construction work, in making the machinery and furnishing the goods, all get a share of the cash expended, in the form of wages. And when the orders are filled, the new plants completed and the machinery installed, labor is required to operate it and thus still more employment is furnished. With a demand for workers the supply is diminished and wages go up.

Thus the standard of living is raised all the way along the line, and, if part of this money is saved and reinvested in other productive enterprises, more good is accomplished — and an endless chain of expansion and betterment is forged.

Capital makes production possible — and it is upon production that the bodily welfare of the people of this world depends.

The man who seeks capital, therefore — and it is taken for granted that his purpose is legitimate — is planning to benefit not only himself, but the world generally, even though he may not actually be conscious of this latter purpose.

The people who supply the capital are making his plans possible of accomplishment, so that to them, too, should go partial credit for the results obtained. Think of this aspect of the matter when bonds and stocks are offered you. Think of it, too, when the impulse to save money comes over you, and also when the impulse to spend everything you get is uppermost.

The man who saves contributes to the onward march of civilization; the spendthrift is an obstacle in the path of progress.

Of course, a man who buys stocks and bonds does not look upon it as philanthropy. His main idea is to help himself, and he is entirely justified in taking this view.

A corporation offers investments for sale in order to obtain capital for the betterment of its business; an individual uses his capital for the purchase of investments in order to obtain an income, and to safeguard his family and his old age.

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Tenth Edition

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Speculators buy securities for the purpose of selling at a higher price and realizing a profit.

From the point of view of the investor, a stock or bond is in the nature of insurance. Statistics show that most men's earning power begins to decline when they reach the age of fifty. It is also true that as people get on in life they must depend more and more upon the things that money can buy, not only for their amusements, but for the necessities as well. The obvious moral, therefore, is to save and invest so that when this time comes the tragedy of dependent old age will not be repeated in your particular case. Insure your old age by means of savings invested in sound securities. This is the primary purpose of an investment from the point of view of the individual.

The building and loan method of saving is to our minds one of the very best there is. It provides for steady, regular savings of any size one may desire, and once it is well under way the money increases very rapidly. There are literally thousands of building and loan associations scattered throughout the country; the essential fact to be established is that the one you propose doing business with is well managed and sound.

The buying and selling of sound investments is a necessary business and the world could not do without it. The seller of investments and the buyer both serve useful purposes in the progress of the world.

Answers to Questions

Q. I should be pleased to have a list of high-grade bonds and stocks, if you are willing to give such a list. Will you include industrial, railroad, and public utility issues?

A. Such a list, in our opinion, is the following: United States Steel 5s, General Electric debenture 5s, Liggett and Myers debenture 5s, Indiana Steel first 5s, Corn Products Refining 5s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, Louisville and Nashville unified 4s, Norfolk and Western first consolidated 4s, Union Pacific first 4s, New York Central 3½s, Niagara Falls Power 5s, New York Telephone 4½s, Detroit Edison Company first 5s, Ontario Power first 5s, Brooklyn Edison general 5s. These for the bonds, five of each class you mention. Five high-grade preferred stocks are: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe 5%, New York Telephone 6½%, United States Steel 7%, National Biscuit Company 7%, American Car and Foundry 7%. Among the best common stocks are: American Telephone and Telegraph, Texas Company, General Electric, Pullman, and Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing.

Q. Do you consider the United States of Brazil 8% bonds a suitable investment for a widow entirely dependent upon the income from her investments for a living?

A. Brazil's credit is not all that could be desired and she has been obliged to suspend sinking-fund payments on many of her obligations. We believe that the bonds you mention are in all probability safe, but we do think there are certain speculative elements to be considered which make them unsuitable for a person in your circumstances.

Q. Do you regard Virginian Railway first 5s, due 1962, and Pacific Gas and Electric refunding 6s, due 1942, good investments?

A. We do.

Q. Can you tell me the price of Urban Motion Picture stock? I own some shares, both common and preferred, of this concern and would appreciate your opinion of them as an investment.

A. Urban Picture common was recently quoted at $1.50 a share bid, $2.50 asked, preferred $3 a share bid, $4 asked. Both classes of stock are, in our opinion, speculative.

[*Continued on page 124*]

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Answers to Questions

[*Continued from page* 123]

Q. Have a few hundred dollars to invest and would ask if you think railroad stock a good buy at the present time. Do you think it will go up in price?

A. We consider some railroad stocks good investments at the present time, and others speculative. They are not all in the same class, by any means. We have no way of telling whether stocks will advance in price or not.

Q. Will appreciate it if you will give me some information about the present financial condition of the American Radiator Company.

A. For the year ended December 31, 1922, net profits of the American Radiator Company were $6,003,556, which compares with $3,168,826 for 1921. Total current assets are given in the consolidated balance sheet as $17,652,301 and current liabilities as $2,407,094.

Q. I bought some stock of the Manhattan Piggly Wiggly Company about a year ago. Understand the company has failed and would like to know if my stock is worth anything.

A. We understand that the receiver sold the corporation's assets for about $175,000 and that this amount is available to meet creditors' claims of nearly $500,000. It does not look as if there would be anything left for the stockholders. Claims should be filed with Zalkin and Cohen. 51 Chambers St., New York City, attorneys for the receiver.

Q. In searching for a bond investment Brazilian 8s due 1941 and Denmark 8s due 1945 have been recommended to me. Which do you consider higher grade?

A. We consider the Denmark bonds considerably higher grade. The fact that they are now selling nearly 14 points higher than the Brazilian bonds is evidence that investors think so, too.

[All inquiries receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as confidential and is answered by Mail. Questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month. Address, Financial Editor McClure's *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City.]*

A Man Not Wasted

[*Continued from page* 121]

where ahead were the tender and engine. If he succeeded, the special might be brought to a standstill in time; if he failed, he would prefer death on the flying roadbed to the crash in the tunnel.

The curve of the earth had hidden the station lights of Catamount. All along the right of way the desert lapped the track like a petrified sea on which floated gray clumps of sage. Kirkwood, crouching against the rear door of the mail car, scrutinized the monotonous expanse, in the futile hope of discovering a landmark, but there was nothing to tell him whether or not the special was nearing the foothills. Slowly he climbed the ladder, caught a ventilating pipe, and painfully dragged himself to the swaying roof.

Here he paused. It is a recognized fact that one may *run* the entire length of a freight train in safety, while to *walk* the same path spells death. But Eighty-three was no freight train. The tops of the Pullmans were not constructed for the feet of brakemen. There were tanks and valves and pipes to stumble over. The smoke from the engine streamed backward along the car roofs like the mane of a racing horse; the deluge of cinders striking metal suggested a hail storm. And somewhere — an undetermined distance beyond the locomotive — disaster waited in the heart of the mountains!

Kirkwood pictured the peace permeating the Pullmans — the green-curtained berths, the dimly lighted aisles, the deserted smoking compartments. Then his mind swept on to the moment when a headlamp would flare out of the darkness, illuminating the engineer's blanched face — the moment when hundreds of tons of steel would hurl themselves against each other far below ground level. There could be no hope of escape for a soul on board. Those surviving the first, terrible crash must succumb to the smoke and fire and confined gases. Kirkwood put his arm before his eyes, as if to hide the picture.

When he took away his arm the smoke swept aside, allowing him a glimpse of the starlit horizon. There, against the black velvet of the sky, hunched the foothills. Kirkwood's muscles tightened; he gathered himself very much as an animal prepares to spring. For, once erect, he must not falter; he must *run* steadily, jumping obstacles, and, above all else, he must keep down his head and shoulders, to combat the terrific wind resistance.

If he prayed, it was involuntary. Probably he mixed curses and supplications; certainly there was no meaning to the jumble of words on his lips. He would never forget that rocking, swaying path, or the dizzy flash of the right of way. One moment he was conscious of kneeling, tense, on the roof of the last car; the next he got to his feet, and flung himself forward!

A strange silhouette indeed! The long line of Pullmans sweeping across the desert, and on their tops the figure of a man running drunkenly. Now and again his body swayed at a horrible angle; now and again he stumbled, recovering his balance miraculously. His antics suggested a puppet manipulated by strings.

Would he *never* reach the engine! He saw the desert flowing past, blurred by speed. Once he caught his foot on a ventilator, and pitched sideways. He was surprised to find himself still on top of the cars. But it was as if he watched his progress impersonally. He felt no fear now — only a certain hysterical joy in his battle with death. The smoke streamed into his face; the cinders cut his skin. And then, just as he realized he must be nearing his goal, he suddenly stumbled forward into space.

Something broke Kirkwood's fall. He lay for a moment perfectly conscious, yet not comprehending — not daring to move. After a while he put forth a tentative hand and found coal heaped about him. He had hurtled from the leading car into the engine tender. With a sob, the station master clawed himself free and rolled to the cab floor, nearly upsetting the fireman.

"Holy Mither!" exploded that worthy, turning pale under the soot.

But Kirkwood did not hear; all he heard was his own hoarse voice screaming at the engineer:

"Stop her! For God's sake, *stop her!*"

A warning shriek of the whistle, a tremendous jar of brakes as the train closed up, bucked, slid hundreds of feet, with each wheel outlined in sparks. The ear-splitting roar of escaping steam. And then the silence of the Arizona night, broken only by the cough of the water pumps.

The engineer peered back into the cab at

the figure the fireman was holding under the radiance of the gauge lamps.

"What's the matter?" he barked. "Who the hell're you?"

After a moment Kirkwood managed to gasp:

"Catamount operator. Back her! Eighty-two's on the same track — wrecker's frame-up. You — you would have busted into her in the tunnel ——"

"*What?*"

"Sure! Back her, I say. Ain't yer got no reverse on this hyeah toy enjine?"

The engineer reached for his whistle cord, released the air, and changed the eccentrics. His ability to meet a crisis was one reason he held his job. In less than three minutes from the time the drivers had ceased to turn the special was rushing backward at a forty-mile clip, with a white-faced conductor hanging out a vestibule door, and the passengers in their berths grumbling about the athletic manner in which Western railroads handled their trains. And Kirkwood, grinning faintly, grew heavy in the fireman's arms.

A half hour later the long line of Pullmans clicked over the frogs to the Catamount siding just in time to allow Eighty-two, westbound special, to flash past on her non-stop run to the Rockies.

When Kirkwood woke up he found himself on the grass beside the track, with a stern-faced man in pajamas and overcoat bending above him, while in the background train crew and passengers craned their necks. Just across the right of way lay a smoldering wreck — what was left of the Catamount depot.

Kirkwood eyed it in silence for a space.

"Dynamite," he announced cryptically. "I reckon *Mr.* Dayton took a faster ride than me. He always was a rough worker!"

It is possible the individual in pajamas doubted Kirkwood's sanity, for he laid a soothing hand on the station master's bandaged head. But he could not doubt the presence of Eighty-two on the single track. His voice was gruff.

"I'm Edward Gatewell, division superintendent. I understand you're the Catamount operator. What you did to-night will go down in railroad history —— Thank God we found out what sort of man was being wasted on the Arizona desert!"

"Maybe not wasted," mumbled Kirkwood.

"No, not wasted," agreed the superintendent huskily, after a moment.

A Parson Turned Detective

[*Continued from page* 79]

"Yes, of course. Well, to continue, you and Winstead used her health as a code. Winstead, passing as Steadman, had to come to the hospital himself, after we stopped your niece. When the sale of the lumber was taken out of Winstead's hands, your old mother was very sick. When the lumber was sold to others, and Winstead arrested — the old lady died, did she? I guess she *was* dead!"

Kennedy was silent, and McDowell continued:

"If you are willing to trade, I'll help you get out on bail. But first you'll have to deliver the goods. You aren't the man we are after now."

"If I was ever in with anybody, how could I know what they are up to now?"

"That's your answer, is it? You still protect them?" McDowell arose to end the interview. Before opening the door, he paused, then turned to look at Kennedy. "From here you go back to jail. And you'll stay there. The hospital doctors are through since you tried to escape. Even if you succeed in getting bail, we shall rearrest you on another charge. With your old record before

[*Continued on page* 126]

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A Parson Turned Detective

[*Continued from page* 125]

us, we can keep the game going longer than you can. When you are ready for my proposition, send for me."

McDowell walked into the room where the minister sat, bewildered, the detectaphone receiver in his hand.

"John," said the parson, in a voice that trembled, "I gave that man the Bible that my own mother had given to me. And, look here, what was that he called me?" he added curiously.

"Never mind, you did your work. You gave us a line on Bruce and on Steadman, who, you see, was really Winstead."

"Using your language, John, what was Winstead's 'game'?"

"He was a prominent government employee," McDowell explained. "He had been bribed by a group of wealthy men, some of them bankers. At a resale of government material they were planning to deposit a certified check far above the percentage of their bid which the government requires. In this way they scared off honest bidders, who could not meet the bid indicated by this check. Then, using bribed employees, these men got their bids manipulated so that they were the low, the successful bidders.

"We have been after them, but we needed proof. You reported that Steadman was calling at the hospital, and we wanted to know what his interest was. He was trailed, and found to be Winstead. We secretly searched Winstead's office and his home. In his bedroom we found a contract with Kennedy, whom the financiers used as a 'go-between'. We arrested Winstead. Now the government has resold the lumber for one million six hundred thousand dollars more than they would have gotten if the Winstead-Kennedy scheme had gone through. You can see now why Kennedy could afford to wait and why he would not involve any of these men in his efforts to escape. Some time when you are in the office you can see the record of the entire affair. It's in the Kennedy file."

"So, after all, I was able to help, wasn't I?" asked the parson.

"You certainly were, Bill," McDowell assured him heartily. "And now that we've managed to stop Kennedy's game, there isn't any other important business on hand. You may have a vacation, if you like."

And so, the following day Reverend William Maxim Stone went home. While he was there, awaiting further orders, the Armistice was signed, and the plans of men and nations changed. He did not return to Washington. And in the readjustment of the Secret Service to meet the changed conditions brought on by the cessation of hostilities, McDowell was called to new duties.

Some time later Kennedy, realizing that the Secret Service's watchful eye was no longer on him, had another heart seizure that removed him from the jail to a hospital. Not long afterward Kennedy found a sympathetic judge who listened to the diagnosis of a kindly old physician. Kennedy, the physician told him, had a strange valvular heart trouble that required a special treatment which was given only in a hospital in another city. Without it, the stricken man would surely die. The kindly judge released him under a reduced bail. And that, obviously, should have been the end of the Kennedy case. But there was a sequel without which this chronicle would not be complete.

This part of the story was related to the parson in a letter from McDowell written two years after the signing of the Armistice. The letter follows:

"I believe, Bill, you will be interested in an experience I had the other day. The boys of the postal department of the Service were going to Newark to raid the offices of the Benson Automobile Company. I went with them.

"The automobile company was using the mails in selling its preferred and common stock. It was offering as a bonus a new Ford automobile for one hundred dollars — cars, they claimed, which had been purchased by European governments for war use. They were to be sold for one hundred dollars, while they lasted — to any purchaser of Benson stock.

"But we discovered that the Benson Company had never shipped a Ford car, or any other kind of car, for they had never purchased one. That was a mere detail, for a master hand was at work there. The company had no plant, only offices. All was set for a get-away. The company had made its proposition to thirty-five thousand physicians, and there were fourteen thousand dollars in that day's mail, we discovered later, when we examined it.

"Benson, the president of the company, was your old friend Kennedy. He seemed in the best of health. His heart, evidently, had joined his conscience and both had ceased to trouble him."

The Passing of Sea Power

[*Continued from page* 31]

difficulty of keeping the army supplied. Submarines have rendered a close blockade impossible, and the duties they carried on in the North Sea, watching the enemy coasts, have proved them to be a most valuable adjunct of the main fleet."

Consider these facts: Turkey had no navy; the German and Austrian navies, with the exception of submarines, were cooped up; the English, French, and Italians had an overwhelming naval and military force available. But they failed miserably. There were a hundred allied "bases" in the Mediterranean for these fleets. And yet Admiral Wemyss admits that submarines alone would defeat an attacking armada, bases or no bases! Suppose, in addition, the Turks had had a big air force? What then?

Is it not clear that the Turks would drive the British Fleet from the Dardanelles and defy the whole British Navy to-day, if they — the Turks — had a hundred submarines and if they commanded the air? They need no battleships — not one! The battleship is quite as unnecessary in the defense of a coast, as it is helpless in the attack.

The same may be said of forts. They are more helpless and useless than battleships, for defense. They cannot move. They are mere targets for the airman! Nothing more. They can be bombed off the earth. Air forces, submarines, and mines alone can protect any coast and any harbor in the world.

Despite the crushing logic of the present situation, unmindful of the lessons of the World War, blind to the controlling force of air power, there are officers who will not see the weakness of the battleship or the cruising limitations of a fleet. They would commit us to a building program and a naval policy that might perhaps have prepared us for a war in the dim past, but which would bring defeat and disaster in the wars of the future.

They criticize the Washington Conference for agreeing not to fortify our bases in the East! But Manila is twice as far from our coast as was Gallipoli from London. The Mediterranean was an Allied lake, full of "fortified" bases, but nevertheless the British, French, and Italian battle fleets

were helpless. They accomplished nothing.

Manila is within an iron ring of Japanese bases. In order to get there, our fleet would be compelled to pass in review before a score of submarine and air bases in the Marshall and Caroline Islands. The story of the British failure at Gallipoli is delightful reading compared with the story of an American battle fleet, or an American army, running the gauntlet of modern weapons and going to Manila for offensive operations against Japan! It would be the superlative degree of naval madness.

In truth, the Washington Conference saved the Navy from the consummation of an out-of-date, wasteful, futile, naval race. The American delegates proved to be the best naval strategists the United States has ever known! They freed us from a ten-year-old naval plan for a war in the past, and permitted us to build up our Navy for a war in the future! They gave up fortifications and battleships which can neither defend nor attack, and left us free to protect our home coast, as well as the Philippines and Guam, with mines, torpedoes, submarines, and air forces. And these weapons can and will defend them, if we so desire.

And, in helping America, the Conference helped all other nations, also. It could not disarm them — could it? It could not abolish war. To be sure, all nations must and will have cruisers, submarines, and modern weapons. The United States needs them sadly. But if we had continued to waste money on battleships — of which we have quite enough — Congress would have withheld appropriations for the ships we really need.

Reviewing the subject briefly, we may say:

First, a battle fleet cannot carry on attack across the ocean. Second, a great army cannot be sent overseas. Third, a base five thousand miles from home — surrounded by enemy bases — is no base at all. Fourth, submarines, air forces, mines, and torpedoes suffice to defend a coast. Fifth, sea-coast forts are useless. Sixth, it is only by transporting overseas an overwhelming air force to seize and control the air that one continent can attack another. Seventh, each continent will control its own destiny if it arms itself with modern weapons. Eighth, intercontinental wars are discouraged.

None of these principles were violated by the Washington Conference. In effect, they are sustained by its decrees. It was a wise and righteous accomplishment.

The wings of Sea Power have been clipped.

NEXT MONTH

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¶ A new article by Lieutenant C. A. Tinker, telling of the great expansion of aviation which has been secretly undertaken by Japan.

Orphans of Stamboul

¶ The fascinating story of a group of helpless child refugees from Smyrna who have been adopted and are now supported by the bluejackets of an American destroyer in Near Eastern waters.

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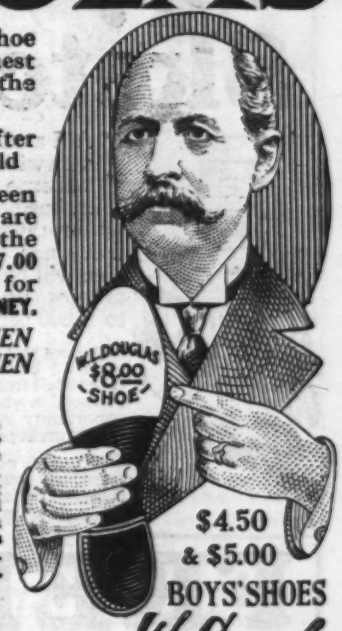

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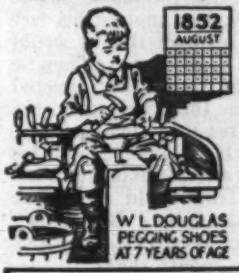

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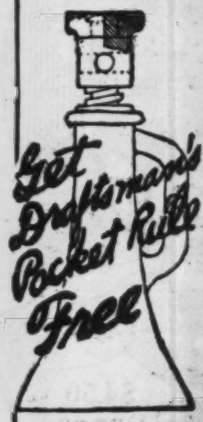

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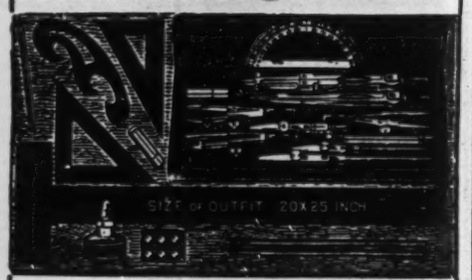

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Mr. Piper Hires A Pirate

[*Continued from page* 25]

the ship and all on board over to the authorities, and he darkly hinted that real piracy was punished by hanging. One by one, reluctantly, the seamen stepped forward and dropped their choice collections into the hands of Captain Simmons. When they were through, the captain grabbed an honest seaman, and, with the mate's assistance, searched him. They took away two rings and a purse he had been holding out. After that there was a second collection.

The *Reina Isabella* rounded the lighthouse at eight bells and sneaked inside the breakwater. It was pitch dark. Captain Simmons dropped anchor. He lowered two boats and herded the pirates into them. Before leaving, he untied the hands of one of the *Isabella's* crew, but knotted his feet to a mast in such a manner that it would take an hour at least to get loose. Then he swung into one of the boats. He directed one boat to land on the breakwater, the men to scatter and drift into town casually. The other boat, which he honored with his presence, he landed at another point and bade the men separate. They could easily lose themselves on the water front. Before they left he swore frightful revenge on any one who failed to keep his mouth shut.

CAPTAIN Simmons drifted into a near-beer sailors' rest on the water front and found everybody talking pirates.

"Yeah, they come near drowndin' Mrs. Delaney," a boatswain from a United States dreadnought was telling a group, "an' if it hadn't been for a young man who jumped overboard and rescued her, she'd be dead. Old Delaney's that mad he'll make the old man get out the whole fleet but what he ketches 'em."

Captain Simmons thoughtfully finished his glass of near beer and walked outside. Late as it was, he heard a newsboy bawling something about pirates, and bought a paper.

"Pirate Ship Off Port," a big black line howled at him, and beneath it another line: "Make Millionaire's Wife Walk Plank."

"That's a lie — she fell off," muttered Captain Simmons, and damned the newspapers for their inaccuracy. However, inasmuch as his exploit had stirred up such a rumpus, he felt that inside would be safer than out. He slipped over to Jim's lodging house and engaged a room.

"Jim," said Captain Simmons, "if anything should come up, I've been right here sick for the last two days."

"Right-o," agreed Jim, and the captain went to bed, to sleep the sleep of the just.

The next morning Jim rather broadly insinuated that Captain Simmons might throw light on the pirate story.

"You're the only pirate I knows hereabouts," declared Jim. Captain Simmons, indignant, prepared to administer a much-needed lesson in diplomacy, but desisted when Jim suddenly said that Delaney had offered a large reward for the pirates. A fuss now might result in arrest, and he had with him the damning loot that would convict him of robbery before any court in the world.

Captain Simmons bought a morning newspaper and was not astonished when he read: "Pirate Ship Captured." Neither did the misinformation that followed surprise him. It appeared that a destroyer had captured the pirates, with their jolly roger still flying bravely. The men were all garbed in old-fashioned pirate clothes, but were unarmed, and there were some hysterical women on board. The whole outfit claimed to be moving-picture actors, and strenuously denied robbing the Delaney yacht. They had none of the Delaney loot. The "pirates" told a rambling story of being transferred from their own vessel and left helplessly adrift on the ocean. One man, who claimed to be W. Stanley Piper, a prominent director, raved so vociferously that for a time it was feared that his experiences had unsettled his mind.

All this the captain read and reread. What did surprise him, though, was the estimate in the papers of the thefts by the pirates. One paper declared that Delaney's yacht had been looted of ten thousand dollars in jewels; another placed the figure at fifty thousand. Captain Simmons laid down the papers, and sighed. He went out and circulated about. Everybody on the water front was still talking of the pirates.

Captain Simmons discovered that the admiral, whose captives the pirates were, had loaded them on a train preparatory to taking them from the port up to the city to turn them over to the United States civil authorities. Captain Simmons caught a cityward bus and tagged along.

There were ten thousand people at the city station to see the arrival of the famous pirate band which had held up the millionaires. Right in the front row was Captain Simmons. "Old boy," he congratulated himself, "only for using your noodle, you'd be there instead of them."

A couple of disgusted-looking men in pirate clothes climbed off the train, guarded by marines. Then followed Mr. W. Stanley Piper, also in a pirate suit, much too big for him. Mr. Piper stood for a moment on the step of the car, and looked at the crowd. His face lighted up as he gazed directly into Captain Simmons' eyes.

"There he is!" he yelled excitedly, pointing in Captain Simmons' direction. "There's the real pirate. Grab him!"

But at the first glance Captain Simmons had faded away. A retired farmer pushed into his place and found himself looking at Mr. Piper's extended finger. He was grabbed and, in the excitement of the moment, taken along — despite energetic protests from himself and Mr. Piper.

Moving-picture men were there grinding their cameras and newspaper photographers were excitedly posing pirates and officials for pictures. The crowd cheered as each pirate appeared, and the excitement was intense. Eventually, however, the last pictures were taken and the pirates were jammed into automobiles and started for jail.

THEN began a hectic "probe" to get at the bottom of the affair, aided, abetted, and thrown into confusion by a host of busy newspaper reporters. W. Stanley Piper had staged a wild party on board ship, said one paper. W. Stanley Piper was one director who stood for clean, high things, said another. Hildreth Devincente, the famous star, was among those in jail. Indeed she was not, Hildreth yelled indignantly from Hollywood. Captain Simmons was an international crook who had induced Piper to stage the affair in order to give him an opportunity for a haul. Captain Simmons was an honest mariner noted for his professional skill. The whole thing was a publicity "stunt" pulled by Piper, and the Delaney jewels would all be returned. Hot denial by Piper and his company.

Mr. Delaney, afflicted with a terrible grouch, tried to identify the pirates, but was honest enough to admit that he couldn't recognize any of them. He was, in reality, looking only for one — the pirate who had tripped him up and kicked him, breaking two ribs.

Mr. Piper was loud in his denunciation of Captain Simmons. He explained, with diagrams, just how Captain Simmons had administered a terrible double-cross to him. The port and the city were scoured for that mariner without success, but the officers stumbled on the crew of the *Reina Isabella*

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County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Dawson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of March, 1923.

Elmer S. Chatfield,
Notary Public of Kings County,
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(My commission expires March 30th, 1924.)

whom Captain Simmons had tied, and left on board the vessel. Their stories added confusion to the already confounded tale.

The charges that Mr. Piper had carried out an elaborate hoax to obtain publicity gained credence among the authorities, and, after keeping the director and his crowd in jail two days, they disgustedly let them go, convinced that they had again been used to advance a scheming director's fortunes.

At this point the admiral who had sent two destroyers out for rescuing purposes let out a wild yell of distress. Who intended paying the navy department the money spent for that trip, since Congress was so stingy with fuel money he couldn't even move his ships around the harbor? But Mr. Piper let the admiral rave. He had troubles of his own.

Captain Simmons called up Mr. Piper on the telephone when the director had been realeased from jail.

"This is Captain Joe Simmons," he informed the astonished and outraged director. "Where do I collect my pay for them pirates I gathered up for you?"

A series of stuttering sounds went back over the wire into the ear of Captain Simmons. Mr. Piper was making a gallant effort to calm himself. And at last he succeeded.

"Ah, yes, Joe Simmons," he said gently — almost sweetly. "Well, captain, if you'll just come around to see me, I'll settle in full. Be sure to come. I'm waiting." Oh, how Mr. Piper longed for Captain Simmons to come! Oh, how he wanted to be present when Captain Simmons was slapped into jail!

"Sure, I'll be there right away," the captain assured him.

Captain Simmons hired an automobile and a driver, and rolled boldly out to the Illumo-Globe studio. Mr. Piper was certainly waiting, right at the gate — flanked by two policemen in plain clothes. The captain disembarked from the automobile rather awkwardly and marched up to Mr. Piper, who glared at him viciously. He dug down in one of his pockets and brought forth a large diamond ring that had once adorned Mr. Piper's megaphone hand. Mr. Piper's eyes bulged. The captain dangled the ring at the director, who mechanically extended his hand into which the diamond dropped.

Captain Simmons then reached a large paw into a coat pocket, and brought it forth full of glittering baubles. A policeman accommodatingly held out his hat. Another hamlike hand came forth from the other pocket — and more baubles showered. Then another and another. Mr. Piper and the policemen looked on, pop-eyed.

"It's all there — I think," the captain informed Mr. Piper. "Leastways, most of it."

"Yeah," said the dazed director. "Looks like it."

"When do we start our next picture of the sea?" asked the captain jauntily.

Mr. Piper gazed at Captain Simmons, fascinated. Here was a type, a card, a genius, undoubtedly, who couldn't be duplicated on or off the Seven Seas. Rightly handled, with the experience he had gained, the seaman might be an invaluable asset. The moving-picture game was one in which much could be forgiven, if results could be produced. Any one who could take that loot away from a villainous crew such as he had was a wonder. There wasn't such another hard-boiled guy in the world — hard-boiled and honest. And — oh, boy! — the captain had unconsciously pulled the prize publicity stunt of the year. It would be a shame to waste that publicity.

Mr. Piper weakly nodded dismissal to the policemen.

"Put that stuff in the safe," he directed. "Come on in," he said crossly to Captain Simmons. "We've got to shoot that whole damn pirate scene over again — and we've lost two days."

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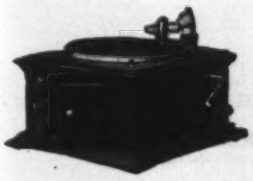

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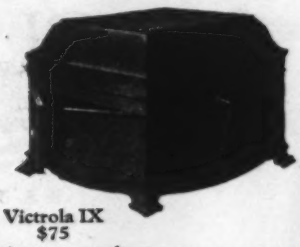

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When I was six years old I had a sweetheart ~

MANY, many years have since passed by, and there is little I can remember about her now, except that her name was Nellie. She had brown eyes, and brown hair which she braided into a stiff little pugnacious pigtail. Especially do I recall the pigtail vividly, because I once used it to chastise Nellie for a gross breach of faith.

We had gotten into a forbidden orchard, and had found a persimmon tree. If you have ever lived South, you know how luscious persimmons are when the first frost has touched them. I climbed up into the tree, going up to the top, and way out to the end of the tipsy swaying branches where I knew the fruit was sweetest. Nellie remained below to act as lookout, and to catch the persimmons in her apron as I dropped them carefully one by one.

Oh, what a feast I was going to enjoy afterwards! But when I scrambled down, Nellie's appetite had been too strong for her. All but a few of the "persimmons" had been eaten. Nellie saw what was in my eye and started to run. I chased her, I caught her by the stiff little pugnacious pigtail—but why rehearse the tragedy?

Aside from this I was Nellie's devoted slave. All the ardor of my six years was poured upon her in lavish adoration. But—I never think of her any more—never except, strangely enough, when I hear somebody sing, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."

As soon as I hear the first strains of that wondrous old melody, Nellie's little face, her brown eyes snapping with subdued laughter, her brown hair braided in a stiff little pugnacious pigtail rises before me. I hear the deep-throated thrumming of banjoes and see a velvety black Southern sky studded with millions of stars.

Undoubtedly this song is associated with Nellie in my mind, because I used to hear my mother sing it at this time; or perhaps it was Nellie's mother who used to sing it to me and to her.

Isn't this true of all those dear old favorite songs? They recall vividly to us all that is most precious in our memories. They bring back again the enchanted scenes of childhood, when the whole world was a Fairyland. All the day-by-day cares that infest us drop away as if they really had never been. We become young again, light-hearted; seeing the world through the rosy-tinted glass of happiness.

It is as true with you, I am sure, as it is with me. What does "Swanee River" recall, when you hear it? What do you think of when you hear "Old Black Joe" and "Love's Old Sweet Song" or "Annie Laurie" or "Kathleen Mavourneen" or "Sweet and Low?" Whom do you think of—which old, forgotten face?

Can you imagine an evening more enjoyable than to listen one by one to such favorite old songs? You sit in the dark, perhaps, with your friends or your dear ones about you. One by one you listen to these old songs again, and memories come thronging in upon you; thoughts—too deep for words enfold you. There is no experience quite comparable to that of listening to these Songs of Long Ago.

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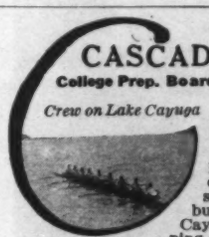

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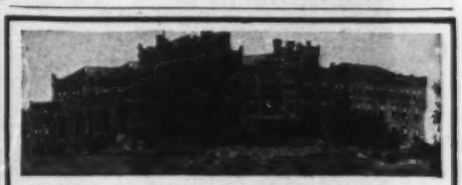

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